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PERSONS, PLACES AND
IDEAS : MISCELLANEOUS
ESSAYS.

BY B. O. FLOWER, AUTHOR OF
"CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO," "THE
NEW TIME," AND "GERALD MASSEY."

WITH OVER THIRTY FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Dedication.



This volume is inscribed
to the memory
of

Gideon T. Reed,

One of the founders of The Arena
Publishing Company, and its first
President. A man whose noble
and unostentatious aid to those
in need or distress was only
equalled by his liberality
to the cause of science,
progress, and liberal
thought.

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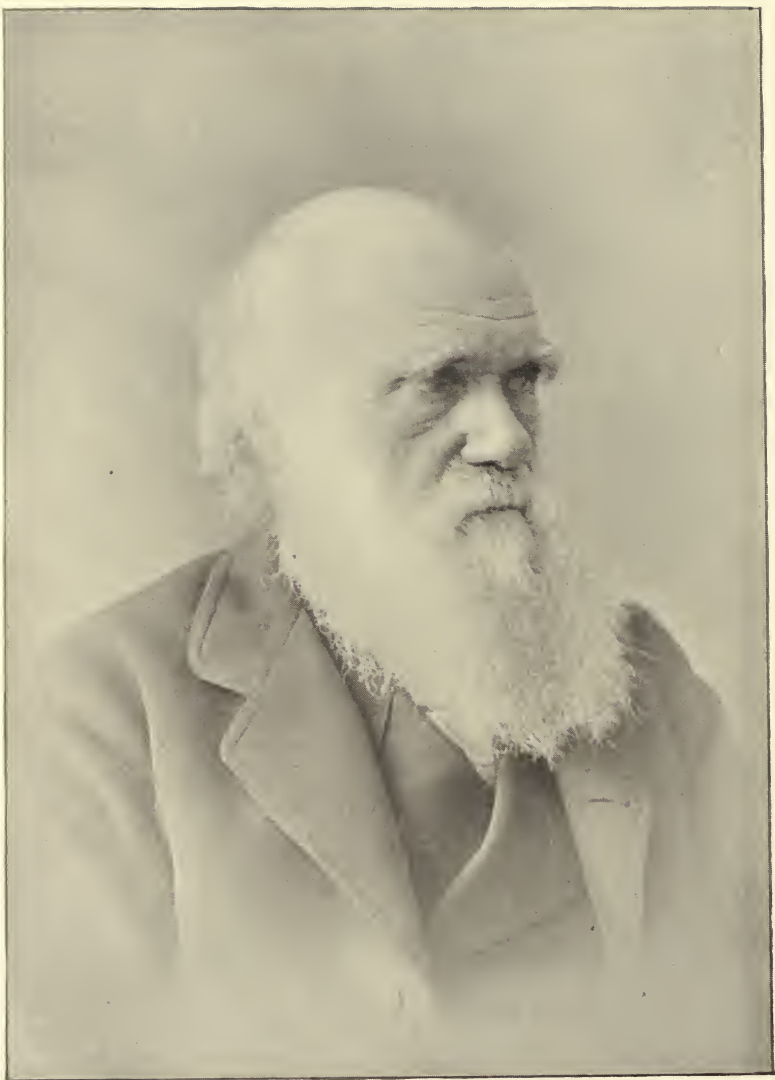
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Ch. Darwin

Life of Charles Darwin.

I.

THE name of Charles Darwin will ever be pre-eminent among the immortal coterie of commanding thinkers who have made the nineteenth century the most notable epoch in the history of scientific thought and attainment. The influence of his careful and patient research and the logical deductions which he gave mankind in his masterly volumes have changed, to a great extent, the current of a world's thought. Not that Darwin alone accomplished this, for never was king surrounded by more loyal knights than was this great man environed by giant thinkers who nobly fought for the thought he sought to establish, against the combined opposition of established religious and scholastic conservatism. But the important fact must not be overlooked that had it not been for the years of patient observation and research, which enabled Mr. Darwin tangibly to demonstrate the truth of many important contested questions, the splendid philosophical presentations of Spencer, the important labors of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and other scarcely less vigorous thinkers would have only been sufficient to arouse a fierce war, which even a century might not have settled, in favor of the bold innovators. Hence Mr. Darwin will ever stand as the great apostle of evolutionary thought, vaguely foreshadowed by Buffon, St. Hilaire, and Erasmus Darwin, and boldly outlined by Lamarck. Around his head the storm of conservatism, intolerance, and religious bigotry played. He was sneeringly styled the "monkey man," and his thoughtful observations and deductions, which were the results of more than thirty years of patient research, were wantonly caricatured and distorted by men who above all others should have demanded for them a frank and candid hearing. It is eminently proper, therefore, that by common consent Charles Darwin be assigned the loftiest niche in the temple of evolutionary thought. And yet we must never forget that he was essentially a demonstrator; his mind ever dwelt upon the special—the minute. The broad, philosophical vision of Herbert Spencer was absent in Darwin; and in the nature of the case he could not see, much less develop, the full ethical significance of the truth of which he is the most

illustrious prophet. There is another phase of Darwin's life which renders it peculiarly interesting and helpful. In the man we find one of the noblest types of nineteenth-century life. Darwin the scientist is imposing. Darwin the man is inspiring. The former stimulates the intellect; the latter enriches, by its luminous example, the soul life of all who patiently follow the great *savant* through the long years of invalidism, in which his sweet spirit ever shone resplendent, and his love for truth was an over-mastering passion.

II.

In the life of Charles Darwin we find a striking illustration of the gradual unfolding or evolution of character. In boyhood he was neither bright nor over-burdened with virtue; in his early life we search in vain for any of those luminous scintillations of genius which have characterized the youth of many illustrious persons. Indeed, if we are to rely on the charmingly frank autobiography written for his children, he was a very commonplace boy, generally considered dull, and more or less given to lying, not with a vicious intent, but owing to a youthful desire to create a sensation.

Charles Darwin was not a person who would have shone in any walk of life; indeed, if his father had not been a man of means, and the son had felt compelled to qualify himself for the profession of a physician, as was at first contemplated, or if he had entered the ministry of the Church of England, for which he was afterward partially qualified, he would, in all probability, have passed his life in some obscure nook unknown to fame, for he was singularly free from ambition.

It was his great quenchless love for scientific pursuits, largely inherited from his grandfather, whose latent fires Professor Henslow fanned into flames, and later his great desire to aid in solving the mystery of life, which haunted his every step, urging him onward with irresistible sway. Indeed, we may say Charles Darwin became famous in spite of himself.

Of his boyhood, he observes, in an abandon of candor:—

I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Again he continues:—

One little event has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterwards sorely

troubled by it. I told another little boy [I believe it was Leighton, who afterwards became a well-known lichenologist and botanist], that I could produce variously colored polyanthuses and primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was, of course, a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this always was done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit. I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved [it] in a particular manner?" and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out he said, "Now if you like to go by yourself into that cake shop, I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat, and was walking out of the shop when the shopman made a rush at me. So I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

These frank observations are valuable as indicating that in the youth we see little upon which we might reasonably predicate a brilliant future. He possessed, however, strong and diversified taste, "much zeal for whatever interested him, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing."* But while painstaking and persevering along lines of research which were attractive, he was ill-disposed to master any subject for which he had no taste. Thus he declares that his early schooling, which extended over a period of seven years, "was simply a blank," owing to the fact that the curriculum was strictly classical, and for such study Darwin had neither aptitude nor taste.

When fifteen years old, his father sent him to Edinburgh, as it had been determined that he should become a physician. Of his experience here he says:—

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on Chemistry by Hope. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. . . . During my second year at Edinburgh I attended —'s lectures on Geology and Zoölogy, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced on me was the determination never as long as I lived to read a book on Geology, or in any way to study the science.

* "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," Vol. I., page 30.

After spending two sessions in Edinburgh, his father, who had learned that his son did not intend to practice medicine, determined to have him enter the clergy. Accordingly he was sent to Cambridge, where he passed three years; and owing to lax examinations and some extra studying immediately before examination, he succeeded in passing his examinations, being tenth in the list. Of his school days at Cambridge, he writes:—

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor [a very dull man] to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. With respect to classics, I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed up my classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up "Paley's Evidences of Christianity" and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and *I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness*, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me much delight. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's *premises*, and, taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation.

In the light of the above observations of Mr. Darwin, coupled with his statement that he had previously mastered "Pearson on the Creeds" and other standard theological works, and that he looked forward with keen delight to the prospect of being a clergyman, it is interesting to remember that within a few brief years he was destined to call forth, as did no other individual of his generation, an avalanche of denunciation, misrepresentation, and bitter invective from the world of Christian thought. What would have been his amazement if, while he was revelling in "Paley's Evidences," the curtain of futurity had parted before him, revealing the Charles Darwin of thirty years later, then the storm-centre of a world's thought, with the lightning of clerical wrath playing about him and the thunders of theological and conservative thought crashing above his head. Darwin, the theological student, gave small hint of holding within the woof and web of his brain the thought-germs which were destined to play so important a part in changing the current of a world's thought; and had it not been for a few seemingly trivial happenings and events which occurred about this time, the world would probably know even less of Charles Darwin to-day than it does of his obscure brother. But for his meeting with Professor Henslow, who seemed drawn with a strange fascination to the

young student; but for Darwin chancing to read Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," which stirred his whole nature and fired him with an intense longing to contribute in a small way to the noble structure of natural science; and, lastly, had not the captain of the Beagle desired to take with him a competent naturalist during his voyage around the world, it is more than probable that the great philosopher would have been simply the Rev. Charles Darwin, officiating at some retired parish. Is it chance or destiny which so often, in the most unexpected and seemingly trivial circumstance, alters the course of a life, which in turn changes the current of a world's thought? The *ifs* of history and biography are a theme interesting and perplexing. Here is a boy, devoid of all ambition for renown, accounted dull, plodding through college, nearing the day when he is to enter the clergy; but his association with a great student of natural science, who is also an enthusiast, results in firing in the youth the hereditary love of physical science inherited from his grandfather. Humboldt's work adds greatly to the already kindled flame. Next, the unexpected opening for him to go as naturalist on the Beagle, and finally the overcoming of his father's stubborn opposition to this journey by Charles Darwin's uncle, Josiah Wedgwood. These are the principal links in the chain of circumstances which changed the theological student into the foremost naturalist of our century, and through Darwin's observations and demonstrations changed, in an almost incredibly short time, the scientific thought of the world, requiring a readjustment of theology and giving to life and law a vaster and nobler significance than they had hitherto held in the human mind. Were these links, the absence of any one of which might have been fatal, the result of blind chance or a law-ordered destiny?

III.

The five years' cruise of the Beagle, the real university course of Darwin, the physical scientist, was so rich in information that from the garnered truths, in the course of time, a world was to be moved, nay more, the thought of ages was destined, largely through the accretions of knowledge thus gained, to be revolutionized. We have seen from his own utterances how unsatisfactory was his scholastic training. Now, however, he stepped into the broad expanse of a new world. Here, for the first time, the hunger of his soul experienced satisfaction. No longer compelled to feed upon the husks of classical thought, but untrammelled under the great blue dome, with zone-wide class room in which to master Nature's profoundest truths, Charles Darwin, the dunce, became an intellectual Titan. True, his illustrious prede-

cessors had blazed the way with speculative thought before him, and this, to a mind like the young naturalist's, was of inestimable value; indeed, had not the luminous, speculative thought of St. Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck shone as a pillar of fire before him, it is doubtful whether Darwin would have made any distinctively epoch-marking contributions to science, because the younger naturalist was a demonstrator rather than a discoverer. He belonged to that class whose intellect always require a clue; with that, through profound research and unflagging perseverance, they demonstrate great truths. Besides this mental peculiarity, his extreme lack of confidence in himself or the proper value of his own works would have prevented his advancing his discoveries in any other than a tentative or hesitating manner, had he felt that he was announcing a theory not only contrary to the world-accepted thought, but one undreamed of by human minds before him.

In Brazil, Darwin for the first time beheld the teeming, struggling, self-strangling life of the tropics. Here he beheld suggestions of that life which through unknown ages marked our globe from pole to pole. Next passed before him in slowly moving panorama the treeless pampas of South America; Patagonia, with its well-nigh Arctic zone, its almost naked savages, and its interesting natural features, standing in bold contrast to the lately visited luxuriance of Brazil. The Andes of the Western coast were next explored, and from their rock-writ records important truths hitherto unobserved were gleaned. From South America the Beagle traversed the Pacific in a serpentine course, weighing anchor at the Galapagos Archipelago, the Polynesian Islands, New Zealand, and Australia. At each point Darwin made discoveries of moment, either in geology, zoölogy, or botany; while as straws carried by a strong current, numerous biological facts drifted before his mental vision, tending to confirm the great theory which was already taking possession of his mind. In Australia, Darwin personally examined a fragment of an ancient world; here is found antiquated fauna strangely like the life of Europe ages ago. At the Keeling Island, our scientific Columbus made further discoveries and observations of the coral reefs, destined to produce an important impression on the thought of his age.

From Australia, the Beagle slowly moved homeward, making many stops of more or less importance to Darwin, among which were Mauritius, St. Helena, and the Azores. On Oct. 2, 1836, the weather-beaten vessel reached England, having circumnavigated the globe, although she had consumed five instead of two years of time, as was expected when she sailed.

Darwin was particularly fitted by nature for the work he was

called upon to perform. His was the mind of a specialist. The most minute objects attracted his attention no less than the remains of the mammoth forms which inhabited the globe ages before the advent of man. Thus we find him patiently examining through his microscope the dust which the wind blows upon the ship. Though a specialist, his mind ran not in a narrow groove. Everything relating to biology of course held for him a special charm; geology, zoölogy, botany, and, indeed, all the phases of physical science exerted an irresistible fascination over his mind. Again, he was probably the most painstaking and persevering working naturalist of our age. While on board the *Beagle*, during the entire voyage, he suffered most distressingly from sea-sickness; yet he daily persevered in his microscopical investigation and scientific observations with unremitting perseverance, although he frequently found it necessary to leave his work for a time and seek a horizontal attitude.

IV.

Judging from the large number of voluminous books written by the invalid worker of Down,* one would suppose his was a wonderfully facile pen; but such was by no means the case. He had poor command of language and was unusually slow and clumsy as a writer, frequently having to recast a sentence many times before he succeeded in conveying the idea he desired to present on paper. In writing of this great hindrance to work he observed: "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind, leading me to put my statements or propositions at first in a wrong or awkward form." And again, toward the close of life, he says: "I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely, and this difficulty has caused me a great loss of time." What, however, Darwin lacked in ease and facility of expression, he made up in perseverance. His work haunted him night and day. He realized that more than one lifetime would be necessary properly to marshal the multitude of vital facts which crowded upon his mental vision. Thus for over forty years he toiled with brain and pen, dying in the armor, before his magnificent intellect, which had revolutionized a world, had become dimmed, and in this particular the oft-repeated desire of his life was granted.

In 1839 Darwin published his "*Journal of Researches in Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle*." It scored an immediate success, much to the surprise and gratification of its author. He shortly after edited the publication of the "*Zoölogy of the Voyage of*

* Darwin, after circumnavigating the globe, settled for a time in London, but afterward removed to a comfortable, roomy home in Down, where he passed the long laborious years of his useful life in tireless work.

H. M. S. Beagle," a work which comprised five large volumes. In 1842 he published "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," a discussion which greatly enhanced his reputation. In rapid succession appeared other valuable scientific treatises; indeed, the amount of literary work accomplished by Mr. Darwin is amazing when it is remembered that his entire literary career was one long night of painful invalidism, apart from which writing was always slow and laborious work. In 1859 he electrified the scientific world by bringing out his great masterwork, "The Origin of Species." It was a bugle call. Instantaneously the old and new thought among scientists were marshalled under opposing banners, and one of the most fierce and decisive battles known in the history of literature was fought. Fortunately for Darwin, however, the age had produced a race of giants, many of whom, like the author of "The Origin of Species," had caught inspiration from Lamarck. These at once arranged themselves around Mr. Darwin. The magnificent brain of Herbert Spencer had before this given the world the luminous truths from the realm of the speculative philosophy, while so great a working naturalist as Wallace reinforced Darwin with the rich treasures he had gathered during years of patient study under the torrid sun of the Malay Archipelago. The Church, as was perfectly natural, ranged herself upon the side of conservatism, and assailed this new thought with a bitterness of spirit which indicated that she had not left the Dark Ages so far behind her that the spirit which made them one long night of horrors had entirely disappeared. As a rule, the scientific criticism was dignified, and though often bitter, the writers were usually as fair as could be expected. The reviewers, however, who possessed little or no knowledge of physical science, often assailed they knew not what, being inspired by fanatical zeal resulting from a widespread fear that the new thought would destroy religion. These critics frequently grossly misrepresented, mercilessly ridiculed, and childishly caricatured the great patient disciple of nature, whose sole purpose in life was to add to man's heritage of truth. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to note how society is ever overtaken with the ague of fear when a new truth dawns on the world. To conservatism all innovations are unwelcome intrusions; and usually, conventional thought seeks, in whatever way the spirit of the age approves, to destroy the influence of the promoters of progress. It may be the stake, as in the case of Bruno; it may be the prison, as was the case in Galileo's time. It may be social ostracism, as has characterized the treatment of hundreds of the chosen spirits of a later day. In Darwin's case, the Church sought to destroy his influence by fierce invectives, biting sarcasm and wholesale ridicule. Yet it must be

remembered that the thought was so bold and to the masses so new, that it seemed to strike a deadly blow at the root of the tree of revelation. The Church felt that if Darwin succeeded, religion must fall. Thus, instead of inquiring whether or not the theory advanced was true, the clergy felt called upon to proceed after the manner of the Irish community, which inquired into the facts relating to the prisoner's guilt *after* they had hanged the accused. To all this calumny and misrepresentation, Charles Darwin, be it said to his honor, never wasted a precious moment in useless controversy. Grandly he stood, a colossus, enveloped by the abuse of ignorance and bigotry, serene in the conviction that he held the thread of a great truth which mankind must in the fulness of time accept. The more men misrepresented and abused, the harder he worked to prove his position by incontrovertible facts and practical demonstrations. "The Origin of Species" was an epoch-marking book. During the intervening years between its publication in 1859 and the publication of his other masterpiece, "The Descent of Man," in 1871, Mr. Darwin made a number of important contributions to scientific literature. "The Descent of Man," however, to a certain extent, aroused anew the battle of 1859. During these years the theory of evolution had rapidly grown in favor among thoughtful people; in 1871 it was clearly evident that the trend of the best thought had set in Darwinward; and though from the date of this last great work until his death, eleven years later, he added materially to the rich store of facts he had given the world, it is by the "Origin" and "Descent" that Darwin will live throughout succeeding ages. These noble works were the breastworks around which the fiercest intellectual battle of modern times was fought; but the noble, patient and persevering laborer had the splendid satisfaction of living to see the breastworks not only remain impregnable, but the surrender of a vast majority of competent scientists of the day. Two years before Darwin's death, Professor Huxley delivered his famous address on "The Coming Age of the Origin of Species." Of this notable utterance Mr. Grant Allen fittingly observes:—

The time was a favorable one for reviewing the silent and almost unobserved progress of a great revolution. Twenty-one years had come and gone since the father of modern scientific evolutionism had launched upon the world his tentative work. In those twenty-one years the thought of humanity had been twisted around as upon some invisible pivot, and a new heaven and a new earth had been presented to the eyes of seers and thinkers.

V.

Unfortunately, the private life of many of the world's greatest thinkers will not bear close scrutiny; indeed, the possession of a brain capable of marvellous penetration and dazzling intellectual

flights has so frequently been marred by the presence of an unbalanced condition in other directions, that the very word "genius" has come to suggest to some close thinkers the presence of insanity. Often men of the largest brains have displayed the smallest natures. An almost godlike power of intuition, and the eagle wings of genius have so frequently been chained to jealousy, personal ambition, indifference to others, immorality, and an offensive self-worship, that the biographer has touched upon the character and home life of his subject with feelings of keenest sadness. Not so with the writer who deals with the life of Charles Darwin, as the power of his wonderful mind was only second to the charm of his noble personality. He was the most unselfish and sincere of men; a stranger to that personal ambition which ruthlessly treads upon the happiness and the merit of others; devoid of all traces of jealousy; diffident, indeed, as I have before observed, his diffidence was so marked that it is not improbable that the world would never have received his best thought had not Lamarek and other great thinkers blazed the way before him. *I know of no life where the supreme mastery of self was more strikingly illustrated than in the career of Darwin after he entered the portals of manhood.* In writing of him in after years, Sir James Sullivan, who sailed on the Beagle, observed: "I can confidently express my belief that during five years on the Beagle he was never known to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or harsh word of or to any one." The marvellous command which Darwin at this early date had over his temper will be better appreciated if we remember that during this voyage the young philosopher was constantly seasick. In after years this wonderful control of his lower self grew more and more complete. He had an iron will, but it was used in subjugating all that was unworthy of the noblest manhood in his nature. Darwin loved his home passionately, and naught but thirst for knowledge could have driven him forth on his long, perilous voyage. In his letters we catch many delightful glimpses of this strong, abiding home love, as, for example, the following:—

It is too delightful to think that I shall see the leaves fall and hear the robins sing next autumn at Shrewsbury. My feelings are those of a schoolboy to the smallest point; I doubt whether ever boy longed for his holidays as much as I do to see you all again. I am at present, although nearly half the world is between me and home, beginning to arrange what I shall do, where I shall go during the first week.

His marriage to his cousin Emma Wedgwood, which occurred in January, 1839, proved to be an exceptionally happy union; each cherished pure, deep affection for the other, and in each other's society they experienced their rarest happiness. Of their married life Francis Darwin says:—

Of his married life I cannot speak, save in the briefest manner. In his relationship towards my mother, his tender and sympathetic nature was shown in its most beautiful aspect. In her presence he found his happiness, and through her, his life—which might have been overshadowed by gloom—became one of content and quiet gladness.

His deep love for his wife and children was very marked. This tireless delver into the mysteries of life had a heart as tender as the most sensitive maiden. Seldom have I read any lines more touchingly beautiful than the following, written when he lost his little ten-year-old daughter:—

From whatever point I look back at her, the main feature in her disposition, which at once rises before me, is her buoyant joyousness, tempered by two other characteristics, namely, her sensitiveness, which might easily have been overlooked by a stranger, and her strong affection. It was delightful and cheerful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me, as she used to come running downstairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Even when playing with her cousins, when her joyousness almost passed into boisterousness, a single glance of my eye, not of displeasure (for I thank God I hardly ever cast one on her), but of want of sympathy, would for some minutes alter her whole countenance. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. . . . She often used exaggerated language, and when I quizzed her by exaggerating what she had said, how clearly can I now see the little toss of the head, and exclamation of "Oh, papa, what a shame of you!" In the last short illness her conduct in simple truth was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle, pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was "beautifully good." When I gave her some water she said, "I quite thank you," and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me. We have lost the joy of the household and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear, joyous face! Blessings on her!

The great secret of Darwin's accomplishing such a vast amount of work lay in the two words *perseverance and order*. He was one of the most persistent of investigators. The suffering and exhaustion incident to his painful and unremitting illness were not considered by this tireless worker sufficient cause for rest. Each day his apportioned work was prepared with clocklike regularity. Languages were exceedingly difficult for him to master; but in order to acquaint himself with the views of some great German scientific thinkers, he mastered the language sufficiently to read the works, although he always pronounced the words in English. Another illustration of this same spirit of perseverance is related in the following words by Admiral Stokes, who accompanied Darwin on the *Beagle*:—

We worked together for several years at the same table in the poop cabin of the *Beagle* during her celebrated voyage, he with his microscope and myself at the charts. It was often a very lively end of the little craft, and distressingly so to my old friend, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness. After, perhaps, an hour's work he would say to me: "Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it," that being the best relief position from ship motion; a stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labors for a while, when he had again to lie down.

Such are a few interesting facts concerning this noble life. In a brief pen picture of this character it is impossible to touch even briefly upon the points of excellence in a life so rich in the glory of developed manhood.

The death of Charles Darwin, which occurred on the 19th of April, 1882, cast a gloom over the whole scientific world. The boy who in 1831 seemed to possess so little, and of whom his father entertained serious apprehension lest he should turn out a worthless sporting character, had reached the foremost place in the ranks of great scientists, even in the golden age of scientific research. He was buried in Westminster near the tomb of Newton. Among his pall-bearers were his loved co-laborers, Wallace, Huxley, Lubbock and Hooker. In closing this sketch I will quote a paragraph from Mr. Allen's graphic summary of the personal characteristics of the great man who in life was as careless of his personal fame as he was devoted to the cause of science:—

Of Darwin's pure and exalted moral nature no Englishman of the present generation can trust himself to speak with becoming moderation. His love of truth, his singleness of heart, his sincerity, his earnestness, his modesty, his candor, his absolute sinking of self and selfishness—these, indeed, are all conspicuous to every reader on the very face of every word he ever printed. Like his works themselves, they must long outlive him. But his sympathetic kindliness, his ready generosity, the staunchness of his friendship, the width and depth and breadth of his affections, the manner in which "he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return," these things can never so well be known to any other generation of men as to the three generations who walked the world with him. Many even of those who did not know him loved him like a father; to many who never saw his face the hope of winning Charles Darwin's approbation and regard was the highest incentive to thought and action. Towards younger men, especially, his unremitting kindness was always most noteworthy; he spoke and wrote to them, not like one of the masters in Israel, but like a fellow-worker and seeker after truth, interested in their interests, pleased at their successes, sympathetic with their failures, gentle to their mistakes. . . . He had the sympathetic receptivity of all truly great minds, and when he died thousands upon thousands who had never beheld his serene features and his fatherly eyes felt they had lost, indeed, a personal friend. Greatness is not always joined with gentleness; in Charles Darwin's case, by universal consent of all who knew him, "an intellect which had no superior" was wedded to "a character even nobler than the intellect."



Louise Chandler Moulton.

An Idealistic Dreamer Who Sings in a Minor Key.

BEYOND and above the severely utilitarian spirit which enters so largely into life to-day, firing millions of brains with an all-consuming passion for wealth, rises a far-reaching and overmastering thought which is at once speculative and progressive. A great unrest has taken possession of the thinking world. A profound conviction that the advance guard of civilization is fronting epoch-marking struggles is daily gaining currency. Especially is this true in America, where religious, ethical, educational, economic and political problems are being subjected to the most unsparing critical investigation. Thus it is by no means strange that idealistic writers who flourish in the quiet breathing-spells of nations find small favor in a period of unrest and conflict such as the present. They are regarded as the allies of conventionalism; and this, to a certain extent, is doubtless true.

The wonderful growth of sentiment in favor of the robust realism of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells and Garland is readily accounted for when we remember that this new thought has allied itself to the moral impulses of the day. It is a part of the great protest of the hour. Its waves bear forward great vital reforms which are thrilling every nerve and fibre of the best progressive thought of the age. It speaks with the authority of truth, albeit its visage is sombre, stern and not infrequently repulsive.

The "New Learning," which in England rose to commanding proportions during the latter part of the fifteenth century, and flourished so luxuriantly in the early decades of the sixteenth century, quickened the thought of the people, and allied itself to reformatory impulses, which prepared the way for transforming Catholic England into a foremost Protestant nation. So to-day the growing discontent of millions of more or less thoughtful persons has found expression in the austere utterances of such writers as Tolstoi and Ibsen,

—great, prophetic souls, who dare to speak the truth in the teeth of conventional intellectual effeminacy, whose very weakness and vice are emphasized by its affected morality.

The new thought has done more than sounded the note of reform; it has unmasked unjust conditions, and revealed the parasites preying on the vitals of civilization. It has boldly exhibited that moral energy and aggressiveness of spirit which the coming conflict demands. It is iconoclastic, a voice in the wilderness; but its brow, if stern, bears the majesty of reality. It does not palter with truth. Thus, in the very nature of the case, the reformatory thought of the age is found massing under the banner of realism. In the immediate future, therefore, realism will grow in popular favor at least until great radical reforms have been ushered in.

Nevertheless, the human soul is ever haunted by the ideal, even in moments of supreme tension, and when every fibre is strained for action as stern and uncompromising as warfare waged in olden times by austere puritanism. Dreams of the past and visions of the morrow; love, aspiration, hope, the glory of the vanished past, the ideal of the golden future;—these pictures are ever present in the mind; and for them the soul hungers, even after the marching orders have been given, and the world's advance guard is already in the thick of the combat for epoch-marking victories such as from time to time show civilization's evolutionary steps. Thus the idealistic poet, even though regarded by the new thought as somewhat of a Philistine, will ever hold a seat in the holiest of holies of many human hearts; will ever be loved more or less alike by critic and artisan, because the songs sung reflect the longing of man's inner nature.

The writings of our idealists may, as the aggressive realist asserts, act as moral anæsthetics at great crises in human history, but they also afford a certain rest and food for even those whose sympathies and work carry them, with irresistible sway, into the ranks of the iconoclastic reformers. To me nothing is more restful or satisfying, after a day of stern battle, than an hour with the poet or dreamer who sees and understands how to picture that which must ever be sacred to the human heart. We all more or less resemble caged birds who struggle for larger freedom and broader vision, and at the present day the beating of wings is particularly active.

Recently, after a week of somewhat exhausting work, not unmingled with canker-eating, petty aggravations, which in themselves are so insignificant, and yet in the aggregate are so fatal to mental equipoise and spiritual harmony; a week in which almost every mail brought letters burdened with the stories of struggles, disappointments, and trials, with hopes deferred and aspirations unrealized (for an editor is much like a clergyman: to him are confided the heartaches and the puzzling problems of thousands of his constituency); a week in which the cruel injustice of prevailing economical conditions and the heartlessness of grasping wealth had been peculiarly strongly impressed by visits to the wretched dens of our slums, I sought rest in my library. Here I chanced to take up Mrs. Moulton's charming volumes of idealistic verses,* and from them I derived much of that subtle, indefinable pleasure one feels who finds a shady retreat in a garden of roses. It is not alone the beauty of the flowers, the rich perfume floating on every breeze, or the melody of the birds, but rather the sum of nature's prodigality which satisfies the wearied soul. So in these charming and unpretentious little fragments of verse, one feels the mingled pleasure gained from pure, deep, poetic powers, married to finished art, and voicing emotions common to all, and held sacred wherever love refines aspiring souls. Few writers in this sternly utilitarian age possess in so marked a degree the rare power of penetrating the depths of the soul, and calling forth half-forgotten dreams as Mrs. Moulton. Her poems are simple, chaste, and for the most part pitched in the minor key. A noble femininity pervades them, giving rare delicacy of thought and expression. For example, note the following exquisite conceit:—

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,—
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek.
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe.
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

* "Swallow Flights" and "In the Garden of Dreams." Two volumes of poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Persons, Places and Ideas.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old, —
 Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
 Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
 Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
 Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
 Here you come to tell them, — what an eager shout!
 Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;
 Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
 And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
 Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
 Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugar plums;
 Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
 Waking up to study with the morning light;
 Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
 Full of contradictions, — I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
 All the world's before you, and the world is wide.
 Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break.
 Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
 Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
 Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
 Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
 All the golden future, just to keep you so.

* * * * *

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
 Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
 Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
 And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;
 All the past I summon as I kiss her brow, —
 Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
 Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I know, —
 Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.

The intensity of emotion and power of antithesis in
 thought rather than words, are strikingly illustrated in

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
 Since she went out of the door.
 No footstep shall cross the threshold,
 Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
 And mould and blight on the walls,
 And silence faints in the chambers,
 And darkness waits in the halls, —

Waits, as all things have waited,
Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor,
To dwell in the Court of the King,

With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long, long ago, —
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left, mock the shadows
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside;
And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
Where Love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter
Since she can come in no more.

This, to my mind, is one of the strongest poems written by Mrs. Moulton. The power of imagination and the depth of grief expressed suggest some of the weird verses of Edgar Allan Poe. Mrs. Moulton is not a reformer; the clashing of battle, the marshalling of forces, the bugle's call to action, appeal not to her. There is in her work little of that fervid thought of the moral reformer which leaps forth at white heat from so many of Whittier's verses. Her tastes lie in the idealistic world, where her earnestness and sincerity are almost as marked as her poetical power and artistic skill. Possessing a profoundly religious nature, yet imbued with the scientific spirit of the age, we find in her a woman in perfect touch with the most spiritual element of the new thought. The old-time fear does not terrify her, nor can she boast of the blind, implicit faith which, strange to say, rested serenely on so many brows during the ages when it was the popular belief that millions of God's children were doomed to everlasting flames. She loves and questions, and is not this the spirit-

ual state of thousands of our best thinkers to-day? Here is a characteristic poem, which illustrates the attitude of our author's mind:—

LONG IS THE WAY.

Long is the way, O Lord!
My steps are weak;
I listen for Thy word,—
When wilt Thou speak?

Must I still wander on
'Mid noise and strife;
Or go as Thou hast gone,
From life to life?

Below I give two sonnets taken from a cluster of real gems in "Swallow Flights":—

FIRST LOVE.

Time was you heard the music of a sigh,
And love awoke; and with it song was born,—
Song, glad as young bird's carol in the morn,
And tender as the blue and brooding sky
When all the earth feels Spring's warm witchery,
And with fresh flowers her bosom doth adorn;
And lovers love, and cannot love forlorn,
Since love is of the gods, and may not die.

In after years may come some wildering light,—
Some sweet delusion, followed for a space,—
Such fitful fireflies flash athwart the night,
But fade before the shining of that face
Which shines upon you still in death's despite,
Whose steadfast beauty lights till death your days.

ONE DREAD.

No depth, dear love, for thee is too profound;
There is no farthest height thou mayst not dare,
Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air.
In funeral robe and wreath my past lies bound;
No old-time voice assails me with its sound
When thine I hear; no former joy seems fair;
And now one only thing could bring despair,
One grief like compassing seas my life surround,
One only terror in my way be met,
One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
One phantom only, turn from red to white
The lips whereon thy lips have once been set:
Thou knowest well, dear Love, what that must be,
The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.

All of Mrs. Moulton's poems are pure and healthy in tone, although she is more often sad than merry, and a spirit of earnest inquiry as to the to-morrow of life pervades many of her best creations, reflecting, I imagine, the heart-hunger of her nature, and, indeed, in this respect also the hunger of the age. As a specimen of this tendency I quote the following from her volume "In a Garden of Dreams." It is a beautiful conceit, and represents a thought met with frequently in this author's prose as well as poetry.

IN A GARDEN.

Pale in the pallid moonlight,
 White as the rose on her breast,
 She stood in the fair rose-garden,
 With her shy young love confest.

The roses climbed to kiss her,
 The violets, purple and sweet,
 Breathed their despair in the fragrance
 That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
 Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
 Clothed all in white, like the visions
 When the living behold the dead.

There with her lover beside her,
 With life and with love she thrilled.
 What mattered the world's wide sorrow
 To her, with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair rose-garden
 He waited alone and dumb,
 If, perchance, from the silent country,
 The soul of the dead would come

To comfort the living and loving
 With the ghost of a lost delight,
 And thrill into quivering welcome
 The desolate, brooding night.

Till softly a wind in the distance
 Began to blow and blow;
 The moon bent nearer and nearer,
 And solemn, and sweet, and slow

Came a wonderful rapture of music
 That turned to her voice at last;
 Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead
 Like the breath of the wind that passed;

Persons, Places and Ideas.

Like the breath of the wind she touched him.
 Thin was the voice, and cold,
 And something, that seemed like a shadow,
 Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said, "I love you
 With my first love and my last ;"
 Then again that wonderful music,
 And he knew that her soul had passed.

It is this anxious thought, this overmastering desire to *know* what lies beyond the vale, springing from the union of a strongly religious nature with a mind trained in the school of modern scientific inquiry, which gives a certain sombre cast to many of her poems. The interrogation point is often *felt* if not *seen*. This spirit, however, is symptomatic of our age, for we are in a period of religious transition. The mists which were a pillar of fire to our fathers are dissolving before the purpling dawn of a juster and nobler day than humanity has ever known. But as yet the morning has not advanced far enough to give the people a clear vision of the pathway along which, with glad, exultant song, will journey the children of to-morrow. At each new step in the world's progress, humanity is depressed with the same all-pervading doubt, the same uncertainty and fear. This is no less true to-day than it has been in the past. History is replete with striking illustrations of society convulsed with the ague of fear, as from time to time great truths have been discovered which ran counter to conservative thought; and it is fair to suppose that succeeding generations, viewing our present conflict, will marvel that the lifeless shell of the old held in thrall a single aspiring soul, or that we walked so lamely in the glorious light of the new day, even as we wonder how a world could be so blind as to refuse so long the splendid visions of creation given by Copernicus and other torch bearers of truth.



1) Jas. A. Herne, author of "Shore Acres" and creator of character of Uncle Nat.

(2) Uncle Nat and Helen. "Now, now, that ain't right." Act I

(3) The quarrel in the lighthouse. Act III.

(4) Uncle Nat in last act.

Mask or Mirror, or the Difference Between Artificiality and Veritism on the Stage.

I.

THE theatre of recent years has been a mask rather than a mirror; that is to say, it has been afflicted with the gangrene of artificiality. At intervals some individual of transcendent genius has aroused the deeper feelings of the auditors by the magic of his power; but for the most part the grave or gay emotions have vanished from the brain of the listener before the theatre door has been reached. In other words, only the surface has been ruffled; the almost unfathomable depths of the soul have not been stirred. The pictures and voicings have lacked the true ring of life's verities in anything like a full or vital way. They have borne to the real much the relationship of the speaking doll to the aspiration-illuminated soul; and this is one of the chief reasons why the theatre has failed to wield a more decisive influence upon public opinion. Only that which is true, only that which is real, or, if ideal, is in perfect alignment with the eternal verities as found in life, can produce a lasting impression on the deeper emotions of humanity.

It is only fair to observe, however, that the drama has not been the only sufferer from artificiality. Literature, religion and art have come under the same baleful influence. The intellectual era which dawned during that period of marvellous mental activity and growth we call the Renaissance, owed as much to the shattering of ecclesiasticism and traditionalism which had long enslaved the brain of western Europe, as it did to the broader thoughts derived from Grecian art and literature unfolded after the siege of Constantinople.

The new life and wealth of thought, imagination and expression, which characterized the rise of Romanticism, led by Victor Hugo in the present century, and which enriched

in such a marked degree the literature of France, was valuable and vital in so far as it was a protest against the bondage of ancient thought and hoary traditionalism which produced successive generations of imitators, and which prescribed arbitrary rules as ultimates in art.

The power of the work of our modern school of veritists or realists lies in its fidelity to life as it is; and though I do not think that Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells, or Garland have ascended the mountain quite far enough to sweep the whole horizon, they are doing magnificent work, and work which is vital because it is true.*

That which fails to comprehend the eternal verities which make for civilization will fail to elevate or in any large way ennoble humanity—it matters not whether it be in the drama, in popular education, in art, in literature or in religion. That which is artificial, or if true is still encased in the mummy clothes of traditionalism, will fail to touch the well-springs of life.

Perhaps nowhere has the artificiality bred of imitation been more pronounced than in the drama. The free lance in theology, in literature, and art has ever had a far easier path to tread than the dramatists who disregarded the hard and fast traditionalism of the stage. The great expense incident to staging a play properly; the timidity of managers, who are, as a rule, wedded to conservatism; the critics, whose education has been entirely along the lines of the past, and who, as a rule, are very jealous for the old traditions; and lastly a public sentiment, which, when discriminating, is usually prejudiced in the direction of conventionalism, render

* A friend of mine who heard a gifted lady read Ibsen's "Brand" some time since, when the reading was finished, said: "I felt like crying out, Stop! The piece pierced my very soul. It was so painfully terrible. Why? Because Ibsen's characters are not puppets, and the music of real human woe rang through this master poem."

I saw, some time ago, a letter called forth from a thoughtful person who had read Mr. Garland's "Prairie Heroine" in THE ARENA. This gentleman said: "I read this sketch more than a week ago, and have been miserable ever since. I knew such things existed, but I never *felt what it meant before*." That is exactly what true work does. It compels the reader to feel as well as to accept in an intellectual way. Now when our veritists appreciate that there is something needful beyond a statement of bald facts, we shall have the real with all its vivid power, reinforced and vitalized by realistic or truthful idealism. The time has passed when the builder is satisfied to lay the brick and mortar without holding the image of the splendid structure in his brain, as is seen by the hungry way in which the artisans gaze on the architect's plate of the finished edifice. So the human soul to-day is not content with the truth as it is; the vivid portrayal of the truth as it shall be must be given. This contains an inspiration no less marked than the power of mere portrayal of facts in a vivid way. The man is more than matter; beyond the flesh and blood which remain when death supervenes, we have that something illusive but very real, which thinks, aspires, hopes and loves; true ideality bears much the same relation to realism that the brain or soul does to the body. The trouble with the past has been that either the idealism given was false, or was so divorced from its proper relation to the real as to act as an anæsthetic on the people, and from this pseudo-idealism, religion, literature and the drama suffered.

it well-nigh impossible to present a dramatic work which is strongly unconventional. It is therefore far more than a personal triumph when a dramatist succeeds in spite of these obstacles. Especially is this the case when the production is artistic throughout; when it is free from all taint of sensualism, or of all suggestions of an unhealthy character; when the coarseness of the variety stage and the high sounding mock heroics for which the galleries are supposed to yearn, are alike absent; and finally, when the subtle atmosphere of the play is so charged with truth that, consciously or unconsciously, every auditor receives a moral uplift when witnessing the drama. We are only beginning to study psychology in a scientific way, while for most investigators the psychic realm is as yet an undiscovered country. Still we are learning day by day to appreciate more and more the subtle power of thought, and to understand that the sub-conscious mind often takes cognizance of the soul of that with which we come in contact when this vital essence entirely escapes our more blunted conscious perceptions. We are beginning to learn that every book, every sermon, every drama, indeed every thought, which comes before our brain in any real or vital way, elevates or lowers our moral being. Many conventional dramas, in which virtue is rewarded and vice punished, and which abound in high-sounding moral platitudes, are distinctly immoral in their atmosphere; for when not artificial and untrue, they are vicious in situation or suggestion.

II.

A play reflecting nature in a real and wholesome manner was enacted during the most of the past winter. I refer to Mr. James A. Herne's New England comedy-drama, "Shore Acres," which recently won such a signal success in Boston. The cordial reception given this play calls for more than a passing notice, because its successful presentation was a victory of far-reaching significance for the drama. It demonstrated the falsity of certain claims which have long fettered dramatic progress and prevented the stage from wielding a decisively educational influence which might have been exerted, had the drama been loyal to truth rather than the slave of traditionalism.

"Shore Acres" was placed upon the stage of the Boston

Museum the middle of last February, and scored an instantaneous and unqualified success. Its popularity, however, steadily grew as the season advanced. From the middle of February to the end of the dramatic season it was enacted before full houses. For months, immense audiences laughed and wept over this truthful reflection of humble New England life, with its hopes and fears, its aspirations and prejudices, its love and jealousies, its sunny surface joy and its deep, flowing content. For one hundred and thirteen performances the old historic theatre was thronged by the most thoughtful and sincere people of Boston; and what was peculiarly significant, the closing performances, enacted the last week in May, when actors usually play to empty benches, were given before crowded houses.

Had the play been simply a clever conventional drama, the success would merely have been a marked tribute to the genius and ability of Mr. Herne, in his double *rôle* of dramatist and actor; but the far wider significance of the triumph will be readily appreciated when we remember that "Shore Acres" is a radically unconventional drama, which boldly ignores many of the most cherished traditions of the conventional stage, and radiates an atmosphere charged with truth and rendered luminous, not by the fire-fly glow of empty words, but by the divine radiance of noble deeds shining through simple, humble lives; and, moreover, it is a play without a plot or a villain, dealing entirely with the lowly ones of earth — merely a section, as it were, taken from the every-day life of some poor farmers and fishermen living on the coast of Maine.

It has been claimed that no play which dealt with humble life, which ignored plot and excluded the vulgarities of the variety stage and the cheap jokes and claptrap of the minstrel and melodrama could succeed. The success of "Shore Acres" completely refutes this calumny against a theatre-going public; while those who have persistently asserted that in order to satisfy public taste, plotless and villainless dramas which make no illegitimate bids for the applause of the gallery, must be relieved by gorgeous stage setting and fashionable dressing in which rich gowns cut perilously low in front, and ridiculously long behind, make up for what is wanting in other artificial features, have been shown that beyond the tricks of conventionalism, beyond the

devices of artificiality, rises ART, which, when true, appeals to something deeper and finer than the surface whims of humanity, and which, even when she concerns herself with the humblest life, provided she is true in her delineations, proves absorbingly fascinating to all those in whom the current of human emotions flows in the deep nature-ordained channels, instead of over the shallow crust of conventionality.

It was not to be expected that "Shore Acres" would please the froth or the dregs of society, for the denizens of these strata, through education, environment and the atmosphere of life, become unnatural; they live behind a mask, and to them the mask is more engaging than the mirror. The erotic atmosphere of a fashionable society drama, heavy with artificial perfumes and shadowing forth luxurious ease, intrigue, and the fever of a superficial existence; representing puppets of passion, connoisseurs of wines; and ornamented by inane scions of foreign aristocracies, best satisfies the butterflies of fashion; while plays dealing with plot and passion, in which villains are invincible until the final act is reached, and where the young are nightly shown how safes are blown open by professional burglars, and various other crimes are committed with ease and dexterity, appeal to another class whose point of view renders life's true visage as unreal as it is to the flippant children of fashion's careless world. To the dwellers in both of these social strata "Shore Acres" failed to appeal; while from the earnest, feeling multitude who ever recognize the voice of truth whenever spoken, and who appreciate true art because their souls are sufficiently near the pulsating breast of nature to recognize the face of truth, it found a ready welcome.

I have known numbers of persons, artists, physicians and scholars, who attended this play from six to eight times, experiencing the keenest pleasure at each performance; such is the virility of truth that one does not tire when looking into her face.

"Shore Acres" opens in an idyllic manner.* It is haying time in Maine; the flowers are blooming around the old

* The realistic atmosphere of the play is indicated by an incident which occurred one night when I was witnessing the performance. Behind me sat a lady and gentleman who appeared to be greatly interested in the production; the gentleman, however, seemed much worried because, as he observed a number of times, he could not recollect any "Berry lighthouse" along that shore. To each of them, as apparently to the vast audience, it was history rather than fiction which was being unfolded. Many illustrations of a similar character might be cited to emphasize the peculiar influence which this play exerted in taking hold of the real self of the auditor.

homestead of the Berry brothers, and in the distance we see the ocean, and the deep blue sky flecked with clouds. At some distance, on a reef which juts into the ocean, stands the lighthouse, which is later the scene of a terrible struggle between the brothers. In this first act the children making their mud pies are deliciously natural, as is also Uncle Nat when he gives them a wheelbarrow ride. Here we also see the land boomer enter this idyllic garden, and poison the mind of the owner of the farm by filling it with wild dreams of wealth to be acquired without the earning. We note the curse of American life — speculation — with its seductive allurements, fastening itself upon Martin Berry, and henceforth his peace of mind is gone. The scene between the lovers in this act is also very charming, and seldom has anything appeared before the footlights so true to life as the little pleasantry indulged in by old Joel Gates and the hired men from the hayfield. It is a glint of sunshine before a shadow which is to follow. This banter and sport, though grim and savage, is one of those natural outgushings of farm life which relieve the monotony of existence. The great scene of this act is reached after the hands enter the house for dinner, and Martin, the younger brother, informs Uncle Nat of his wish to cut up the farm for town lots, because he is sure a boom is coming. Here it is that we begin to see the tremendous strength of Mr. Herne as an actor. There is nothing loud, nothing boisterous, about the words and actions of Uncle Nat. On the contrary, everything is exactly the reverse; but his wonderful recital of their father's drowning, of their mother's year of waiting, of her death, and the grave "out yander on the knoll," reveals consummate art, and the reserve power which fascinates the auditor and wins every true heart. But even here Mr. Herne does not reach the climax of his portrayal; it is not until Martin Berry disappears within the house, and Uncle Nat stands silently twisting a cord, that one realizes how much, to use a paradox, a real artist may say when he is silent. During these moments Uncle Nat's face is a study for a psychologist; while the emotions depicted call for no words, but tug at the heart-strings of strong-framed men no less than sympathetic women.

The second scene represents the interior of the house, and the moving panorama is delightfully natural; but it is not

until we reach the closing passages of this act that comedy gives place to the full play of the strongest emotions known to the human heart. As in life the gay and grave tread continually upon each other's heels, so in this drama we laugh and cry in almost the same breath. There is a wonderful mental study in the final scene of the second act, when Uncle Nat, with unconscious skill, impresses his thoughts and wishes on the tense brain of his niece, urging in a manner so natural that the art conceals the art, for all save psychologists who have made unconscious hypnotic suggestion a study, and thus are enabled to appreciate the scientific accuracy of Mr. Herne's work in this remarkable portrayal.

The third scene takes place in the lighthouse, and at the close, through realistic stage effect, gives a vivid picture of an ocean in a storm. This scene has been criticised by some who imagine that simplicity excludes intensity, and who, because the ocean is usually calm, would deny the legitimacy of introducing the savage awfulness of the tempest without and within. The scene in the lighthouse is as true as any which precede or follow it. It pictures a supreme and terrible moment in life, and we catch a vivid glimpse of the incarnate god grappling with the aroused savagery of the animal — unselfish love battling with a nature rendered insanely blind through passion — *a scene which typifies the struggle of the ages*. The student of present-day events sees in it a miniature representation of the conflict now raging, upon whose issue hangs the civilization of the morrow. That no such idea as this entered the brain of the dramatist, is highly probable; for a genius continually reflects colossal thought upon his canvas, and deals with types without knowing the deeper significance of his own creation. There is nothing in this great act which is untrue or overdrawn. It is the embodiment of high art; and representing, as it does, the emotional climax in the drama, it is not only perfectly legitimate, but without some such strong exhibition of human emotion the play would have been artistically incomplete.

Great, however, as are the preceding scenes, for me, the charm of the closing act eclipses all which has preceded it; for here the saint always visible in Uncle Nat shines out so impressively that each auditor catches a glimpse of that love which some day will redeem the world. Then, too, in this last scene the artist's touch is everywhere visible.

It is Christmas Eve, the children are undressed, and the stockings are hung up. Bob is not the only boy who has wished to hang up his trousers instead of his stocking, under the vain delusion that quantity measures the pleasure of life; and Millie is not the first girl who has wished she wore pants. The radiant eyes, the innocent prattle of the expectant children; Millie's indignation at her older brother's scepticism in regard to the existence of Santa Claus; the sombre shadow cast by the sober, silent, and almost broken-hearted Martin; the absorption of little Nat and his mother in the exciting novel; then the home-coming of the loved ones, the reconciliation and the saving of the farm, the entrance of Joel Gates, and pathetic picture of little Mandy — all these and other scenes in this quickly moving panorama reveal behind the play a great artist and a *true man*. It is not, however, until one by one the actors retire, leaving Uncle Nat alone in the great farm kitchen, that one fully appreciates the courage of Mr. Herne, in throwing to the winds the traditions of the stage. Here, for ten minutes before the curtain drops, not a word is spoken. Uncle Nat is alone. He seats himself, and the auditors, in rapt attention, follow the train of thought, as his face reflects emotions which swell in his soul. The smile of the dear old face is something never to be forgotten. During these moments the audience becomes thoroughly fascinated by the wonderful play of human emotions; and when at length he rises, the spectators, as one person, regard him with breathless interest, as he locks the doors, removes the teapot, places the kettle on the back of the stove, raises the lid, and with candle in hand ascends the old stairway as the clock strikes the midnight hour.

This was the first dramatic performance I remember witnessing, in which the closing minutes of the play were not marred by vexatious noises incident to the departure of auditors; but during the four times I saw "Shore Acres" performed, the audience seemed rapt until Uncle Nat disappeared. It was one of the most remarkable illustrations of the unconscious tribute paid by the people to the genius of the artist and his fidelity to truth that I have ever seen, and to students of psychology it was an interesting and valuable study.

III.

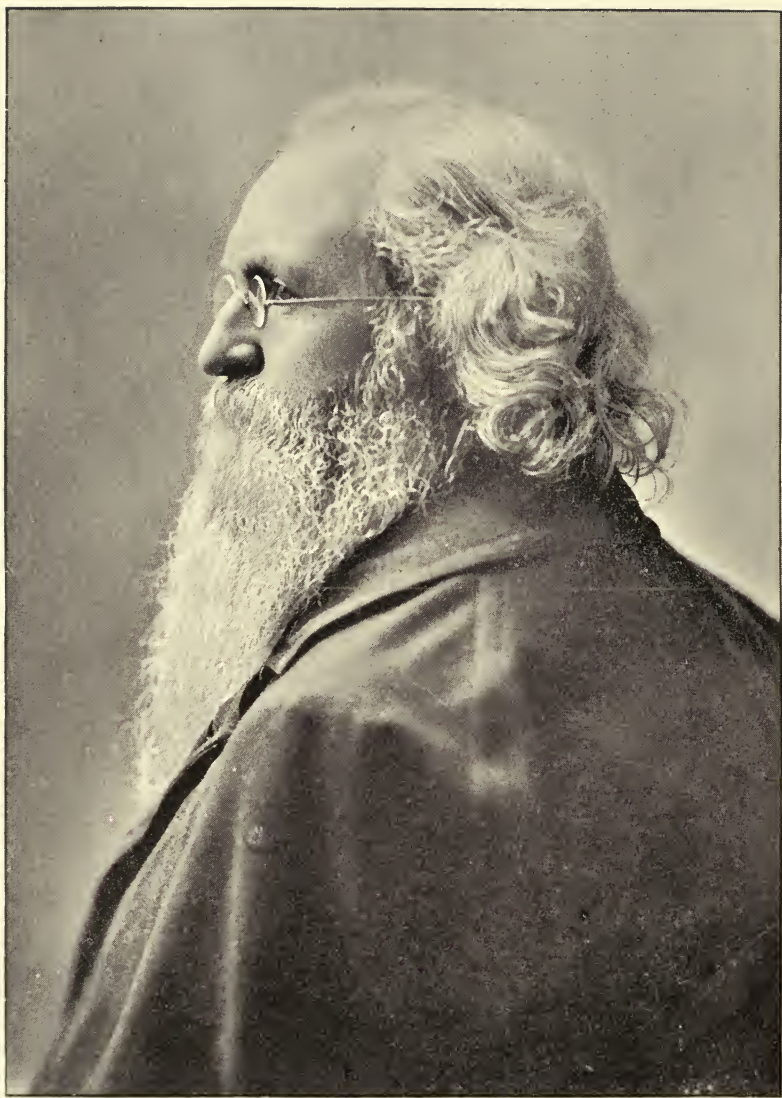
And now a word in regard to the great creation of Uncle Nathaniel. It has been urged by some zealous defenders of realism, that in this masterpiece Mr. Herne has gone beyond the limits of realism—and if by this the critics mean that he has idealized to a certain degree the grand old man whose every smile reflects the divine ego which crouches, cowers or rules in the brain of every human being, the observation is just; but if, on the other hand, we are to infer that the dramatist and artist has exceeded the bounds of the legitimate by creating an impossible man, or a life impossible in that station and with that environment, or that the character is not in perfect alignment with the real, the stricture is untrue. There is no character in “Shore Acres” truer to life than this noble-hearted old New England light-keeper, *but he is colossal*. I remember admiring the physical perfection of the late Phillips Brooks some ten years ago. He then seemed an almost perfect type of well-developed manhood, so far as his bodily form was concerned; but standing by an ordinary man his great proportions were at once noticeable. Now this is precisely what we find in the ethical portrayal in Uncle Nat. He is very real, perfectly natural, profoundly true; but he is colossal, revealing most vividly the *possible saint in every man*.

The popular or conventional pseudo-idealism of the past has been essentially immoral because it has been untrue, strained and unnatural; or when possible it has been so divorced from the real as to carry little vital truth to the brain of those to whom it has appealed. Realistic idealism, when hand in hand with veritism, gives to life a moral uplift, subtle and illusive in character, but most potential for lasting good. It is the soul of progress—the inspiration of noble endeavor—the touch which floods the present with light, and reveals the next upward step.

Realism is vitally important; she depicts life as it is to-day; she is true, impartial, and mercilessly candid. But vital idealism complements realism; standing by her side, she radiates a light which is charged with vitality because it is divine; she is profoundly real and true; her every act and deed reflects more of the real soul than we have been accustomed to see; if her face is luminous it is because the saint,

possible in every one, is here triumphant. The relation between realism and vital idealism in the utilitarian economy may be compared to two influences acting upon the inmates of a building which is on fire. Realism sounds the alarm, she describes the true condition; while idealism leads the awakened victims from a death-trap to a place of safety.

I repeat, that in Uncle Nat we see exemplified the possible saint in every life; he is the *embodiment of human love*. The affection for the old home, owing to its associations; the tenderness shown for the memory of father and mother; the love for his younger brother, which led him to make the supreme sacrifice of life, that his brother might be happy; the wealth of affection for the children, which is in essence parental love, and the broad, tolerant spirit evinced toward the socially ostracized young doctor — these are all phases of the one supreme passion which illumines without dazzling, which warms but never scorches. In the degree in which this full-orbed love is revealed, we gauge man's progress from the animal to the divine. In Uncle Nathaniel, from his first entrance to the drop of the curtain, there is nothing strained or unnatural. Every act, every utterance, is true to the finer impulses of life; and every manifestation of the triumph of love over selfishness has found its counterpart in millions of lives. Not that all these manifestations are usually seen in a single individual, for, as I have observed, this creation is colossal; but it is also true, and being true, it carries with it a vital and uplifting inspiration.



Always your friend.
James G. Clark

A Poet of the People.

I.

IN this chapter I wish to give a brief outline of the life and work of the poet, composer, and singer, James G. Clark, whose fine lyrical and reformatory verses have been an inspiration to thousands of lives.

Mr. Clark was born in Constantia, N. Y., in 1830. His father was a man of influence in his community, being recognized as intelligent and honorable, and possessing that cool, dispassionate judgment which always commands respect. The mother gave to her son his poetical gift and his intense love for humanity, his all-absorbing devotion to justice and liberty, and a nature at once refined yet brave. When but three years old, the little poet had learned from his mother "The Star of Bethlehem," sung to the air of "Bonny Doon," and could sing the entire piece without missing a word or note. When twenty-one years of age he was well known in his community as a concert singer of rare ability. At this time Mr. Clark attracted the attention of Mr. Ossian E. Dodge, who, in addition to publishing a literary journal in Boston, had under his management the most popular concert quartette in New England. Mr. Dodge was a man of quick perception; he readily saw that the young poet and singer would prove a valuable acquisition to his already famous troupe, and promptly appointed him musical composer for his company. Into this work Mr. Clark threw all the enthusiasm of youth, composing such universally popular songs as "The Old Mountain Tree," "The Rover's Grave," "Meet Me by the Running Brook," and "The Rock of Liberty." "The Old Mountain Tree" was for some time a reigning favorite through the land, it being sung for months in theatres and concerts. At the Boston Museum, then the leading theatre of Boston, it was no unusual thing for it to be called for as many as three times in a single evening.

One day during this period of popularity, his mother, who was a very religious woman, said to him, "James, why cannot you write a hymn?" He loved his mother devotedly. There was between them more than the strong ties of mother and son. She had fostered and encouraged his every poetical and musical aspiration, and it was his most earnest desire to gratify her wish but

thought along this line came slowly, and almost a year elapsed before the young man placed a pencilled copy of his hymn, "The Evergreen Mountains of Life," in his mother's hand. She read it through silently, too much overcome to speak, while great tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks. At this period he composed several songs and hymns which have been universally popular, such as "Where the Roses Never Wither," "The Beautiful Hills," and "The Isles of the By and By." Of these poems Dr. A. P. Miller of San Francisco, himself a poet of more than ordinary power and an admirable critic, writes: "These songs have for thirty years been received by all classes as forming a group of original and perfect lyrics adapted to every platform and hall, whether sacred or secular. To say this," continues Dr. Miller, "detracts nothing from his songs of love and freedom. It is only saying that they are the St. Elias, the Tacoma, the Hood, and the Shasta, which out-tower all other song peaks and reach those heights where the sunshine is eternal and the view universal."

It may be well to note at this time the singular fact that in his poetical life Mr. Clark has appeared in three distinct roles, although he has always been the poet of the people. During his youth and early manhood the popular lyric and ballad claimed his power. It was the work of this period which won for him the name of the Tom Moore of America; and had he not taken the other upward steps, the appellation would not have been so palpably inadequate to describe the man who for thirty years has been the poet of reform and the prophet of the new day. When the sixties dawned, the first song epoch of his life was drawing to a close, and the mutterings of the Rebellion were oppressing age and stimulating youth throughout the North. Mr. Clark had given his country a collection of songs and ballads destined to live long after his body had returned to dust, and he had sung his melody into the hearts of thousands who had listened to the poet composer and singer with that rapt attention which is the tribute of manhood and womanhood to genuine merit. The clouds of rebellion were gathering around the horizon; but ere the shock of arms thrilled the nation, Mr. Clark was summoned to the death bed of his mother. Sitting at her side as the spirit was poising for flight, and catching inspiration from her words, there came to him that exceedingly popular and touching poem, "Leona," which was first published in the *Home Journal* of New York, then edited by George Morris and N. P. Willis. This poem, Mr. Morris afterwards declared, had been more widely copied, admired, and committed to memory than any other composition of its class ever published in America. As "Leona" affords an admirable illustration of Mr. Clark's work at this time,

and because it belongs to a class of poems always treasured by the people, I will give several stanzas.*

Leona, the hour draws nigh —
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break through its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the River of Death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walk on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart;
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That death is but action begun;
In the strength of this hope I have struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold:
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

* The selection from "Leona," "Fremont's Battle Hymn," and "The Voice of the People," as well as the poems "Minnie Minturn" and "The Infinite Mother," are from Mr. Clark's volume "Poetry and Song." Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

Persons, Places and Ideas.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
 Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
 Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
 On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
 I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh, come not in tears to my tomb,
 Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
 There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
 And life where the lilies eternally bloom,
 In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

II.

The divine afflatus which fills the poet brain, and weaves itself into words which thrill and move the profound depths of human emotions, was next manifested in Mr. Clark's soul-awakening songs of freedom. The sweet ballads and lyrics of love and home disappeared before stern Duty's voice. While Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell were firing the heart of New England, Mr. Clark sent forth "Fremont's Battle Hymn," one of the most noteworthy poems of war-times, and a song which produced great enthusiasm wherever sung. Some idea of the influence which these stirring lines produced on an already awakened conscience may be imagined by perusal of the following lines:—

Oh, spirits of Washington, Warren, and Wayne!
 Oh, shades of the heroes and patriots slain!
 Come down from your mountains of emerald and gold,
 And smile on the banner ye cherished of old;
 Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,
 Like legions sent forth from the armies of life;
 Let us feel your deep presence as waves feel the breeze
 When white fleets like snowflakes are drowned in the seas.

As the red lightnings run on the black, jagged cloud,
 Ere the thunder-king speaks from his wind-woven shroud,
 So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore,
 Ere the conflict shall startle the land with its roar;
 As the veil which conceals the clear starlight is riven
 When clouds strike together, by warring winds driven,
 So the blood of the race must be offered like rain,
 Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again.

The hounds of Oppression were howling the knell
 Of martyrs and prophets at gibbet and cell,
 While Mercy despaired of the blossoming years
 When her harpstrings no more shall be rusted with tears;
 But God never ceases to strike for the right,
 And the ring of his anvil came down through the night,
 Though the world was asleep and the Nation seemed dead,
 And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

Will the banners of morn at your bidding be furled,
 When the day-king arises to quicken the world?
 Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing breast,
 Or turn him aside from his goal in the west?
 Ah! sons of the plains where the orange tree blooms,
 Ye may come to our pine-covered mountains for tombs,
 But the light ye would smother was kindled by One
 Who gave to the universe planet and sun.

There is present in this poem much of the fire of the old prophets of Israel, blended with that lofty faith in the power and favor of God which gave peculiar force to many of the most striking of Whittier's anti-slavery verses.

During the early days of the war the poet travelled from town to town, singing the spirit of freedom into the hearts of the people, and arousing to action scores and hundreds of persons in every community visited, who had heretofore taken little interest in the pending struggle. In this way he raised many thousands of dollars for the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Aid societies. In addition to "Fremont's Battle Hymn," this period called from his pen a number of war songs and poems, such as "Let Me Die with My Face to the Foe," "When You and I Were Soldier Boys," "The Children of the Battle-field," and "Minnie Minturn." The history of this last-mentioned poem is peculiarly interesting, and reveals the fact that at times coming events have been flashed with singular vividness on the sensitive mind of our poet. The pathetic facts connected with the poem are as follows: Mr. Clark was visiting a family by the name of Minturn. In the home circle was a young lady named Maria, who had a lover in the army. One day Mr. Clark said, "If your name were Minnie, it would make a musical combination for a poem." The young lady blushed and replied that her friends often called her Minnie, and doubtless at this moment her thoughts went out to the soldier boy for whom she daily prayed. Some months passed, when one night, while the poet was riding in a sleeping-car, the words of the ballad "Minnie Minturn" forced themselves upon his brain, so haunting his mind that he could get no sleep until he had transferred them to paper. This was done by drawing aside the curtain of his berth, and writing in the faint glimmer of the lamps, which had been turned low for the night. It is probable that the poet did not dream, as he pencilled the following lines, that he was writing a prophecy which a year later was to become history. Yet such was in fact the case.

Minnie Minturn, in the shadow
 I have waited here alone,—
 On the battle's gory meadow,
 Which the scythe of death has mown,
 I have listened for your coming,
 Till the dreary dawn of day,

Persons, Places and Ideas.

But I only hear the drumming,
As the armies march away.

O Minnie, dear Minnie,
I have heard the angel's warning,
I have seen the golden shore;
I will meet you in the morning
Where the shadows come no more.

III.

We come now to the third epoch in the history of Mr. Clark's poetry. The war was over. His thoughts turned to the toiling millions of our land, for from early manhood his heart had ever kept rhythmic pace with the hopes, aspirations, and sorrows of the masses. Now, however, the ballad singer who in the nation's crisis became the poet reformer, becomes the prophet poet of the dawning day. And with advancing years came added power; for it is a notable fact that with the silver of age has come a depth of thought, coupled with strength and finish in style not found in his earlier work. Take, for example, the following stanzas from "A Vision of the Old and New."

'Twas in the slumber of the night —
That solemn time, that mystic state —
When, from its loftiest signal height,
My soul o'erlooked the realm of Fate,
And read the writing on the wall,
That prophesies of things to be,
And heard strange voices rise and fall
Like murmurs from a distant sea.

The world below me throbbed and rolled
In all its glory, pride, and shame,
Its lust for power, its greed for gold,
Its flitting lights that man calls fame, —
And from their long and deep repose,
In memory and page sublime,
The ancient races round me rose
Like phantoms from the tombs of Time.

I saw the Alpine torrents press
To Tiber with their snow-white foam,
And prowling in the wilderness
The wolf that suckled infant Rome.
But wilder than the mountain flood
That plunged upon its downward way,
And fiercer than the she-wolf's brood,
The soul of man went forth to slay.

Kingdoms to quick existence sprang,
Each thirsting for another's gore,
The din of wars incessant rang,
And signs of hate each forehead wore.

All nations bore the mark of Cain,
 And only knew the law of might: ·
 They lived and strove for selfish gain
 And perished like the dreams of night.

* * * * * * *

I woke; and slept, and dreamed once more, —
 And from a continent's white crest,
 I heard two oceans seethe and roar,
 Along vast lands by nature blest:
 All races mingled at my feet,
 With noise and strange confusion rife,
 And Old World projects — incomplete —
 Seemed maddened with a new-found life.

The thirst for human blood had waned;
 But boldly seated on the throne,
 The grasping god of Mammon reigned,
 And claimed Earth's product for his own.
 He gathered all that toilers made,
 To fill his vaults with wealth untold.
 The sunlight, water, air, and shade
 Paid tribute to his greed for gold.

He humbly paid his vows to God,
 While agents gathered rents and dues.
 He ruled the nation with a nod,
 And bribed the pulpit with the pews;
 Yet, over all the regal form
 Of Freedom towered, unseen by him,
 And eagles poised above the storm
 That draped the far horizon's rim.
 At length, the distant thunder spoke
 In deep and threatening accents; then
 The long roll of the earthquake woke
 From sleep a hundred million men.

* * * * * *

I woke: and slept and dreamed again:
 A softened glory filled the air,
 The morning flooded land and main,
 And Peace was brooding everywhere;
 From sea to sea the song was known
 That only God's own children know,
 Whose notes, by angel voices sown,
 Took root two thousand years ago.

No more the wandering feet had need
 Of priestly guides to Paradise,
 And banished was the iron creed
 That measured God by man's devise;
 No more the high cathedral dome
 Was reared to tell His honors by,
 For Christ was throned in every home,
 And shone from every human eye.

No longer did the beast control
 And make the spirit desolate;
 No more the poor man's struggling soul
 Sank down before the wheel of Fate:

Persons, Places and Ideas.

And pestilence could not draw near,
 Nor war and crime be felt or seen —
 As flames, that lap the withered spear,
 Expire before the living green.

And all of this shall come to pass —
 For God is Love, and Love shall reign,
 Though nations first dissolve like grass
 Before the fire that sweeps the plain;
 And men shall cease to lift their gaze
 To seek Him in the far-off blue,
 But live the Truth their lips now praise
 And in their lives His life renew.

This poem was founded on a vivid dream which came to the poet and so impressed him that he found no peace until he committed the verses to paper. In the following stanzas from the "Voice of the People" we also find the clear note of the prophet.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
 Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
 For the soul of the people is moving
 And rising from slumber at last;
 The black forms of night are retreating,
 The white peaks have signalled the day,
 And Freedom her long roll is beating,
 And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
 And trod down the wounded and slain,
 While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
 And men poured their life-tide in vain;
 The day of its triumph is ending,
 The evening draws near with its doom,
 And the star of its strength is descending,
 To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
 The seasons their bounties display,
 And the flowers lift their faces in glory
 To catch the warm kisses of day;
 While our fellows are treated as cattle
 That are muzzled when treading the corn,
 And millions sink down in life's battle
 With a sigh for the day they were born.

Ah, woe to the robbers who gather
 In fields where they never have sown,
 Who have stolen the jewels from labor
 And builded to Mammon a throne;
 For the snow-king, asleep by the fountains,
 Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
 And descend in his rage from the mountains,
 Bearing terror, destruction, and death.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
 Whose lips never uttered a lie,
 And his prophets and poets have read it
 In symbols of earth and of sky:

That to him who has revelled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder
And tempest and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

The poet's loyalty to the toilers is voiced in most of his latest poems and songs. "The People's Battle Hymn,"* published last autumn, was sung with great effect at the industrial gatherings throughout the West. Of this song General J. B. Weaver, the candidate of the People's Party for president in 1892, said: "It is the song we have been waiting for. It is an Iliad of itself."

The following stanzas from this song will give an idea of the exaltation of thought which, when accompanied by Mr. Clark's soul-stirring music, arouses an almost indescribable enthusiasm among the people wherever it is sung:—

There's a sound of swelling waters, there's a voice from out the blue.
Where the Master his arm is revealing,—
Lo! the glory of the morning lights the forehead of the New,
And the towers of the Old Time are reeling.

CHORUS.

Lift high the banner, break from the chain,
Wake from the thralldom of story;
Like the torrent to the river, the river to the main,
Forward to liberty and glory!

There is tramping in the cities where the people march along,
And the trumpet of Justice is calling;
There's a crashing of the helmet on the forehead of the Wrong,
And the battlements of Babylon are falling.

He shall gather in the homeless, he shall set the people free,
He shall walk hand in hand with the toiler, —
He shall render back to labor, from the mountains to the sea,
The lands that are bound by the spoiler.

There is doubt within the temples where the gods are bought and sold,
They are leaving the false for the true way;
There's a cry of consternation where the idols made of gold
Are melting in the glance of the New Day.

O! the Master of the morning, how we waited for his light
In the old days of doubting and fearing!

* "The People's Battle Hymn." Words and music by J. G. Clark. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

How we watched among the shadows of the long and weary night
For his feet upon the mountains appearing.

Let the lightning tell the story to the sea's remotest bands,
Let the campfires of Freedom be flaming;
While the voices of the heavens join the chorus of the land,
Which the children of men are proclaiming.

In another recent poem, entitled "A Song for the Period," we catch a glimpse of the deep sympathy ever felt by this poet for the people. I have only space for two stanzas.

I cannot join with the old-time friends
In their merry games and sports
While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
To the Judge of the Upper Courts;
And I cannot sing the glad, free songs
That the world around me sings,
While my fellows move in cringing throngs
At the beck of the gilded kings.

The scales hang low from the open skies,—
That have weighed them, one and all,—
And the fiery letters gleam and rise
O'er the feast in the palace hall;
But my lighter lays shall slumber on
The boughs of the willow tree
Till the king is slain in Babylon,
And the captive hosts go free.

Mr. Clark was married early in life to a lady of his native home. Three children came to bless this union. One, however, was recalled by the infinite Father. In memory of this child the stricken father composed a touching little gem entitled "Beautiful Annie."

Mr. Clark is not only a poet, musical composer, and singer of rare ability, he is a scholarly essayist, and, during recent years, has contributed many papers of power and literary value to the leading dailies of the Pacific coast. A fair specimen of his work in this line will be found in the following criticism on Robert Burns, which I take from a recent contribution to one of the most influential dailies in Southern California. In speaking of Robert Burns, Mr. Clark says:—

True, he was not compelled to affect the peculiar dialect in which was written his most characteristic and enduring verse, because it was the dialect in which he was born and reared; but, nevertheless, in and through it he has made not only all Scotland love him as no other poet is loved to-day, but he won the homage of lovers of humanity, democracy and religious freedom wherever the English language is spoken.

It was through his songs and poems, written in the homely Scotch dialect of his times, that the common Scotch people became a nation of poets. It was through Burns, who found poetry in the most common and lowly objects,—even the little "mouse," whose nest had been

wrecked by the poet's plow, — that the most unlettered Scotchman discovered the poetry lying latent in his own heart and mind; and at a period when "poetic art," so called, was claimed as the exclusive inheritance of the self-elected and cultured few, he restored to the uneducated peasant and cotter his lawful birthright.

There is no such thing as estimating the extent to which the better and higher qualities of Scotch character have been quickened, developed, and refined through the lyrics of Robert Burns, more especially those lyrics that appeal directly to the hearts and every-day life of his countrymen. This is why the true Scotchman, while admiring Scott, loves and worships Burns.

The wealth of poetic imagery, strength and deep penetration which characterizes the recent work of Mr. Clark is very noticeable in some of his later poems, and reaches altitudes of sublimity in thought rare among modern poets. This characteristic is well illustrated in "The Infinite Mother," which I give below. It is considered by many critics as Mr. Clark's masterpiece.

THE INFINITE MOTHER.

I am mother of Life and companion of God!
I move in each mote from the suns to the sod,
I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
I fathom all depth, and I crown every height;
Within me the globes of the universe roll,
And through me all matter takes impress and soul.
Without me all forms into chaos would fall;
I was under, within, and around, over all,
Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

I loved you, O earth! in those cycles profound,
When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind;
I nursed you, O earth! ere your oceans were born,
Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom.
And all that appeared of your form or your face
Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms
I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms.
I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres
Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast
As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
And kissed you with cloudlet and rainbow and flower,
Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
In garments of purple, of gold, and of green,
From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair,
 And the scent of your lilies made fragrant the air,
 And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
 As you waltzed in the light of his warm yellow hair,
 Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
 Or slept 'neath the gaze of the passionless moons:
 And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown,
 Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
 And held you secure in your young mother days,
 And sung to your offspring their lullaby lays,
 While races and nations came forth from your breast,
 Lived, struggled, and died, and returned to their rest.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
 Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws;
 I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
 Combine them for effort, disperse them in death;
 No form is too great or minute for my care,
 No place so remote but my presence is there.
 I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
 I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
 I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
 I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
 From the centre of suns to the flowers of the sod
 I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
 The ladder of action all spirit must climb
 To the clear highs of Love from the lowlands of Time.

'Tis mine to protect you, fair bride of the sun,
 Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done;
 Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
 And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay;
 Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn gray,
 And palsy shall fall on the pulses of Day;
 Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
 And your forms are absorbed in my currents again—
 But your sons and your daughters, unconquered by strife,
 Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life
 While the fierce glowing splendors of suns cease to burn,
 And bright constellations to vapor return,
 And new ones shall rise from the graves of the old,
 Shine, fade, and dissolve like a tale that is told.

Like Victor Hugo, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Browning, and, indeed, a large proportion of the most profoundly spiritual natures of the nineteenth century, Mr. Clark, while deeply religious, is unfettered by creeds and untrammelled by dogmas. In bold contrast to the narrow-minded religionists who, like the Pharisees of Jesus' time, worship the letter, which kills, and who are to-day persecuting men for conscience' sake, and seeking to unite church and state, Mr. Clark's whole life has been a protest against intolerance, persecution and bigotry. Living in a purely spiritual realm, HE LOVES, and that renders it impossible to cherish the spirit of bigotry and persecution manifested by the Ameri-

can Sabbath Union and other persecuting and unchristian bodies, whose leaders have never caught a glimpse of the real spirit or character of Jesus. He is a follower of the great Nazarene in the truest sense of the word, and thus cannot understand how professed Christians can so prostitute religion and ignore their Master's injunctions as to persecute their fellow-men for opinion's sake. On this and kindred subjects he has written very thoughtfully and with great power.

The light of another world has already silvered and glorified the brow of this poet of the dawn; and as I have before observed, with advancing years comes intellectual and spiritual strength rather than a diminution of power. Such men as Mr. Clark wield a subtle influence for good in the world. Their lives and thoughts are alike an inspiration to thousands; their names live enshrined in the love of the earnest, toiling, struggling people — the nation's real nobility.

After Sixty Years.

The snow of age is on my head,
But eternal Spring is in my heart.

— *Victor Hugo.*

Of the many who enter life strong and enthusiastic in the cause of justice and humanity, only a few persevere to the end, without faltering, if that end be deferred until the snows of age crown the brow. Some centre their energies on a single reform and battle unceasingly for the despised cause, patiently and dauntlessly braving the contumely and persecution of conventionalism. They are usually very finely strung natures; indeed, I think the reformer who battles for the weak and oppressed, is always almost super-sensitive; hence, the abuse, the sneers and social ostracism he is compelled to endure for the weak, ignorant, and oppressed, whose cause he makes his own, cut into his very soul in a manner little dreamed of by the careless masses. At length, however, the reform is accomplished; the minority becomes the majority, and he who was yesterday denounced as a shallow agitator, an insufferable crank and a hysterical emotionalist is hailed as a prophet, hero and sage by that same soulless and shallow conventionalism which scorned him so long as the cause for which he battled was unpopular.

When this hour arrives it carries perils with it for the reformer; it is now so easy to rest on well-earned laurels and enjoy the sweeter melodies of life. The cause is won—nay, not the cause, but one battle in the ceaseless warfare by which man rises to nobler heights; but conventionalism will have it that the *cause* is won, and often the reformer at this point falls by the wayside, ceasing to be a reformer, although he may continue to utter high, sweet, and noble thoughts. The poet Whittier is an example of this class. After the war the despised agitator who for so long had suffered social ostracism, was welcomed into the arms of the conventionalism which had endeavored to slay him. All that was asked of him was that he would rest on his laurels, in so far as aggressive reform work was concerned, and turn his muse to greener and more restful pastures. He naturally hated conflict and loved peace. He chose the velvet, grass-lined banks and rested by the wayside, while Wendell Phillips from the cause of the oppressed black

man turned to that of the enslaved white man and dealt giant blows for freedom, justice and progress so long as his silver-toned voice could utter a protest against inhumanity, injustice and oppression.

Another class of reformers becomes discouraged by the ingratitude and ignorance of those they seek to aid. They find themselves misjudged, misrepresented and maligned by the demagogues who, influenced by the capital of the oppressors or consumed by love of self and petty jealousy, discredit the high, pure unselfishness of single-hearted men and women; and the latter too often, after being made the target for those they would help, become discouraged and lapse into silence; their voices like the powerful guns of a battle ship are stilled, but the spiking is due to traitors on board, rather than to the fire from the enemy.

Still another class who enter life strong, aggressive, brave, and determined to consecrate their best energies to the cause of human brotherhood, gradually fall under the spell of conventionalism; the multitudinous disappointments which beset their pathway slowly dampen the ardor which impelled them onward. Hope, courage and determination give way to a painful and oppressive pessimism. The "Locksley Hall" of youth, which is the story of strength, hope and determination, is changed into the "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," which is a tale of despair. This is the saddest of all sights, save that of open betrayal or treachery.

In broad contrast with those who aggressively enter the warfare for eternal justice and human brotherhood, but who becoming tired, disheartened or asphyxiated, fall by the wayside, we find a few—a chosen band of lofty spirits—who persevere in the cause until the night comes upon them, and they fall with their armor on, like Victor Hugo, who was a conspicuous representative of this order of nature's royalty. They can exclaim, "The winter is on our heads, but eternal spring is in our hearts." They are prophets—they are more than prophets, for the prophet may only discern the signs of the times and point out the luminous truth he beholds. They are warriors—they are more than warriors, for a warrior may fight for self or in an evil cause. They are heroes—they are more than heroes, for the hero may win glorious victories but afterward rest on his laurels amid the plaudits of an admiring world. They are the servants of progress, the apostles of light, who think only of serving the race, shedding forth the light of justice, dispelling the darkness, and enabling the race to move forward.

Among those who belong to this select band of truly royal souls, who are Poets of the people, William Morris, Gerald Massey and our own James G. Clark are inspiring figures which are still among us. Mr. Clark, like Whittier, battled for the emancipation of the black man. With pen and voice he performed valiant service for the slaves, and when the clash of arms came, as poet, composer and singer he became a threefold inspiration in the struggle for liberty and a broader justice. But unlike Whittier, after the war was over this poet refused to lay down his armor; he knew the victory was an incident in the history of progress. The enfranchisement of the negroes was not the only enfranchisement to be accomplished; indeed, the black man had only been freed from one form of slavery; he still remained ignorant, and his soul had never been warmed into life by justice and kindness. Moreover, the war, while it had broken the chains of chattel slavery, had promoted special privileges, and led to the enactment of class laws as gigantic in character as they were multitudinous in number; these evils, tolerated at first owing to the exigencies of the time, and because the attention of statesmen and patriots was occupied with the immediate life of the Union, carried with them a potential serfdom more far-reaching and essentially tragic than the slavery which had hitherto been recognized in the New World. Far-seeing minds, when the stress of the war was past, beheld in this growing conventionalism, fostered by special privilege, a menace to the rights of individuals, which threatened to make the republic what the patricians through the power of wealth made of the ancient commonwealth of Rome—the republican shell, under cover of which the most hopeless oppression flourished. Against the aggressiveness of wealth in the hands of shrewd, cunning and soulless men and corporations Mr. Clark raised his clarion voice, even more eloquent than in the old days when he wrote, composed and sung for freedom and the Union before the black man had been freed. It is difficult to conceive a picture more inspiring than this patriarch of Freedom, whose brow is already lighted with the dawn of another life, fronting the morning with eyes of fire and voice rich, full and clear, now persuasive, now imperious, but never faltering, as he delivers the messages of eternal truth, progress, and justice.

I know of no singer of our time to whom the following words, penned by James Russell Lowell in 1844 when writing of Whittier, are so applicable as to the poet we are now

considering. By changing the word *Whittier* to *this poet* in the following we have a more graphic and concise characterization of James G. Clark than it would be possible for me to give:

"He has not put his talent out at profitable interest by catering to the insolent and pharisaical self-esteem of the times, nor has he hidden it in the damask of historical commonplaces, or a philanthropy too universal to concern itself with particular wrongs, the practical redressing of which is all that renders philanthropy of value. Most poets are content to follow the spirit of their age as pigeons follow a leaking grain cart, picking a kernel here and there out of the dry dust of the past. Not so with [this poet]. From the heart of the onset upon the serried mercenaries of every tyranny, the chord of his iron-strung lyre clangs with a martial and triumphant cheer."

Mr. Clark, like William Morris, Mr. Howells, and many others of our finest contemporary thinkers, has become an ardent social democrat. Perhaps he is not quite so extreme in his views as the English poet, but I imagine he holds opinions much the same as those entertained by Mr. Howells, and he is even more aggressive than the American novelist, which is saying much, when one considers Mr. Howells' fine and brave work of recent years, and especially his bold satire on present-day injustice, in "A Traveller from Altruria."

In the present paper I wish to group together a few poems of humanity, written by Mr. Clark since he passed his sixtieth mile-post. They are timely utterances, impressing the great truth so nobly presented by Mazzini that "Life is a mission," "Life is duty," and similarly expressed by Victor Hugo when he declares that "Life is conscience."

Mr. Clark is one of the poets of the people, and he clothes the eternal verities of which he speaks in simple and effective imagery, sometimes turning to nature, sometimes to the Bible, for his figures. Here is a really noble creation, a poem well worthy of living in the patriotic heart:

Freedom's Reveille.

The time has passed for idle rest:
Columbia, from your slumber rise!
Replace the shield upon your breast,
And cast the veil from off your eyes,
And view your torn and stricken fold—
By prowling wolves made desolate—
Your honor sold for alien gold
By traitors in your Halls of State.

Persons, Places and Ideas.

Our mothers wring their fettered hands;
 Our sires fall fainting by the way;
 The Lion robs them of their lands,
 The Eagle guards them to betray:
 Shall they who kill through craft and greed
 Receive a brand less black than Cain's?
 Shall paid "procurers" of the deed
 Still revel in their Judas gains?

O daughter of that matchless Sire,
 Whose valor made your name sublime,
 Whose spirit, like a living fire,
 Lights up the battlements of Time,—
 The World's sad Heart, with pleading moan,
 Breaks at your feet—as breaks the main
 In ceaseless prayer from zone to zone—
 And shall it plead and break in vain?

Fling off that golden garb of lace
 That knaves have spun to mask your form,
 And let the lightning from your face
 Gleam out upon the gathering storm—
 That awful face whose silent look
 Swept o'er the ancient thrones of kings,
 And like the bolts of Sinai shook
 The base of old established things.

The promise of an age to be
 Has touched with gold the mountain mist,
 Its white fleets plow the morning sea,
 Its flags the Morning Star has kissed.
 But still the martyred ones of yore—
 By tyrants to the scaffold led —
 Transfigured now, forevermore,
 Gaze backward from the ages dead,

And ask: "How long, O Lord! how long
 Shall creeds conceal God's human side,
 And Christ the God be crowned in song
 While Christ the man is crucified?
 How long shall Mammon's tongue of fraud
 At Freedom's Prophets wag in sport,
 While chartered murder stalks abroad,
 Approved by Senate, Church and Court?"

The strife shall not forever last
 'Twixt cunning Wrong and passive Truth—
 The blighting demon of the Past,
 Chained to the beauteous form of Youth;
 The Truth shall rise, its bonds shall break,
 Its day with clondless glory burn.
 The Right with Might from slumber wake,
 And the dead wrong to dust return.

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;
 The Young Day looks through bars of blood;
 The air throbs with the breath of Him
 Whose Pulse was in the Red-Sea flood;

And flanked by mountains, right and left,
The People stand—a doubting horde—
Before them heave the tides unleft,
Behind them flashes Pharaoh's sword.

But lo! the living God controls,
And marks the bounds of slavery's night,
And speaks through all the dauntless souls
That live, or perish, for the right.
His face shall light the People still,
His Hand shall cut the Sea in twain,
And sky and wave and mountain thrill
To Miriam's triumphant strain.

Mr. Clark is a profoundly religious man, but he is singularly free from that dogmatism and creedal idolatry, that narrow and fanatical bigotry and pharisaism which have made the church odious to thousands of the finest, truest and most religious natures of the century, and which have led many of the noblest natures to turn from Christianity as something hateful and repugnant to that which is truest and most profoundly divine in man's nature. He is religious, as Jesus was religious, which is not saying that he would be welcomed into fashionable conventional churches to-day any more than Jesus in His time was welcomed among the orthodox religionists of Judaism.

Here is a fine piece of work which might be termed

A Voice in the Night.

I have come, and the world shall be shaken
Like a reed at the touch of my rod,
And the kingdoms of Time shall awaken
To the voice and the summons of God;
No more through the din of the ages
Shall warnings and chidings divine,
From the lips of my prophets and sages,
Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;
Ye have kept back from labor its meed;
Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,
When they plead at your feet in their need;
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,
And the multitudes prayed to be fed,
Ye have answered with prisons or powder
The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,
And the mocking of steeples and domes,
To join in the long, weary marches
Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;

Persons, Places and Ideas.

I share in the sorrows and crosses
 Of the naked, the hungry and cold,
 And dearer to me are their losses
 Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler;
 I will laugh at your dungeons and locks;
 The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,
 And your judges eat grass like the ox;
 For the prayers of the poor have ascended
 To be written in lightnings on high,
 And the wails of your captives have blended
 With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered
 And the prisoner and serf shall go free;
 I will harvest from seed that I scattered
 On the borders of blue Galilee;
 For I come not alone, and a stranger—
 Lo! my reapers will sing through the night
 Till the star that stood over the manger
 Shall cover the world with its light.

In the following we have a prophetic picture, and with the insight of a true prophet Mr. Clark shows that the danger of bloodshed and ruin does not lie where the paid hirelings of plutocracy are ever seeking through the capitalistic press to make the masses think danger lies; the supreme menace of liberty no less than of justice lies primarily where Mr. Clark points it out—in the citadel of lawless and conscienceless wealth.

The Fall of New Babylon.

"Be still, and know that I am God!"
 This message fell distinct and low
 While wealth, with steel and iron shod,
 Crushed out the cries of want and woe;
 And from the scourged and bleeding throng,
 As if to the end the age-long tryst,
 With eyes rebuking gilded Wrong,
 Shone forth the wondrous face of Christ.

Man heeded neither voice nor look—
 For Mammon's vampires asked for blood—
 And what were signs and omens took
 The forms of conflict, flame and flood;
 The tempest down the mountains whirled;
 The lightnings danced among the crags;
 And far below the breakers curled
 And raised on high their battle-flags.

The ocean's heart with angry beats—
 Swayed by the earthquake's fiery breath—
 Uplifted cities, troops and fleets
 And hurled them down to wreck and death;
 Then rose the death-yell of the Old—
 The old, dark Age of ruthless gain,
 Of crouching thieves and warriors bold
 Who slew the just and robbed the slain.

For he who led the hordes of Night—
 The Monarchs of marauding bands—
 Went down before the Sword of Light
 That flashed upon the plundered lands;
 And stretched upon his mighty bier,
 With broken helmet on his head,
 And hands still clutching brand and spear,
 The King at last lay prone and dead.

The birds of conquest o'er him swooped
 In baffled rage and terror wild;
 The silent Fates around him stooped
 To deck with flowers their fallen child;
 And where the powers of shore and wave
 Together clashed in border wars,
 With systems piled upon his grave,
 They left the meteor-son of Mars.

The cruel rule of craft and pelf
 Had vanished like a midnight pall;
 The cold, hard motto, "Each for Self,"
 Had melted into "Each for All."
 For every human ear and heart
 Had heard the message, "Peace, be still!"
 And sought through Freedom's highest art
 For oneness with the Perfect Will.

The star of strife had ceased to reign,
 And Venus woke with tender grace
 Between the lids of sky and main
 And smiled upon a nobler race;
 And as a brute foregoes its prize
 And cowers before the gaze of day,
 With backward look from baleful eyes
 The wolf of Usury slunk away.

From ocean rim to mountain height
 All Nature sang of glad release;
 The waters danced in wild delight
 And waved a million flags of peace;
 For he who held the world in thrall
 Through greed and fraud and power of gold,
 Had seen the "writing on the wall,"
 And died like Babylon's King of old.

When the wealth-producers of the nation learn that the
 welfare of all is more important than the selfish interests

of a few petty men who divide industry into warring camps, and by the aid of demagogues who secretly serve the gold power, prevent the concerted action of *all* wealth-producers; when the toilers come to understand that if they unite *but once* and speak at the ballot-box, the power of plutocracy will be broken and the dawn of a truer democracy than the world has ever known will become an accomplished fact; when the breadwinners of earth realize that the man who urges them not to actively enter politics is in reality the most valiant voice that the despotism of avarice and greed can invoke, then we shall have reached a point where the rule of the few will vanish and the laws of equal justice will be felt throughout all the ramifications of government. This is the supreme lesson for labor to learn. Karl Marx appreciated it, and the most far-seeing, single-hearted apostles of humanity since his day have insisted upon it. Toilers everywhere, unite—your hope lies in union; know no creed, party, nation, or race. Let humanity be your family, and justice your guiding star. The motto of the American Railway Union breathes the spirit of this new slogan, and Mr. Clark, quick to appreciate its significance, penned these lines suggested by the motto

"All for One and One for All."

All for one and one for all,
 With an endless song and sweep,
 So the billows rise and fall
 On the bosom of the deep;
 Louder in their single speech,
 More resistless as they roll,
 Broader, higher in their reach
 For their union with the whole.

Wheeling systems sink and rise,
 In one shoreless universe,
 And forever down the skies
 Myriad stars one hymn rehearse;
 Countless worlds salute the sun,
 Planets to each other call,
 Ages into cycles run,
 All for one and one for all.

Kissed by sunshine, dew and shower,
 Leaping rill and living sod,
 Sea and mountain, tree and flower
 Turn their faces up to God;
 And one human Brotherhood,
 Pulsing through a thousand lands,
 Reaches for one common good
 With its million, million hands.

Through all warring seas of life
One vast current sunward rolls,
And within all outward strife,
One eternal Right controls,—
Right, at whose divine command
Slaves go free and tyrants fall,
In the might of those who stand
All for one and one for all.

Legislation is very largely responsible for the multi-millionaires of this republic, while special privileges of some kind or another have in almost all instances with which I am acquainted been the creators or the chief feeders of the colossal fortunes in our midst. It would therefore seem very clear that to minify the dangers which all thoughtful people admit to-day threaten the republic through the influence of plutocracy, it will be necessary to abolish special privilege and class legislation. This, moreover, is demanded by the quickened conscience of the times, because it meets the requirements of justice. If government has any legislative function it is to foster justice and extend as far as possible the prosperity, happiness and advancement of all the people, instead of lending its influence to a few in such a manner as to enable them to enslave the many.

Furthermore, if, as can be clearly demonstrated, the government has by grants and privileges rendered possible the acquiring of untold millions by a few of the people who have been the beneficiaries of these privileges, it is not so absurd or idiotic as the mouthpieces of the government-fostered plutocracy would have us believe, to insist that the power which has heretofore been exerted by the government for the aggrandizement and benefit of the few, be henceforth exerted impartially toward all the citizens of the republic, and that the enormous disparity of fortunes resulting from iniquitous class legislation and partial and therefore vicious governmental paternalism be in a measure righted by a graduated income tax and a rigid inheritance tax; these claims of industry are eminently just, and were it not for the tremendous power already exerted by the usurer class, they would scarcely be called in question; but the gold of wealth is liberally expended to uphold the tyranny of capitalism, and there always have been and doubtless for many generations to come will be men who will act as sophists in upholding injustice and befogging the minds of people who have never learned to think independently; hence the urgent need of the sincere and conscientious prophets, poets and reformers.

The following poem of Mr. Clark will awaken an echo in thousands of the most earnest hearts of our land who long to join in the songs of the happy, but who hear so clearly the cries of the victims under the wheels that their hearts grow heavy and their voices fail to utter a sound in the chorus of joy.

A Song of the Period.

"Oh! weave us a bright and cheerful rhyme,
Of our land where the fig tree grows,
And the air is sweet in the New-Year time
With the breath of the new-born rose."
This message fell while the engine roared
By the wharf at the city's feet
Where the white-winged birds of trade lay moored
In a vast, unnumbered fleet.

It filled my ears as we moved away,
And the iron wheels rolled on
From the noisy town and the sobbing bay
To the wilds of Oregon,—
Where the mountain cloud and the mossy sod
Are kissed by the self-same rills,
And the torrents beat like the pulse of God
In the hearts of the ancient hills.

And I sung of the broad and generous fields
That were fresh with a promise rare;
Of the mother-breast that sweetly yields
All life to the people's prayer.
But my soul grew sad with a minor tone
From the souls of the outcast poor
Who begged for work—and received a stone—
As they tramped o'er the lonely moor.

Then I thought of the land whose faith was sealed
By the blood of the brave and great,
Of the strong, fierce bird and the starry shield
That guarded the halls of state;
But the Eagle watched o'er the idle gold
That was heaped on the rich man's floor,
While the gaunt wolf leered at the toiler's fold
And howled by the poor man's door.

I cannot join the old-time friends
In their merry games and sports
While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
To the Judge of the Upper Courts;
And I cannot sing the glad, free songs
That the world around me sings
While my fellows move in cringing throngs
At the beck of the gilded kings.

The scales hang low from the open skies—
 That have weighed them, one and all—
 And the fiery letters gleam and rise
 O'er the feast in the Palace Hall,
 But my lighter lays shall slumber on
 The boughs of the willow tree
 Till the King is slain in Babylon,
 And the captive hosts go free.

I will close this paper with one of the finest and noblest poetic creations which our silver-headed prophet-poet of the people has composed since he passed beyond his sixtieth year. It is brave, bold and severe, as the articulate voice of justice is wont to be, when confronting injustice, but through it, as through all this poet's writings, we note the presence of that abiding faith which is entertained by those who believe, nay more, who know that man is fronting the dawn, and that eternal justice broods over the world.

Justice to "Liberty Enlightening the World."

O Liberty! whose searching eyes
 Are fixed upon the distant blue—
 As if to pierce the veil that lies
 Betwixt the Old World and the New—
 What seekest thou in other climes,
 And isles that gem the salt sea foam?
 What findest thou of woes and crimes
 That dwell not in thy chosen home?

Child of the rainbow and the star,
 Around whose path the whirlwind sings,
 Recall thine eagles from afar
 And answer to my questionings!
 Call down thy colors from the clouds
 And nail them o'er the city marts,
 And let thy beacon cheer the crowds
 Of darkened lives and weary hearts.

"And what art thou? to question one
 Whose impulse every bosom warms,
 Whose eagles soar athwart the sun,
 And rock their young upon the storms;
 And who art thou? to ask me why
 I stand upon the New World strands
 And bid my eagles outward fly
 To probe the ills of other lands!"

Men call me "Love" when—bending down—
 I kiss the tears from sorrow's face,
 And "Mercy" when I change the frown
 Of judgment to a smile of grace;
 They call me "Justice" when I shift
 The weak man's burdens to the strong.
 But "Vengeance" when my earthquakes lift
 The tidal waves that drown the wrong.

Persons, Places and Ideas.

I fix the headland bounds of Fate
 Against which Error frets in vain;
 I watch by Truth's eternal gate,
 And balance every loss and gain;
 I hover o'er the Lethean deep
 Where Progress mourns her murdered braves,
 I touch the waters where they sleep,
 And lo! they wake from honored graves.

The empty boasts of power and pelf
 Like fleeting vapors round me meet;
 The star of destiny itself
 Climbs from the throne to reach my feet;
 The nations poise upon my scales
 Like cloudlets on the midday air;
 I stand erect where Empire fails,
 And wait serene amidst despair.

"O! thou whose fire-winged word descends
 Like lightning from unclouded zones—
 At whose decree oppression ends,
 And despots tremble on their thrones—
 I bow to thy divining life
 Which every perfect life fulfils:
 My warring factions cease from strife,
 My thunders die among the hills.

"Full well I know the deeds of shame
 That nations in my name have done,
 Whose record lingers on my fame
 Like spots upon the morning sun;
 But while my conquering legions stand
 With sabres sheathed and banners furled,
 Pray tell me of my chosen band
 Whose star and torch illume the world."

I see a land so broad and fair—
 So free from titled lords and kings—
 That all the tribes seek refuge there
 As young birds seek the mother-wings;
 The fig-tree, orange, grape, and palm
 Grow wild upon her southern plains,
 Where summer breezes drift in balm,
 And blooms caress the winter rains.
 The oceans of the east and west
 Along her borders laugh and roar;
 The mountains sleep upon her breast,
 And vast lakes down her north lines pour.

I see a nation half in chains;
 The mingled blood of all the earth
 Is surging through her fevered veins.
 And striving for a nobler birth;
 The New World's warp, the Old World's web
 In all her garments come and go,
 While from her life the old taints ebb
 And new ones rush with fiercer flow;

Her snowy sails, her keels and helms
 Go forth with stores of fruit and bread
 To all the kingdoms, climes, and realms
 Where man is asking to be fed.

Her star-crowned head proclaims the light
 That seers and poets long have sung,
 Her feet and skirts are wrapped in night
 Where Wrong is old and Hope is young;
 No more the lion treads her coast
 In war's red pomp and force arrayed;
 He leads a far more cruel host
 That plunders by the laws of trade.

Her soldier band, whose sabre stroke
 Released from bonds four million lives,
 Are burdened by a usurer's yoke
 More galling than the black man's gyves;
 Though gone the auction block of old,
 The soul of slavery lingers still;
 The chains are forged of power and gold
 To bind the white serf's brain and will.

The poor man, robbed of lands he earned,
 Goes wandering homeless o'er the moor;
 And eagles, into vultures turned,
 Stand guard beside the rich man's door;
 The masses move with fettered feet;
 The classes feast on Labor's toil,
 The eagles with the lions meet,
 To gather and divide the spoil.

I am not blind; I see and feel,
 While Mammon rules the broad domain,
 And stretches forth his hand to steal
 The garnered sheaves of ripened grain.
 I am not deaf, I am not dead,
 Though mercy groans in travail pain,
 While chartered Murder rears its head,
 And children wait for fathers slain.

No longer shall my arm be stayed,
 No more my trumpet call retreat
 When Truth, by lying lips betrayed,
 Is dragged before the judgment seat;
 The line is crossed, the doom draws nigh;
 Lo! Justice wakes with lifted hand
 To write her mandate in the sky,
 And not upon the shifting sand.

"But Justice, listen; and behold;
 My star upon the darkness gleams,
 My upraised torch has not grown cold;
 The world is moaning in her dreams;
 In dreams of grander conflicts won,
 She yearns for freedom, light and air;
 And can the child of Washington
 Be dumb to her unanswered prayer?"

Persons, Places and Ideas.

The ages cannot pause to wait
 The counter-moves of Mammon's horde,
 While Labor lingers at the gate
 To beg the crumbs from Dives' board;
 The world shall onward, sunward swing
 Till torch and star are merged in light,
 And all the nations rise and sing
 Their triumph o'er the powers of night.

I see a mighty feast outspread,
 Where gilded Lords their honors wear;
 The banquet king sits at their head;
 The guests are drunk on vintage rare;
 And far below on every side,
 No more by cringing fear subdued,
 And murmuring like a rising tide,
 I see the countless multitude.

As rivers to the ocean roll,
 All tongues and races join the throng,
 One purpose burning in each soul,
 And on their lips a single song;
 One common cause, one flag unfurled,
 They kneel to neither king nor clan;
 Their country is the round, wide world,
 Their creed the brotherhood of man.

The feast goes on; the proud rejoice;
 They hear a sound of distant waves;
 They think it but the torrent's voice
 Complaining through the highland caves;
 It is no mountain stream, that leaps
 Rebellious from its rocky bands;
 It is the lifting of the deeps,
 The sinking of the ancient lands.

Resistless as the pulse of doom,
 The ocean swings from shore to shore;
 And frightened kings flit through the gloom,
 Like stars that fall to rise no more.
 The high sea-walls of caste are gone.
 The pent-up floods their chains have burst,
 The toilers face the golden dawn,
 The first are last, the last are first.

The Old goes down, the New ascends,
 Its sunny isles in glory rise;
 A rainbow o'er the deluge bends,
 And Labor's curse dissolves and dies;
 The gods of gold no more hold sway,
 The people bow to truth alone,
 And He whose voice the tides obey
 Remains forever with His own.

Chester=on=the=Dee. A Glimpse of an Old Roman Centre of Culture in Great Britain.

Chester is unique among English cities. Much of its architecture reminds one of continental Europe, contrasting in a most striking manner with the prosaic modern buildings, while the picturesque ruins of once massive Norman edifices attract the eye and cause the mind to revert to that sturdy though savage people who played so important a part in laying the foundation for modern England's glory and supremacy. It is, moreover, the only city in Great Britain where the traveller finds preserved without a break or gap the ancient walls which characterize the strongholds of mediæval civilization.

Perhaps nothing will arrest the attention of the stranger at first sight so much as the striking contrasts which meet his view on every hand. Here the new jostles against the old. One sees grim poverty, grime, and squalor, which is the shame of modern civilization, almost under the shadow of that concentrated wealth which is the pride and boast of shallow conventionalism; here tram-cars covered and bedecked with monstrous and unsightly advertising boards, which would amaze if they did not chagrin the thrifty Yankee pill-maker and soap-manufacturer, run close beside ancient buildings of curious architecture and rich in historic interest; and here also one steps from the modern steam launches which ply the River Dee, and in half a minute's walk finds himself under the ivy-tapestried walls of the venerable ruins of the Church of St. John the Baptist, or beside the solid masonry of the ancient city walls.

But perhaps no one finds so much genuine interest in this quaint old town as the student of history, for the story of Chester stretches back until it is lost in the mists of tradition, and it has been the theatre of so many memorable struggles in the history of England, that turn where you will, you see ob-



BISHOP LLOYD'S HOUSE. SEE PAGE 79.

tre, in the marches of Englonde, towards Wales, betwene two arms of the see, that bee named *Dee and Mersee*. Thys cyte in tyme of Britons, was hede and chyefe cyte of all Venedocia, that is, North Wales. Thys cyte in Brytyshe spech bete Carthleon, Chestre in Englyshe, and Cyte of Legyons also. For there laye a wynter the legyons that Julius Cezar sent for to wyne Irlonde. And after, Claudius Cezar sent legyons out of the cyte for to wynn the Islands that be called Orcades. Thys cyte hath plente of lyve land, of corn,

jects which call up the rude freedom of the ancient Britons, the refined luxury of the long vanished civilization of the Roman era, or the tempestuous struggles of the Middle Ages.

According to tradition this city was a place of importance long before the Romans made it one of the strongest posts in ancient Albion. In the curious chronicles of the monk Ranulph Higden, published in 1495, we find the following allusion to Chester in quaint old English phraseology :

“The cyte of Legyons, that is Ches-



A ROMAN ALTAR FOUND IN EXCAVATION IN CHESTER DURING PRESENT CENTURY.

of flesh, and specyally of samon. Thys cyte receyveth grate marchandyse, and sendeth out also. Northumbres destroyed this cyte sometye, but Elfleda, Lady of Mercia, bylded it again, and made it mouch more.

“In thys cyte ben ways under erth, with vowtes and stone werke, wonderfully wrought, three chambered workes, grete stones ingrave with old mannes names therein. Thys is that cyte that Ethelfrede, Kyng of Northumberlonde, destroyed, and sloughe there fast by nygh two thousand monks of the mynster of Banger. Thys is the cyte that Kyng Edgar came to, some tyme, with seven Kyngs that were subject to hym.”

The tradition of this worthy monk, however, lacks historical confirmation, and it is not until the Roman conquest that we have authentic data regarding Chester. Some conception of the size and importance of this place after the famous Twentieth Legion had become well established on the Dee, may be gained from the Roman ruins which excavations of the present century have brought to light; among these are the ruins of a Roman bath and forum and numerous excellently engraved altars, together with fragments of architecture which speak of wealth, refinement, and culture, surprising to contemplate when we remember how remote was the wonderful little city from the great pulsating heart of Rome.

History indicates that the dazzling spectacle of the southern conquerors, their superior civilization and far-reaching knowledge, no less than the consideration accorded those of their



THE OLD STANLEY PALACE. SEE PAGE 79.



A VIEW OF WATERGATE TOWER AND THE CITY WALLS.

conquered foes who cheerfully yielded to the foreign yoke, together with the order established and justice meted out, captivated many of the British chieftains, who made haste to form as close an alliance as possible with their splendid conquerors, adopting the Roman language, customs, and dress, and becoming practically the willing vassals of Roman authority. For almost four centuries the eagles of the Empire were raised aloft on British soil, and during this period the Romans on numerous occasions successfully repulsed the invasions of the fierce northern tribes and in various ways protected the British, much to their ultimate injury, as succeeding events proved, for the British lost that magnificent independence, that sturdiness and self-reliance, which had previously made it difficult for even the trained legions of the Cæsars to overcome them. They came to lean as implicitly on the strong arm of their conquerors as our slaves before the war were wont to look to their masters for protection and direction. In a word, they exchanged their old-time independent spirit for that of the child or the slave.

It is always perilous for an individual, a nation, or a race to step at a single bound from a savage to a civilized condition; for the law of life is the law of growth, and until the ethical or spiritual nature has been in a degree matured, those things which come as fruits of evolutionary development are liable to prove of irreparable injury; and this sudden transition on the part of the Britons, lacking the element of gradual growth which gives strength and permanency, offers a melancholy illustration of this fact. They became enervated and grew to be servile imitators of their masters, and after the Romans left Britain history indicates that Romano-Britons rapidly relapsed into semi-barbarism without regaining their old-time daring or the power of initiative and leadership. But we have been anticipating events.

Returning to Chester we find that for more than three centuries following the arrival of the Twentieth Legion the city grew in size and importance, and had Rome remained healthy or even continued to possess to a fair degree the vigor of early days, the probabilities are that in time the whole of Great Britain would have come under the rule of the amalgamated races and the civilization of Albion would have suffered no eclipse. But fate willed it otherwise, and at length the hour came when the cancer of corruption which had long been eating into the vitals of the mistress of the world wrought the ruin which generations before had been foreseen and predicted by the noblest Roman philosophers. In a fatal hour the mask of Mars and the mantle of Jupiter fell, and lo! instead of invincible power and incarnate majesty, nothing remained but a decrepit, disease-eaten



PHENIX TOWER FROM THE CANAL. IT WAS FROM THIS TOWER THAT KING CHARLES
WITNESSED THE DEFEAT OF HIS FORCES AT ROWTON MOOR.

form, incapable of self-government because wanting in moral worth, courage and self-reliance, and necessitating the summoning of the Roman legions from remote quarters to Italian soil.

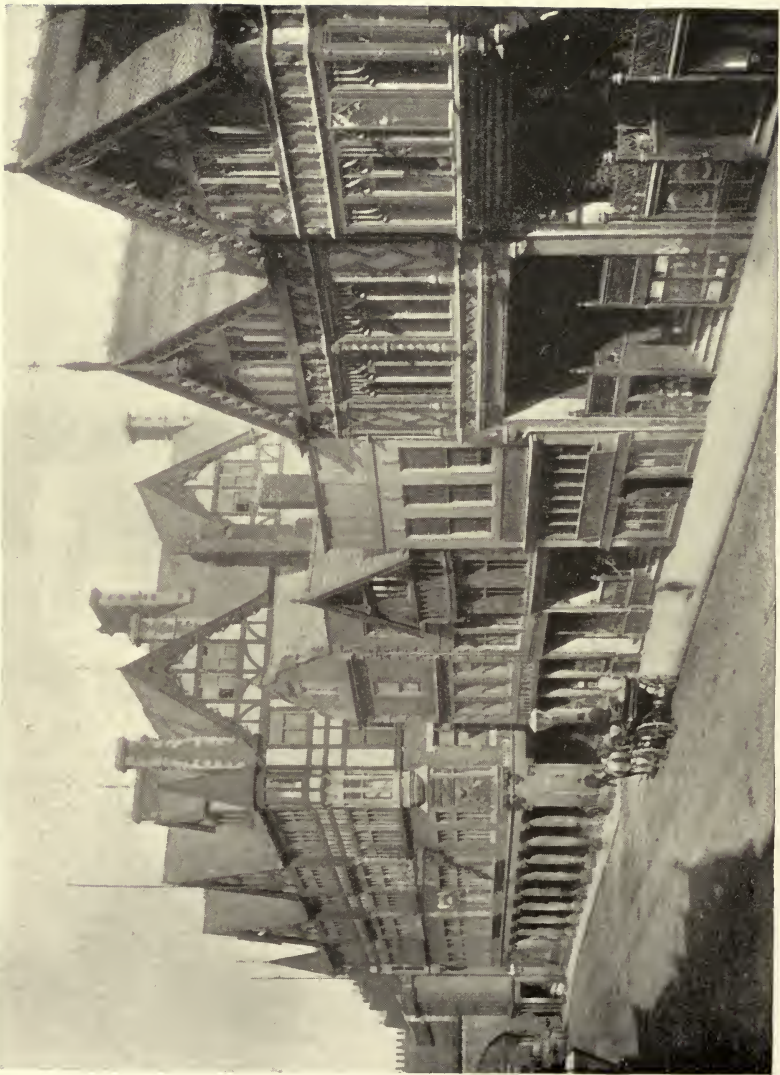
It was a sad day for Britain when the last of the Romans quitted her shores, for with the departure of the soldiers, the flower of the young Romano-Britons also embarked in quest of fame, glory and gold; while the Picts and Scots immediately began their incursions from the North. Very pitiful were the petitions of the Britons for succor, but Rome was unable to aid them longer, and the memorable plea entitled "The Groans of the Britons" failed to bring any material aid from their old-time conquerors. In their extremity the terrified and enervated sons of Albion turned to the sturdy Jutes for help. The succor was readily extended, the invaders were driven back, but the allies were as much impressed with the rich heritage of Roman civilization as they were struck with the effeminacy of the Britons; they determined to become possessors of so goodly a land, and brutal conflicts ensued which ended in Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

Chester was one of the spots most coveted by the Teutonic conquerors, but the Britons defended it with far more spirit than was their wont. It was therefore the theatre for many bloody conflicts, and in 607, when Æthelfrith marched upon Chester, the Britons were defeated in one of the most desperate engagements of this bloody period. The battle was fought a short distance from the city and is memorable for the slaughter of twelve hundred unarmed monks. The story of this massacre is thus graphically described by the historian Green :

"Hard by the city two thousand monks were gathered in one of those vast religious settlements which were characteristic of Celtic Christianity, and after a three days' fast a crowd of these ascetics followed the British army to the field. Æthelfrith watched the wild gestures of the monks as they stood apart from the host with arms stretched in prayer, and bade his men slay them in the coming fight. 'Bear they arms or no,' said the king, 'they war against us when they cry against us to their God'; and in the surprise and rout which followed the monks were the first to fall."

Chester was one of the last strongholds of strategic and commercial importance to fall before the Saxon power, as at a later day it was the last English city of consequence to bow to the Norman conqueror.

The Saxons were not long permitted to enjoy in peace the land that they had thus ruthlessly seized. The dauntless, strong-limbed, red-haired Danes lighted upon England and swept the



A STREET IN CHESTER SHOWING THE FAMOUS ROWS.

coast upon all sides. These children of Mars and Neptune, who were characterized by their ferocity and fearlessness, took possession of Chester in the year 894. They, however, only held it for a short time. In 907 Ethelred, Earl of Mercia, aided by his illustrious wife Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred the Great, restored and so enlarged the walls of Chester that they embraced the castle which had hitherto stood without the city. This indicates that the castle was a fortress of importance long before the days of Earl Hugh Lupus, who repaired and added to it instead of building it as some writers have assumed. Ethelfleda was a woman of great strength of mind and executive ability, and from the fragmentary testimony of the ancient chroniclers, who were ever loath to exaggerate the abilities of women, we are led to believe that she inherited many of the noble qualities of her illustrious father. It appears that, largely from her influence, the city regained some of its old prestige, and it was not until some time after her death that it ceased for a time to be a Saxon stronghold.

In the early seventies of the tenth century King Edgar occupied the city of Chester, and his fleet is said to have filled the River Dee. Edgar, it will be remembered, was one of the most powerful of the Saxon kings, even winning the title of "King of English and all of the nations round about." According to a generally accepted tradition eight British kings or chieftains came to



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE. SEE PAGE 79.

Chester to do him homage. During their stay they rowed him on the River Dee. Edgar was small of stature, and one night after this episode, and while the chieftains were still at Edgar's court, one of their numbers, a Scotch king named Kenneth, who had drunk somewhat deeply, exclaimed, "How is it that all of us, so many kings as we are, should serve a king who is smaller than any of us?" This gossip was promptly



A PART OF THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

carried to Edgar, who heard it in silence, but soon afterwards requested Kenneth to accompany him to a forest near at hand. Arriving, the king produced two swords, and handing them to the Scottish chieftain said, "Choose whichever weapon you desire to use, and let us see which is the better man." Kenneth, however, refused to fight, protesting that he spake only in jest and because he was under the influence of wine.

After the Saxons were overpowered by the Normans, the Conqueror created the earldom of Chester and gave it to his



REAR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CHESTER FROM THE ANCIENT CITY WALL.



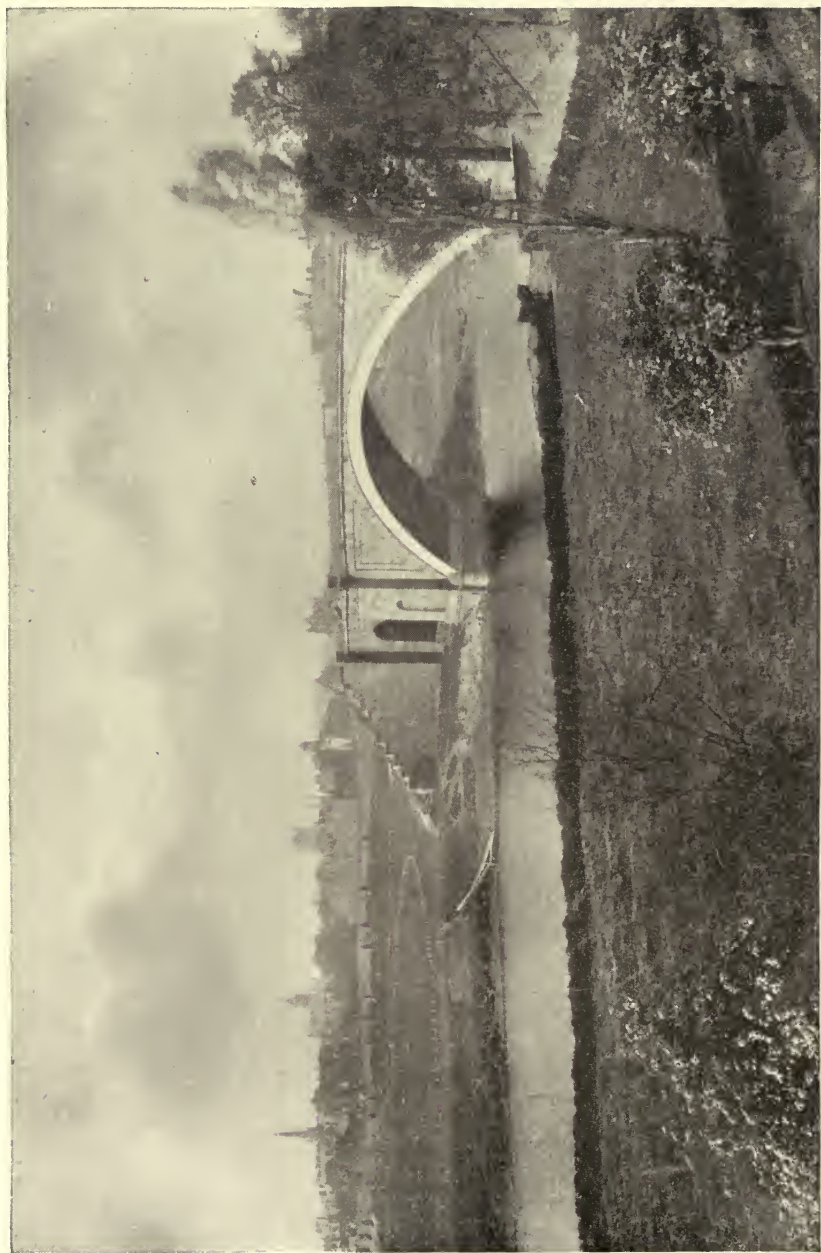
OLD CLOISTER BELONGING TO THE CATHEDRAL.

nephew Hugh Lupus, who repaired the castle and established a court much after the manner of the petty kings of that period.

Many indeed are the interesting happenings connected with this quaint old place since the days when William the Conqueror triumphantly entered her walls after his terrible march. But the most memorable historic event connected with Chester did not take place until long after the Normans and Saxons had amalgamated and the modern English nation rose as the legitimate result of this union.

When Charles the First and the English Parliament came to a direct issue Chester ardently espoused the cause of the king, and in the autumn of 1642 Charles was warmly welcomed within the city walls. After his departure vigorous work was at once inaugurated for offensive and defensive warfare. The royal troops under the command of Sir Nicholas Byron were loyally supported by the citizens. The walls were strengthened and active preparations were begun, looking toward a possible siege. In 1643 the city was fiercely assaulted by the Parliamentary army, but the result proved far more disastrous to the besiegers than the besieged, and from this time until 1645 many futile attempts were made to take the city by storm. On the twenty-seventh of September King Charles, accompanied by his guards, effected an entrance into Chester, where he was enthusiastically received; but on that same fateful day the king, accompanied by the mayor and other notables, ascended the stairs to the summit of what is now called Phoenix Tower, where they witnessed the disastrous defeat of the royal forces under Sir Marmaduke Langdale at Rowton Heath or Moor. The day following this bitter disappointment the king succeeded in escaping from the city. "If you do not receive relief within eight days surrender the garrison," said the king to his faithful officer on departing. Yet it was not until starvation drove the soldiers and citizens to eat cats, dogs and horses that they entertained the idea of submitting; not until all hope of succor had vanished — not until they had received the tenth summons to surrender, did the city yield. On the third of February, 1646, Chester fell into the hands of the Parliamentary party.

The terrible sweating sickness on several occasions visited this place, proving exceptionally fatal; and during the years extending from 1602 to 1605 the plague also devastated the city and region round about in a most appalling manner. So great were the ravages that the fairs were suspended and the courts were removed to other places. In those days the visitations were thought to be punishments sent by God for the wickedness of the city, but we of the present time would explain the cause



THE GROSVENOR BRIDGE OVER THE DEE, WITH CHESTER IN THE DISTANCE.

somewhat differently. The ravages of the plague were evidently largely the result of the short-sightedness, the ignorance and lack of cleanliness on the part of the citizens. Knowledge and recognition of the laws of health and sanitation would have greatly reduced its fatality. But man is slow to learn, and it is only in the school of bitter experience that the most important lessons are inculcated. So long as he insists on sitting in darkness, spurning reason, and revering superstition, he must necessarily suffer the consequences of his ignorance.

In the years 1647 and 1648 the plague visited Chester for the last time, but during this period a fearful mortality marked its presence. More than two thousand died between June and April. In this connection I must refer to a quaint building which is sure to be pointed out to the visitor. It was first built in 1652, and has since been restored so as to represent exactly the original building in all respects. It is called "God's Providence House," and bears the inscription in bold letters across the main beam, "God's providence is mine inheritance." The natural supposition which first occurs to the visitor is that this ostentatious inscription was an outcropping of the canting pharisaism which swept over England after the downfall of Charles I; but any intimation of this nature is promptly repudiated by the natives of Chester, who insist that this house was the only residence on Watergate Street which escaped the ravages of the plague during the years 1647 and 1648, and in gratitude for the deliverance the owner placed the pious inscription across the front of his home.

Speaking of this unique house reminds me of two other buildings of a *quasi* public character which are of interest to visitors. One is the old Stanley Mansion erected in 1591, which is the best and oldest specimen of ancient timber houses in Chester. A melancholy interest attaches to the history of this building, for it was from it that the ill-starred Earl of Derby was led to his execution at Bolton. The other house I have in mind is known as the Bishop Lloyd Palace, which bears the date of 1615, and is adorned with curious carvings representing a number of subjects which are supposed to be more or less pious, among which may be mentioned Adam and Eve in "sinless nudity," Cain killing Abel, Abraham offering up Isaac, some New Testament conceptions, together with the coat of arms of King James II and that of the worthy bishop.

These places, however, though curious and worthy of attention, are far less interesting than many of the more famous attractions of Chester, among which are the celebrated "Rows" which are unique among shops, and about the origin of which there has been no end of controversy. These Rows consist of

covered galleries fronting shops, and extending from square to square, often in tiers one above another. Many antiquarians insist that they are a vestige of Roman civilization, and, as one well known authority observes: "There are many circumstances which seem to justify this view of the case, particularly that of their resemblance to the porticos or vestibula spoken of by Plautus and other Latin authors; and a further point is advanced as tending to confirm this opinion — that there is, or was, a street in old Rome which bore a close resemblance to the Rows of Chester. Taking into account these points, together with the fact that the remains of a Roman bath and lavatory exist to the present under one of the Rows, the argument in favor of Roman origin is certainly entitled to consideration."

But the Rows are merely one of many striking peculiarities which engage the attention of visitors, and from this interesting feature we turn to the ruins of the church of St. John the Baptist, once a cathedral and to-day a marvel of beauty in its mantle of ivy, despite the unsightly modern tower which offends the eye and affects one with much the same feeling of vexation as is awakened by the sight of some wanton vandalism in a noble or sacred spot. These ruins recall the massive masonry characteristic of many of the more pretentious buildings of olden times. They are exceedingly picturesque, and as a fine specimen of the ruins of edifices which were the glory of a former social order are extremely interesting.

The cathedral of Chester, however, is by far the most impressive religious structure in the city. According to tradition it stands on the site of a Druidical temple which gave place to a building dedicated to Apollo. Later we are told that the British Christians erected on this spot a house of worship to the honor of the Nazarene. After the Saxons came into power we are told that King Wulpherus of Mercia, in the latter half of the seventh century, erected on the site of the present cathedral, a religious house for his daughter and other young women who desired to take the veil. As tradition enters the web and woof of much of the early history relating to this spot, and as the Saxon chronicles are often vague and inaccurate, I do not feel that we are on the firm ground of history in regard to the cathedral until we reach the advent of the Normans; from this time we have data which can be regarded as fairly authoritative. Under the rule of the early earls of Chester, the nunnery gave place to a monastery for the Benedictine order. Later was erected the cathedral which has since been the pride of the city, and whose walls might unfold a story more thrilling than the imagination of a novelist would dare to picture. Even to-day

this noble structure bears the sad marks of the broken vows of the Parliamentary forces, who pledged themselves to see that the religious houses of Chester were not molested provided the city surrendered, but who, after making this solemn obligation, permitted the interior of the cathedral to be shamefully defaced and the great organ to be broken.

The cloister of this building is very ancient in appearance, and carries the mind back to a period so rude and unlike our age that it is difficult for us to gain any adequate conception of the life lived before the dawn of modern times, with the march of civilization unfolding new worlds at each step, and the progress of invention and science which has so completely transformed life, and even to a great degree our ideals and conceptions relating to the origin, nature, and destiny of man.

Curiously enough the rear view of the cathedral, which is best obtained by ascending the walls of the city, is by far the most imposing. Indeed from these ancient walls one may see so much of special interest that I will ask the reader to accompany us on a stroll along this much travelled pathway, so rich in interest to thoughtful minds.

After ascending the wall near Eastgate Street and leaving the cathedral to our left, we soon find ourselves in front of Phoenix Tower, of which I have before spoken. A tablet attached to this tower conveys the inaccurate information that "King Charles stood upon this tower September 24, 1645, and saw his army defeated at Rowton Moor," while of course all historians know that it was not until the 27th of September that the defeat was witnessed. How the engraver came to make such a blunder is even less surprising than that the citizens of Chester have permitted the inaccurate tablet to remain; perhaps the reverence for the *written word* is such that the sanctity of engraved error is greater to them than the claims of truth.

I shall never forget the tragic air of the old gentleman who had charge of the little museum in the tower; after striving to excite my enthusiasm over Charles, he seized my arm and in the voice of a heavy tragedian in a sensational play said, "*Stand here*"; then, after pointing through a little window toward Rowton Heath, he fastened his eyes upon me with an unpleasant intensity, while in a voice which suggested the ghost of Hamlet's father he said in measured tones, "*You are now standing on the VERY SPOT where on the 27th of September, 1645, his Majesty, the great and good King Charles the First, witnessed the defeat of his forces at Rowton Moor.*" His voice was rather tremulous as he finished his last words, and I am sure that my failure to evince the sympathy expected was a greater source of vexation to the old man than the payment of an excess of the customary

fee afforded him pleasure. This old gentleman looked like one accustomed to play the part of a heavy tragedian in a melodrama. He had apparently become so thoroughly *en rapport* with the cause of the ill-starred king that no saint could have awakened in his mind profounder feelings of love and reverence than the English ruler whose life in prosperity was as disappointing, to say the least, as his demeanor in adversity was calculated to soften the criticism which his prosperous years would seem to merit.

Leaving the tower and continuing our walk, we soon reach a picturesque spot of special interest a little beyond the beaten path which would be taken by those only interested in "doing" the city in the shortest possible time. I refer to the ancient water-tower, erected when the tidal waters of the Dee flowed up to the city walls. Here in olden times ships were made secure to great rings and bolts fastened in the massive walls of this tower. Pausing here for a moment to note the silver and green of the river basin and the lowlands once covered with water, one is reminded that for centuries in the long vanished past Chester was the principal commercial seaport of North England.* And as a well known author has recently pointed out, that which destroyed Chester's commercial supremacy made Liverpool, for it was not until the upheaving of the estuary of the Dee, accompanied by the submergence of the forest of Leasow and the hollowing out of the great Mersey harbor, that Chester became practically an inland town and the commercial star of Liverpool rose.

Leaving the old water-tower we soon find ourselves walking along that part of the wall which affords an excellent view of that wonderful piece of masonry known as the Grosvenor's Bridge, consisting of a single arch two hundred feet in length and forty feet high. This is said to be the longest single stone arch in Europe with the exception of a bridge on the Danube; it is certainly a marvel of beauty and skill, and the view from this point of the wall is surpassingly beautiful.

Continuing our walk we soon reach the famous castle of Chester just within the city walls. This building is very noticeable owing to the style of architecture suggesting ancient Greece and Rome; it contrasts boldly with the imposing Norman ruins, the unique architecture of the shopping district, and the hopelessly prosaic modern buildings which one finds on every hand. Probably the most interesting feature connected with the castle is the old tower. Here, the inhabitants of Chester never fail to tell you, King James the Second received the sacrament during his stay in the city. But its walls have witnessed things which most of our readers would regard as of vastly more importance than this fact, which I mention simply to illustrate how firmly the

* See Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition.

"divine-right" idea seems to hold a place in the mind of the average Englishman.

Turning from the castle and continuing our walk along the walls, we soon find ourselves opposite the rapids or falls of the little river, which for centuries have turned the wheels for the celebrated mills of the Dee. The mills are to-day, however, rather unsightly buildings, with their numerous broken window-panes and general air of dilapidation.

I shall never forget the emotion I experienced on one evening in August, 1894, when standing on this old wall overlooking the Dee. The sun was sinking behind the hills, giving a peculiar though transient brilliancy to the marvellously beautiful landscape, and lighting up with unusual splendor the few fugitive clouds which floated in the sky. A shower had passed about two hours before, leaving the air fresh and redolent with the odors of trees and flowers. In the distance were the hills of Wales; from below came the rushing sound of the rapids of the Dee, while behind rose the din of the city, now dying away as night stole softly on. The scene was one never to be forgotten, and as I stood upon the solid walls viewing the ancient thoroughfare which had been hewn out of solid rock by the Roman soldiers at a time when Christianity was still young, my mind reverted to the past and I thought of the march of time and the strange vicissitudes of life, and a panorama of events passed before me which I shall never forget.

Upon the banks of this wonderfully beautiful river and probably on the very site of Chester the ancient Britons lived their rude and careless life. Here the Roman eagles were planted and a military camp was established which grew into a city, while the soldiers of the Empire made this spot their home and wedded British maidens. Here were built a forum, a public bath, and doubtless temples to the deities of the Tiber; in short, the glory of Roman civilization was reproduced in miniature.

Then the scene changed, and I beheld the flower of Chester's manhood departing for imperilled Rome. The bitterness of that parting was a precursor of a gloomy time for women, maidens and children. I saw the star of Briton sink and the supremacy of the Saxons established even in Chester. Then came the savage Danes, those sons of war and water, who seized the city but were shortly after driven from her walls. I saw the noble daughter of Alfred the Great holding her court in the castle, flushed with love and victory, and listening with swelling breast to the rude songs of valiant deeds.

The scene again shifted, and now it was the Saxon sun which was setting, and I noted the widowed queen of Harold seeking a refuge in this town, which proved to be the last Saxon city to

yield to the Conqueror. I saw the Normans come and a new civilization rise on the ruins of British, Roman, and Saxon dominion. I recalled the fact that at the court of the earls of Chester life was lived in much the same careless way that characterizes the very rich of our time, although there was less of artificiality on the one hand, while on the other ignorance and serfdom enveloped the masses.

I remembered that it was here in 1399 that Richard II. was brought captive on his fatal journey to the tower of London, and here also Charles the First had witnessed the defeat of his forces less than four years before his execution. I saw the misery of the people during the years of the sweating sickness, which, however, paled into insignificance before the plague which visited Chester at later periods. I marked the march of humanity with the onward current of the years, the fitful rise of races, and their fatal falls through failure to grasp and assimilate the supreme lesson of lessons, which alone holds the secret of enduring civilization, and which is summed up in that magic trinity, Freedom, Fraternity and Justice; and I thought how slow of heart is man to learn the august truth noted above and which is epitomized in the golden rule. Yet this is the lesson which this city no less than all history teaches. All civilization will decay and fall until man comes to himself sufficiently to appreciate the fact that any foundation save that of spiritual supremacy will sooner or later prove shifting sands; all enduring progress must be grounded on high ethical truths. Never before had this thought come home to me with such compelling force as at this solemn moment. I saw more clearly than ever before that any nation or civilization which yields to selfishness and permits the lower to gain supremacy over the higher, which turns a deaf ear to the demands of fundamental justice, which ignores the spirit of human brotherhood, and allows the canker of egoism to corrupt laws and public opinion, will sooner or later go out in darkness. This is the story which is told by the decay of Roman civilization; indeed, it is the capital lesson of all history no less than it is the cardinal truth inculcated by true religion and philosophy. Might may conquer for a day. Money may pollute and corrupt and thereby turn aside justice for a time, but right alone possesses the element of persistency, and never until man recognizes justice and altruism as the foundation upon which civilization must be built, will progress be permanent or happiness become a heritage of humanity.

These thoughts reminded me of the sadder and more tragic side of life in Chester, for this city is no exception in this respect to other similarly populous centres of life in Europe and America. In fact it seemed to me that there was here an unusually large

percentage of persons who were eager to obtain the *privilege of earning a few pennies*. Here as elsewhere, without doubt, poverty is greatly aggravated by the liquor traffic. I have seldom seen a city where there seemed so many "inns," "cellars," and "vaults," names designating places where liquor may be bought, as here; and some of these designating titles were peculiarly suggestive; as for example, I noticed on one occasion in bold letters the "Raven Vaults" as a title for what we would term in this country a saloon. The sight of that name instantly arrested my attention as it seemed so appropriate; I remembered the raven was popularly considered the "bird of ill omen." It is associated with the idea of misfortune, of misery, and of darkness; as the word "vaults" is strikingly suggestive of the final resting-place of the dead. Ill-fortune, misery, and death — such were symbolized by the name of this saloon; and I thought how appropriate would be such a designation for all places where man is debased and debauched by strong drink. In justice to Chester, however, I would say that during my stay of over two weeks I saw comparatively little drunkenness in spite of the great number of saloons. The reason, I think, is to be found in the fact that malted drinks rather than stronger liquors are chiefly consumed. The long rows of homes of the poor, filling many streets, are characterized as a rule by stone floors which are usually kept scrupulously clean. Another thing I noticed which impressed me with mingled pleasure and pain was the number of flowers seen on all sides. People who had no ground in which to plant their seeds, had their windows filled with common flowers, showing the presence of the innate love of the beautiful. It made me heartsick to think that the divine impulse, that interior love of the artistic, should have so little to feed upon in the narrow confines of wretched streets.

I believe, however, that a better day is at hand for humanity. There may be hours of darkness before us, but surely we are in the midst of a transition period, and to-day carries greater possibilities for mankind than any previous birth-era, for we are on a higher rung of the spiral ladder, and education is more diffused. Hence I do not despair. I see the horrid inequality and injustice; I feel the wrong endured by the people; but I know that the forces of light are working with us, and if we do our duty the day will soon dawn, not for Chester or England alone, but for the world. "I have faith in freedom and good," wrote John Bright during the darkest hours of our Civil War, and so I feel to-day. The future is with us, and I believe that before a generation has passed the greatest emancipation proclamation of which man has yet dreamed, will be issued. It is to this end that all men and women of the new time must consecrate their highest and noblest endeavors.

Strolls Beyond the Walls of Chester; with Glimpses of the Country Seat of the Duke of Westminster and the Home of W. E. Gladstone.

I. The Diogenes of the Dee.

On the morning of the 22d of August, 1894, our little party strolled along the banks of the Dee toward the old city wall. We had left behind us the ruins of the church of St. John the Baptist and the beautiful Grosvenor Park with its velvet-like carpet of emerald and its exceptionally luxuriant shrubbery. Owing to the fact that it was somewhat cloudy, we were debating whether it would be wise to take one of the steam launches for our long contemplated visit to the country seat of the Duke of Westminster, when a weather-beaten boatman importuned us to take a sail upon the river. "It will be a fine morning to visit Eaton Hall," he urged in the broad accent of the English laboring man, "and it will be helping me if you will let me take you there."

I will not attempt to repeat either here or on the following pages the language, nor to imitate the quaint phraseology of this striking individual who clearly was guileless of any extensive acquaintance with the English grammar, but who was, nevertheless, a remarkable man. He was an earnest and thoughtful reader and an independent thinker, and I should say in many respects an excellent type of the sturdy yeomanry who so largely represent the strength of England. I afterwards learned he had saved more than a score of lives from accidental drowning in the treacherous waters of the Dee; he had also rescued several persons who, under the influence of drink, or crushed by adversity, sought the suicide's end in the still hours of the night. He was strong limbed; his face was bronzed with sun and wind—his countenance was open and bore a sturdy expression. He must have been fifty years of age, but was far stronger to all

appearances than are many pampered sons of wealth at thirty-five. Still, his bowed shoulders and the deep wrinkles together with a certain sadness or gravity which seemed to grace his resolute brow, indicated that his lot in life had been by no means easy, and that much anxiety and care had been mingled in his cup of life. He was quite talkative, very much of a cynic at times, but frequently his remarks were exceedingly thoughtful, and more than once he reflected in a striking manner ideas which I had heard expressed with less perspicuity by toilers with whom I had chanced to fall into conversation in Dover, London and Liverpool. His outlook on life and public matters, though frankly given in quaint and homely speech, evinced much of the philosopher, and was so strikingly opposite to the views held by the owner of Eaton Hall, that I jotted down much that passed between us, and will preface my description of the palatial country seat of the Duke of Westminster with some of the observations made by our Diogenes of the Dee.

After pointing out many places of interest on the banks of the river, something was said of Judge Hughes, the eminent English author and his experiment at Rugby, Tennessee. The judge is a resident of Chester, and our philosopher seemed to regard him highly.

"He is considerable of a man," he said, "and that is more than can be said of a good many who pride themselves in the possession of titles and wealth."

"We are from America," I observed, "and you know we do not care for titles as you do over here, but I would like to know your opinion of the Duke."

The old man eyed me narrowly a moment and it seemed to me that an incredulous smile played for an instant around his lips at my reference to our contempt for titles. I felt there was a remark upon his lips which might have called to mind the exorbitant prices recently paid by many daughters of our "mushroom aristocracy" for broken-down lords, dukes and princes, rich only in empty titles, but I fancy his native shrewdness checked him from making a remark which might possibly offend us.

After a moment's reflection he said, "The present Duke is entirely unlike his father, who was very generous and did more for Chester than any person within my recollection. You have seen his statue in Grosvenor Park?" We assented. "Well then you know something of the kind of looking man he was; no one could ever mistake him for his coachman; but the present Duke [and here our philosopher



CHESTER FROM THE RIVER DEE.

shook his head sadly] is very different; he does not look at all like a man of quality."

I observed that looks were sometimes deceptive.

"I know," he replied, "but this is not one of those cases. He is close, he never gives Chester anything to speak of, he seems to think chiefly of himself and his pleasure, although he is anxious to be regarded as a philanthropist. They say he has the largest rental income from London property of any man in England; I don't remember the exact figures, but I have them at home, and it is almost too big to believe."

"I have noticed it stated that the Duke is very generous and that he gives all fees from visitors to the palace to charitable institutions," I observed.

"Now there is a case in point," said our cynic. "You see the Duke is very proud of his palace; it is one of the finest in England if not in Europe, and he wants visitors from everywhere to see it; that satisfies his vanity just as the vanity of other men is satisfied in other ways. But, by charging for charity's sake, a shilling to see the palace and a shilling to go through the gardens and conservatories, he is able to turn over about five hundred pounds a year to the Chester Infirmary, Rhyl Convalescent Home and other like institutions. This is heralded far and near as an example of the Duke's generosity, and he is enabled to pose as a philanthropist, while unthinking people who work and suffer that such men as the Duke may spend their time in luxurious ease and idleness in London, Scotland and elsewhere, read these accounts of his charity and are ready to throw up their hats and shout their praises; but that is only because they don't think," continued our philosopher in a slow and emphatic tone. "But," he added earnestly, "there are more and more working men in England every month who are learning to reason for themselves, and they say, and rightly say that we don't want the crumbs that fall from these rich men's tables any longer. We are tired of crawling on our hands and knees for the bones and crumbs after we ourselves have supplied the materials for the feast. They say 'give us justice and not charity,' and you are from America so you can understand how they feel. They say that the Duke does not earn his vast income; he don't even go to the trouble of collecting it. London is increasing the value of his property all the time, and without his working he is enabled to reap vast fortunes earned by others. while those who rent his property often have to work hard days and stay awake nights worrying the life out of them to



EATON HALL, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

make ends meet and pay their rents. They have to cut down the wages of their employees to almost starvation point and their employees have to skimp and twist and turn and live a dog's life to live at all. Now why should the workers bear the burdens while society is all the time making this property more valuable and the man who has never done anything lives in ease and luxury off of it? That is not justice, and the people have a right to demand justice. Now I don't mean to say the Duke is worse than many other landlords, and think from what I read and hear that he is better than a great many of the money-lending class who are oppressing the people, but the whole system is wrong because it is not just and it is not according to the Scriptures, at least that is what these people say."

"From my point of view I think they are right," I replied.

"Do you think so? I am glad to hear you say that, for I agree with them too."

From this time on our philosopher was very free in his criticism.

"You spoke just now of the principles being unscriptural," I began.

"Does not the Book say, 'If any will not work neither shall he eat'; now what does that imply?" he quickly interposed.

"Yes, but that was not the point I had in mind. I wish to know the attitude of the clergy on the great social and political problems."

The cynic shrugged his shoulders significantly. "I belong to the church," he answered, "but I have not attended service for a long time, because I found out that from the bishops down, fine bonnets and good coats count for more than the heads and hearts of the people. Our clergymen are thinking a good deal more about having an easy time or gaining popularity and having their names appear in the great papers, coupled with fair words, than they are concerned about the poor and the starving in their midst."

"That is undoubtedly true in a large number of cases," I replied, "but there are many clergymen who are very different."

"There may be enough exceptions to prove the rule I have given, but I doubt if there would be any to spare," promptly exclaimed the cynic in homely terms and vigorous tones. "Why, there are fifty-three thousand* members of the clergy in Great Britain, not counting the dissenting ministers. Now if the Master should come as He came of

* These figures are those of our philosopher, and I have not been able to verify his statement, so simply give the number as he gave it to us.



GRAND SALOON IN EATON HALL.

old and He should go to the fishing towns and manufacturing cities of England and search out the poor and suffering; if He should mingle with them and give words of cheer to those of our time who correspond to those who were the publicans and sinners of His day, and at the same time should claim that He was the Lord and simply point to His life, teachings and works as proof of His assertions, do you think there would be any rush of bishops in England to follow Him? No sir, I can tell you that if they followed Him it would be to testify in court against Him just as the Pharisees and chief priests did of old."

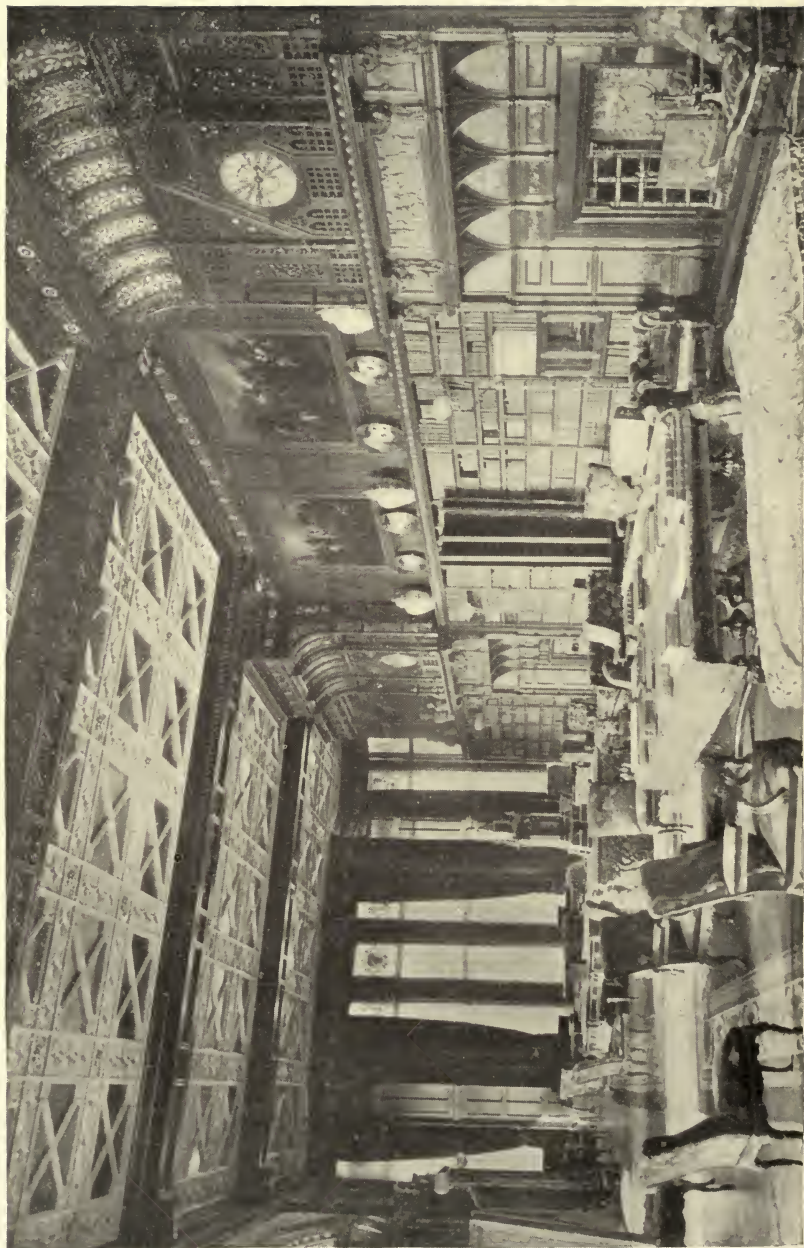
"I think you are correct in your conclusions," I assented. "The cry would be made by the clergy and the press to-day, as it was by conventional society and orthodox leaders in Jesus' time, that He was a wine bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners, or in a word, *disreputable*, not only unworthy of confidence but one who was an impostor making impious claims and, being a teacher of things that were fundamentally at variance with the existing social order, He should be summarily dealt with in order that society might be protected."

"That is exactly it," exclaimed our philosopher, "and His very works would be denounced as imposition upon the ignorant, His motives would be judged and condemned, and not only the clergy and the courts, but the press and those of the masses *who do not think*, would join in the cry to discredit or destroy Him, just as the Jews did of old. I have often said this," continued the old man, "after I have heard our rectors preaching against the Jews for crucifying Jesus, while they carefully avoided anything in favor of *justice here and now*."

"There is too much dealing with generalities, too much skilful fighting shy of all remedies of a fundamental character in and out of the church the world over," I said, "but have you not found the dissenters more hospitable to the cause of the poor?"

I shall never forget the look of contempt which appeared upon the bronzed face of the old man as he shrugged his shoulders in his characteristic way and replied, "I never attend *chapel*, but from what I hear they are all berries off of the same bush when it comes to handling these questions; they are not anxious to imitate the Master; it would not be safe. No, I never go to chapel."

This was a striking illustration of the power of religious prejudice over a man who prided himself upon his independence of thought and freedom from the trammels of conven-



LIBRARY IN EATON HALL.

tionalism. His look, tone and movement, far more than his words, conveyed the scorn and contempt he felt for the dissenters, and I could easily understand how little it would take to fan the flame of religious prejudice in such as he, until reason and justice would count for naught. The old gentleman soon reverted to Eaton Hall and the family of the Duke, whose ancestors he meantime reminded us, originally aided the Conqueror in robbing the rightful owners of their land.

"The property of the Earl of Chester was stolen property in the beginning, and the fortune of the Duke of Westminster is largely the result of laws which have been passed favoring classes. You see," he continued, "these men don't earn the money they get; they don't even *help* earn it. At some time in their lives they come into possession of property which their fathers never earned, and which laws help them to increase, and they gain certain rights which also aid them, but their possessions are not the result of their earnings, while a large part of their wealth comes from poor men and women and children who are compelled to live such lives as the moneyed classes would not dream of having their dogs or horses live. Now you know that is not right, that is not just, and it is not according to the teachings of the Master."

Clearly I thought our philosopher was not a Tory, which suggested to my mind the fact that within a few miles of Chester lived William E. Gladstone, the idol of the Liberals.

"You have one man living near Chester of whom I suppose you all feel proud."

The philosopher looked up inquiringly. "Gladstone," replied one of our party. Again I noticed the characteristic shrug of the shoulders and something akin to contempt on his face as he replied, "According to my way of thinking, and there are a good many people who agree with me, Gladstone is the most overrated man in England. He is more of a politician than a statesman. He has been on both sides of nearly every great question that has come up in his time. Does that look like statesmanship?"

"A sincere man will often change his mind and all great and worthy men will grow, as they advance in life, so as to see problems in a broader and nobler light than they at first conceived them," I replied. "If a man is always true to the fundamental ideals of justice and fraternity, always on the side of the oppressed, in seeking to relieve their suffering by insisting on the carrying out of the Golden Rule as a law in government no less than between man and man, he is to be

respected, however mistaken he may be at times. It is treason to humanity and justice and a disregard to pledges and the sacrifice of fundamental demands of justice to expediency or policy which are reprehensible in statecraft and which deserve our censure. Now does not Mr. Gladstone stand for humanity and progress? is not his pulse always beating with the heart of justice?" I continued.

"No," he replied most decisively, "that is just the trouble with Gladstone; the votes to be won by appealing to the popular and selfish interests of short-sighted Englishmen have led him to disregard the very things which you say are the essentials of a statesman. Look for instance at his attitude during your civil war, when John Bright stood for the cause of freedom; where did Mr. Gladstone stand? Now I do not believe that Mr. Gladstone would admit for a moment that he believed that African, or any other kind of slavery, was right, but it was deemed politic to appeal to the selfish interests of Englishmen in sympathy with the great cotton states, and Gladstone did this; but was it the stand which a statesman would have taken?"

"I could mention several other instances," he added, becoming quite earnest as he continued: "It is true he is always foremost in denouncing inhumanity and cruelty if it is in some foreign country, and there is no danger of his party losing by such a stand, but that is not the test of a man's true greatness as I see it. No man knows better than Gladstone the real injustice suffered by the working classes of England to-day, and no one professes to be more in sympathy with them; but his party has come under the control of the landlords and the moneyed classes, and therefore he will not champion any great reform of a radical character which would offend the moneyed classes to whom the Liberals, no less than the Tories, look for support in carrying elections. I used to be a Liberal, but they have pledged reform to the working men too many times, and then when the real masters object to anything of a fundamental character they make a flourish of trumpets and fire blank cartridges, but are very careful to do nothing; this pleases their masters and deceives the people who do not think. The fact is, as I see it, the Liberal party is more anxious to please the rich than the Tories are just at present."

"You think that the Liberals have been captured by the landlords and lendlords of England, and being a party founded on democratic ideals and the ancient enemy of enthroned conservatism and wealth, they are regarded with



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER DOROTHY DREW.

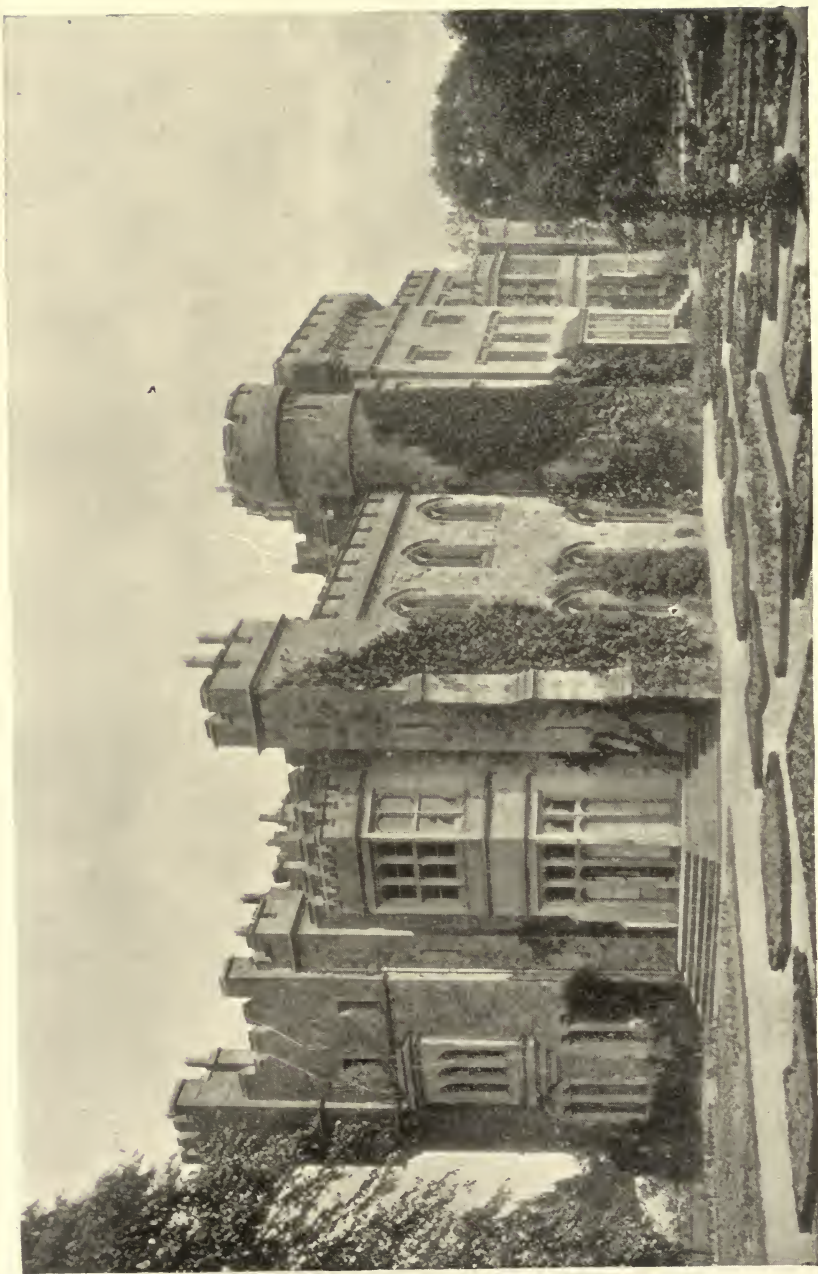
more suspicion by the new masters than are the Tories, whose principles are anti-democratic and whose long fealty to the rich and titled classes frees them from suspicion which rests on the Liberals," I replied.

"That is exactly it," returned our philosopher; "they feel that they must out-Herod Herod to satisfy the rich, and on many points they are less liberal than the Tories. Now I don't know that I am in favor of Woman's Suffrage," he con-

tinued, "but take that as an example. Lord Salisbury is far more favorable to it than Gladstone, although one would naturally expect the Liberal leader to champion the right of franchise for women, and there are many other things which I might name in which the Liberals are more conservative on questions which look toward extending the freedom and bettering the condition of the people, which are being more strenuously opposed by the Liberals than the Tories. The Liberal party, it seems to me, is very much like Dickens' Uriah Heep in its attitude toward the moneyed classes. Its very action suggests Uriah's favorite phrase, 'I am very humble.'"

"Well," I said, "Gladstone took a brave stand for Ireland."

"And there again he counted the cost," interposed our cynic. "Look at his past record on that question. Parnell was able to convince him that his little band was indispensable to Liberal supremacy; a bargain was struck, and had all gone well with Parnell, the programme might have succeeded, but as a matter of fact I do not think Gladstone has shown true statesmanship in handling the Irish question; a middle course it seems to me, would have been the wisest at the present time at least. Mr. Gladstone favors altogether too much for the safety and security of England when we remember the geographical position of Ireland. Indeed, here again he considered the success of his party rather than the real interest of England or Ireland in the bargain which he struck with Parnell. Now if he had shown anything like this zeal in carrying out measures of permanent value in order to secure justice to English working men and tenants he would, it is true, have offended the moneyed classes no doubt, but he would have acted the part of a true statesman and a wise humanitarian, and even though he might have suffered defeat for a time, Liberalism would have gained more permanent supremacy in England in the long run. At least, that is the way we look at it, and do you know there are tens of thousands of voters all over this country who no longer take their ideas from the clergy, the big papers, or the politicians; they are thinking for themselves, and you mark my words, at the next general election the Liberal party will be overthrown. I don't expect the Tories will do much better, but it is necessary that the Liberals be rebuked. The working people," he continued, "are talking among themselves and doing a great deal of thinking. There are a great many things being written which don't appear in the papers, and which the public don't



HAWARDEN, THE HOME OF MR. GLADSTONE.

take into account, but some day all this educational work, which is making men think for themselves as never before, will tell, and the world no less than England will be surprised at the result; but here we are at the landing. I will remain until you return; don't hurry."

We stepped from the boat and turned our faces toward Eaton Hall. From remarks dropped, which space forbids my giving, it was evident that our cynical philosopher had been reading much of the literature of social democracy. He gave us an approximate number of the abandoned farms, together with the views of writers of considerable reputation, showing that the shortsighted course of England in permitting the money-lending classes to dictate her policy had reacted on the poor at home, as well as the creditor nations abroad, and that even the landlords were now suffering in consequence. From the views expressed by others, in various parts of England, no less than his own statement of the number of those who believed as he did, I became deeply impressed with the conviction that there was a tremendous undercurrent of discontent in England. Tens of thousands have lost faith in the politicians and the partisan press of to-day. They are reading a vast amount of literature favoring social democracy, and I believe that while the pendulum will possibly move backward and forward for a time between Liberalism and Toryism yet in England unless there arises, at an early date, some statesman with the sagacity of Sir Robert Peel, to meet the impending crisis as he met the Corn Law agitation, some startling changes will take place in this island before a generation passes.

II. The Country Seat of the Duke of Westminster.

The roadway to Eaton Hall led through a broad expanse of sparsely wooded land beautifully carpeted with velvety grass. A large number of deer were feeding near the road, but took no notice of passing visitors; they seemed as tame as sheep in our pastures. Some idea of the extent of the Duke's domain may be gained when it is remembered that the park in which the palace of Eaton Hall is situated is eight by twelve miles in area.

We first entered the gardens; a scene of beauty never to be forgotten opened before us. The extensive conservatories were marvellous in their color effects, and although the air was tropical and heavy with mingled perfumes we were tempted to linger some time in the midst of the artificially tropical region in which the prodigality of nature

in her color effects was so conspicuous. One of our party observed that if a quantity of the flowers which were fading, were cut and daily sent to the sick in and out of the hospitals at Chester and thereabouts, the cost would be small, while numbers of hearts and homes would be brightened and subtly refined. The great fruit conservatories were also interesting; here peaches, plums and pears, no less than grapes, were trained as vines along great walls and loaded with their luscious products.

"The Duke must enjoy the flowers and fruit," I suggested to a gardener.

"He is not here much of the time to enjoy them," was the reply; "at present he is in Scotland, but he lives in London, and is here but a few months in the year."

Thinking how much the weary invalids, not four miles distant, would enjoy the luscious peaches and grapes which were hanging on these vines, we turned into the palace, which I will not attempt to describe at length, contenting myself with brief descriptions of some typical rooms.

Eaton Hall is a noble edifice, displaying in a most striking manner what the resources of modern art can do when great wealth is at command. The duke is said to be the richest nobleman in England. He has certainly expended vast sums in the most lavish manner on this magnificent country seat. Probably one of the most striking rooms of the palace is the Grand Saloon. This apartment, which in reality is an extension of the great central hall, presents a most imposing prospect from every side, impressing the visitor with the scale of grandeur which pervades the interior of the building no less than the charm of nature, heightened by the cunning hand of art, which is appreciated the moment one looks out of the great windows of the saloon. A striking feature of the interior decoration is H. Stacy Mark's panoramic paintings of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims." The strength of this work lies in the marked individuality of the characters represented rather than in its color effects, which indeed seemed to me to be indifferent; the artist, however, has achieved a real triumph in the life-like qualities which characterize the numerous individuals represented. The vaulted ceiling of the room will attract the attention of the visitor whether or not he feels, as I did, that it was somewhat out of harmony with the other decorations in the room. It is treated after an East Indian design, the centre being a representation of the sun surrounded by stars, all treated in gold on an azure background. The mantel-piece in this apartment is especially rich and effect-

ive; but of all the show rooms of the palace, the one which impressed me as being the most harmonious in treatment as it was also the most attractive, was the library. This great hall, which is ninety-two feet in length and thirty feet in width, is richly furnished and contains more than twelve thousand volumes. Two immense mantel-pieces are noble specimens of fine wood-work and are in perfect keeping with the general treatment of the room, which throughout is rich and delightfully harmonious. A very interesting decorative feature is found in five large historical paintings by Benjamin West, among the most interesting of which are Oliver Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament, Charles II Landing in Dover, and The Death of General Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. In this connection I would mention among the art treasures of Eaton Hall, several life-size portraits of the Grosvenor family executed by some of the most eminent portrait painters, including Sir John Millais—there are also some pictures attributed to Rubens.

Before leaving the palace we paused for the second time within the Chapel; here, as elsewhere, we were impressed with the lavish expenditure of money. The lofty tower of this chapel is fully one hundred and seventy-five feet in height; it contains a chime consisting of twenty-eight bells, the largest weighing two and a half tons. The interior of the edifice is very impressive with its handsome stained-glass windows through which the sunlight was flooding the rich furnishings from the many colored panes.

As I stood there I was reminded of some remarks made by our philosopher about Jesus, and I wondered how the lowly Nazarene, in whose honor this edifice was ostensibly erected, would have felt had He been there fresh from London, where without a place to lay His head He had shared the lot of thousands of out-of-works who nightly sleep on the stone embankment along the Thames. I knew, judging from the life He lived in Palestine, that had he stood in the aisles of this magnificent chapel, His serene brow would have borne a look of mingled sorrow and indignation. I fancied He would have felt something of the unutterable sadness which He experienced when he wept over Jerusalem, and something of the withering indignation which marked His speech when He uttered His terrible “woes” against those “who devour widow’s homes and for a pretence make long prayers.”

III. Hawarden on a Fete Day.

During our stay in Chester we visited Hawarden, the home of William E. Gladstone, the man whom I believe

to be the most ardently loved and the most thoroughly feared and disliked among the statesmen of England. Hawarden is six miles east of Chester across the borders of Wales, and the visitor who takes a cab or the tram-car passes through one of those horrible little towns which are given over to mining or manufacturing, so frequently encountered in England. The sight of the bare, dirty houses and the barren aspect of things on every side cannot fail to cast a gloom over the mind. I remember that the oppression occasioned by the sight of this town spoiled to a great degree the enjoyment we would otherwise have derived from the beautiful scenery which lay beyond, especially the Welsh hills, clothed in that purple haze, the charm of which may be felt but can never be described, which rose in the distance. The village of Hawarden was gorgeously arrayed in holiday attire in honor of the fete at Hawarden manor-house, and throngs were constantly arriving from remote parts of England, reminding one of pilgrims visiting the shrine of a saint. To obtain a glimpse of the face of the "Grand Old Man" seemed to be a "consummation devoutly wished," and if perchance the visitor might hear his voice, that indeed would be something for him to dwell upon when he reached home and narrated again and again to his wife, his children and the more or less envious neighbors, the story of this great event in his sombre life. The ardent admiration entertained by thousands of visitors, no less than the enthusiasm everywhere manifested by the inhabitants of Hawarden, contrasted most boldly with the opinions expressed by our Diogenes of the Dee.

The wonderful magnetic power exerted by the remarkable man who has played so important a part in the drama of English politics, reminded me of the enthusiasm which marked the campaign when Mr. Blaine ran for the presidency. I remember that while the press of Massachusetts was anything but enthusiastic in his support, he received such an ovation when he spoke in Boston as few men have ever enjoyed. Henry Clay was another great figure in American politics who awakened the same intense enthusiasm on the part of the masses which Mr. Blaine exerted, during the aggressive period of his career, and which Mr. Gladstone has long wielded throughout England. I know of no living statesman who calls forth anything like the same degree of admiration, confidence and love of his partisans as does Mr. Gladstone. This intense loyalty, which in cases almost amounts to blind devotion, always begets bitter enmity. The Tories of England make a very black indictment when they enumerate the real or supposed

shortcomings of the idol of the Liberals, while the Social Democrats, who have come out largely from the Gladstone party, and which I think are rapidly growing in numbers even though they lack as yet the power which comes with union and leadership, regard him in various degrees of disfavor, ranging all the way from sincere regret that he can not or will not see the necessity for fundamental social changes, to open contempt, no less marked or intense than that expressed by the most ultra Tories.

On the day we visited Hawarden the vast multitude which was assembled was not only rewarded by seeing Mr. Gladstone but their joy was increased by hearing him deliver a brief address, and the cup of joy was filled to overflowing when little Dorothy Drew, the petted granddaughter of the great statesman, appeared before them waving her handkerchief in response to their thunderous applause. I regret that it was impossible for us to see the aged statesman owing to the illness of one of our party.

Hawarden, like Chester, has a wonderful history. It was a Saxon stronghold before the Norman conquest, and was ceded to Hugh Lupus after the creation of the earldom of Chester. Situated almost on the border between England and Wales, it has been the scene of many exciting and important episodes in the annals of English history. In 1645 Charles I found temporary refuge here after his flight from Chester, but the castle afterwards fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces and was subsequently almost destroyed. From the present ruins, which date back to the thirteenth century, one obtains a fine view of the Dee valley. For a period of two hundred years Hawarden belonged to the famous Stanley family, but subsequently it was purchased by Chief Justice Glynn, and in 1874 passed into the family of Mr. Gladstone.

The old castle is less interesting, perhaps, than the present mansion where resides the eminent Liberal leader. The great library of Mr. Gladstone consists of more than ten thousand volumes, and is free to the residents of Hawarden, who have merely to register their names and the dates when they borrow the volumes. A large orphanage, liberally supported by Mrs. Gladstone, is found a short distance from the mansion, and speaks of the warm heart of that most estimable lady. The park in which the castle and modern mansion are situated is exceedingly beautiful, and contrasts strongly with the home environments of the voters who go to make up the bone and sinew of the Liberal party of England.

That Mr. Gladstone has failed to grasp the real meaning

and significance of the social discontent of our times, I think is unquestionably true; that he has failed to rise to the heights which would have enabled him to see the rising of the new social order which must replace the present as surely as centralized government supplanted feudalism, is in my judgment equally obvious. That his position on many questions, as woman's enfranchisement for example, is distinctly opposed to the onward current of the best thought of our age is clearly apparent; but that in spite of his shortcomings his is a manly and noble figure, we must in justice concede, and be our views what they may in regard to Mr. Gladstone as a statesman, the personal and home life of the man challenges the sincere admiration of all lovers of sturdiness and comparative simplicity, in an age when those in elevated stations are living a life permeated with artificiality and where too many of our reputed great men are vying with each other in wanton luxury and selfish indulgence.

Winter Days in Florida or Glimpses of Life in the Land of the Magnolia, the Orange and the Palm.

I am writing by an open window overlooking the Halifax River. On the opposite bank, somewhat to the left, is Daytona, while on the right is the picturesque hamlet of Holly Hill, both in full view. It is the 8th of March, and the weather is ideal; a delightful breeze has been blowing since daybreak; the air is soft and balmy as that of a June morning in the North.

At eight o'clock this morning a small flotilla, consisting of two modest-sized steamboats, two naphtha launches and a sail-boat, passed my window. They came from Daytona and were bound for a picturesque little fresh-water stream some distance north, which bears the quaint Indian name of Tomoka. The merry shouts and rollicksome laughter which came from the excursionists indicated that the multitudinous cares, anxieties and sorrows which shadow life had been banished for a few hours, and that pleasure and the beauties of nature were to be enjoyed with that wholesome abandon which is seen only when man escapes from the thralldom of conventionalism and draws near to Nature.

As these little vessels, freighted with human loves, hopes and desires, passed from view, I involuntarily thought of that long-departed day when canoes, carrying the careless children of another race, passed to and fro over the slow-moving Halifax; when the stalwart red man trod the sands by the sea, fished in the ocean and the river, gathered wild fruit, and hunted game in the forests. I thought of that distant day, now about four centuries removed, when excited warriors brought strange stories of the coming of wonderful men from over the sea, whose faces were white, whose clothing was gay as the flowers which carpeted the forests, and who claimed to be messengers of the



WINTER SCENE ON AN ISLAND IN THE HALIFAX OPPOSITE THE LOWER PART OF DAYTONA.



HARRIS
Photo
-963

View from Tomoka Cabin

THE TOMOKA RIVER, FROM TOMOKA CABIN.

Great Spirit. Doubtless some who heard these wonder stories shook their heads and laughed derisively, for human nature is the same in all ages. Others there were who, wishing to probe the mystery, were impatient to march northward in search of the strangers, who, if found, were to be interrogated, that they might know whether the god-men came as friends or foes. There were lovers then as now upon the banks of the Halifax River; and I doubt not that many an Indian maiden heard the strange rumor with mingled wonder and apprehension, followed by an oppressive, nameless dread, for woman's mind is ever more intuitive than man's. But gone are the hopes and fears of this people. And to-day only a small remnant of the race that hunted and fought over the flower-decked sands of Florida remains. The laughter and song of the old joyous times come to us as the perfume of their legends, and little more than tradition and story are left,* coupled with the quaint and oftentimes musical names which they gave to rivers, inlets and streams.

The Halifax River is in reality a tide-water lagoon of half a mile in width. Into its waters empty many fresh-water streams which are exceedingly beautiful. The Tomoka, to which I have alluded, is perhaps the most popular. Its channel is sufficiently deep to permit boats to run several miles up its narrow, serpentine course. At a picturesque landing a few miles from its mouth a large, delightful log-cabin, with an immense old-fashioned fireplace, has been built in the midst of a wild scene of tropical tangle-wood — almost a jungle. Here picnic parties may be seen almost daily in an abandon of natural enjoyment. Staid men of business and women of brilliancy and culture forget the solemn dicta of conventionality and become boys and girls again for a few brief hours. It is impossible for pen or camera to do justice to the beauties of the Tomoka. And yet this stream is only one of many equally picturesque though less navigable which empty their fresh waters into the salty Halifax.

Since the day Ponce de Leon landed in quest of the Fountain of Youth, Spain, France, England and the Republic of the West have claimed, occupied, fought for, or sought by purchase to obtain this home of the magnolia, the orange and the palm. And yet there are probably few places which at first sight are so disappointing to tourists as Florida. The absence of the closely knit grass sod of the North, and the omnipresent sand, impress the stranger very unfavorably.

* A few only of Seminole Indians remain. They dwell chiefly in the extreme southern part of the inhabitable region of Florida. They are divided into small bands of a few scores in number, the small remnants of once mighty tribes. These bands are presided over by chiefs as in olden days, and the title in some cases seems to be handed down from father to son. Thus, one band is to-day ruled by Tallahassee, another acknowledges Tiger Tails, while the son of this chief is designated Little Tiger Tails. Sometimes they seem to borrow appellations from the white man which are more realistic and characteristic than romantic; thus one of the chiefs bears the name of Billy Bowlegs.



VIEW OF THE HALIFAX RIVER FROM HALIFAX PENINSULA OPPOSITE DAYTONA.



TOMOKA CABIN ON THE BANK OF THE TOMOKA.



THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. WINTER SCENE ON THE HALIFAX BEACH.



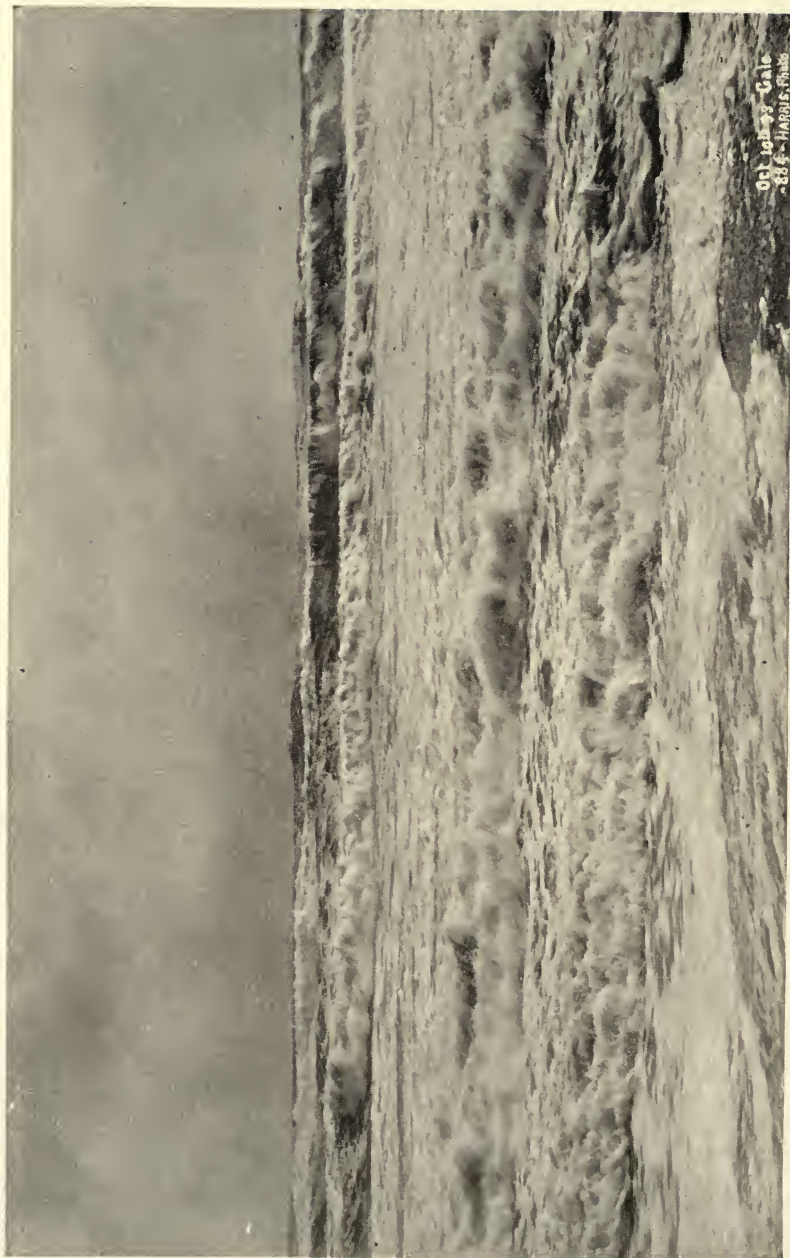
THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD, WINTER BATHING ON THE HALIFAX BEACH.



THE OCEAN IN ITS VARVING MOOD. MOONLIGHT ON THE HALIFAX BEACH.



THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. BATHING AND CLAM DIGGING ON THE HALIFAX BEACH IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.



October Gale
-Edg. Haggis, Photo

THE OCEAN IN ITS VARYING MOOD. THE GALE OF OCTOBER 10, 1894, ON HALIFAX BEACH.

The winter of 1895 will long be remembered as a most disastrous season to the Floridans, no less than it has proved disappointing to Northern tourists. The frosts, being the most severe known for over half a century, have wrought havoc not only with the more tropical fruits, but with all trees belonging to the citron family, and many other less tropical plants have suffered severely. The ever present groves of oranges, grape-fruit, limes, lemons and citrons, guiltless of leaf, flower or fruit, tell a tragic story of loss and ruin to patient, unremitting industry; while for the tourist the state without the beauty of the orange trees, in their glory of leaf, flower and fruit, is shorn of one of its chief attractions.

On previous visits to Florida my most southern points were St. Augustine and Palatka. This winter I came to Daytona and the Halifax Peninsula. Here the destruction wrought by the frost is everywhere discernible, but it has failed to rob this region of its beauty. The tall palmetto, the gaunt live-oak, draped in southern moss, the bay, magnolia and pine, together with numerous evergreens, shrubs and underbrush, clothe the earth in green, and with the soft and balmy atmosphere make one unconscious that it is yet winter, and would enable us to forget the frosts of the past few months, were we not continually reminded of them by the bare branches of the orange, lemon and lime trees, and the guava, oleander and many other shrubs.

Half a mile from where I am writing the waves of the ocean are beating against the most magnificent beach it has been my fortune to see. This morning I spent some time upon its warm white sands. There were enough clouds floating in the sky to prevent the sun from being unpleasant. A number of men and women were revelling in the delights of sea-bathing in water warmed by the Gulf Stream.

The ocean ever exerts a strange, undefinable, fascinating influence over my mind. I never tire of watching its ever changing aspects or listening to its soft crooning, its impressive murmuring, its solemn warning, its mad threatening and its measureless fury. To-day, after enjoying the pleasure of the sea-bathers, I seated myself upon the sand and yielded to the fascinating spell of the ocean, and as the lights and shadows fell upon the waves I was reminded of Victor Hugo's description of the sea, when an exile on the coast of Guernsey, and I felt the kinship of soul and the subtle relation of man to nature as those fine descriptive lines came into my mind in which the poet speaks of the ocean, "with its ebb and flood, the inexorable going and coming, the noise of all the winds, the blackness and translucency peculiar to the deep; the democracy of the clouds in full hurricane; the wonderful star risings, reflected in mysterious agitation by millions



RIVER ROAD FROM DAYTONA TO HOLLY HILL.

of luminous wave-tops — confused heads of the multitudinous sea — the prodigious sobbings, the half-seen monsters, the nights of darkness broken by howlings; then the charm, the mildness, the gay white sails, the songs amid the uproar, the mists rising from the shore, the deep blue of sky and water, the useful asperity, the bitter savor which keeps the world wholesome, the harsh salt without which all would putrefy; that all-in-one, unforeseen, and changeless; the vast marvel of inexhaustibly varied monotony." I know of no finer characterization of the varying moods of the ocean than these graphic lines; and if one is seated upon the beach or in view of the sea their full force comes home to the brain in an indescribably vivid manner.

The beach, which extends along the Halifax Peninsula in one unbroken stretch for over twenty miles, is destined to be one of the most famous in the Western World. It is one long, continuous slope of smooth, white sand, so firmly packed by the incoming and outgoing waves that along the lower slopes it is almost as firm as an asphalt pavement, and thus affords unsurpassed facilities for driving and bicycling. At high tide, and especially after the sea has been rough, numerous many-tinted shells, from the nautilus and conch to the tiny sea clams, whose many tinted protecting cases are not unlike two petals of a dahlia's blossom, are strewn along the line which marks the water's highest limit; but below, the sand is smooth and firm. Early dawn, the reflected glory of the sunsets, the moonlight effects, and the mystery which ever seems a part of the darkness of the deep are never-ending sources of pure delight to all artistic natures. I have seen nothing which equalled the splendor of the ocean and sky at such times, except at Ostend on the North Sea.

But, while speaking of sunsets, I cannot forbear mentioning the gorgeous panoramas which I have witnessed almost nightly on the Halifax River. Here in the foreground we have the tall palmettos, so thoroughly tropical in their appearance, and the gaunt live-oaks, draped in southern moss, very beautiful, but presenting a somewhat weird appearance. Beyond lies the river, smooth as glass and half a mile in width, and on the further side the forests of palmetto, oak, pine and other trees, interspersed with villas, and behind that the flame of the setting sun, varied from time to time with marvellous cloud effects; the wonderful reflections in the water, iridescent and luminous, revealing various shades of russet and gold, scarlet and crimson, silver and blue, — all combine to make scenes of beauty so entirely transcending words that in their presence one desires silence, that the mind may yield to the exquisite pleasure and feel the mystic spell of the divine, inspired by these matchless symphonies of color.



BEACH STREET, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



VOLUSIA AVENUE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



BEACH STREET, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.

The sea-beach opposite Halifax, and due east of Daytona, affords delightful bathing all the year round. I noticed through February that the waters which are warmed by the Gulf Stream were of a delightful temperature, far warmer than I have known the Atlantic even in midsummer on the Massachusetts coast; and many persons availed themselves of the opportunities for surf-bathing. But this is an all-the-year-round beach; it is rapidly becoming the most popular summer resort for Floridans of means. For at Halifax, Sea Breeze and Silver Beach, which extend along the Peninsula opposite Daytona, not only is the bathing all that could be desired, but the breezes from the ocean and the river keep the atmosphere delightfully tempered in summer and render the nights invariably cool and refreshing. This is the universal testimony of all who have summered here.

A very interesting colony of liberal-minded thinkers is being established at Halifax, under the direct auspices of Helen Wilman Post, the well-known leader of the evolutionary school of metaphysical thinkers; Mr. C. C. Post, the able author of "Driven from Sea to Sea," "Congressman Swanson," and other thoughtful social and economic studies; and Mr. C. A. Ballough, a fine large-hearted nature, whose sincerity and frankness are only equalled by his passion for justice. These people are building what will probably some day be known as the "City Beautiful," with broad avenues and boulevards, made hard with shells, grassed on either side and lined with palmettos and other sub-tropical trees. The experiment is unique, and will, I believe, result in bringing to this wonderfully favored spot many men and women of culture and refinement, whose taste and means will further beautify the place, which is inviting in summer and winter alike, and upon which nature has bestowed so much in the way of beauty and attractiveness.

Daytona lies one mile from the ocean, on the west bank of the Halifax. It is reached from the beach by fine shell driveways which cross the half mile of the Peninsula, and two bridges which span the river. Of Daytona it is difficult to say too much when describing the beauty of the place. I have never seen a town of like size which impressed me as being so beautiful. Its houses, for the most part, evince excellent taste. They are modern, and are kept well-painted and in first-class repair. In these respects it contrasts most favorably with the majority of Southern towns; and its streets and some of the roads leading from the town are made of marl or shells and consequently are smooth and hard. A strip of land grassed and carpeted with wild flowers extends between the street-way and the sidewalk, and along these are planted palms, live-oaks, magnolia and other ever-green trees. I know of no boulevard more bewitchingly beauti-



RIDGEWOOD AVENUE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



BEACH STREET, DAYTONA, FLORIDA.



THE PALMETTO IN BLOSSOM.

ful than Ridgewood Avenue in Daytona, with its great live-oaks, heavily draped in Southern moss, its palmettos, magnolias and other varieties of semi-tropical trees, which form a deeply shaded vista, while on either side are beautiful and well-kept homes. Volusia Avenue, and indeed all the streets excepting Beach, where at present extensive improvements are being made on the water front, are models of neatness and as beautiful as they are striking to the Northern eye, unaccustomed to tropical vegetation.

Before closing this paper I must say a word about the flowers and fruits for which Florida is justly noted. The varieties of flowering trees and shrubs, as magnolia, orange, palmetto and oleander, are very numerous, and though the sands of this state are unfriendly to most kinds of grasses, it can truthfully be said that they favor the multitudinous flowers of many colors and gorgeous hues which flourish in wood and field. On the Halifax Peninsula the chief fruits have been the orange, lime, lemon, grape-fruit, citrons, kumquat, guava, mulberry, Japanese plums, strawberries, mulberries, peaches, pears and grapes. Some pineapples and bananas are also raised here, but these flourish better further south, where are found in abundance the cocoanut and bread-fruit.

Florida has been frequently termed the Italy of America. I do not think the points of resemblance are sufficient to warrant the appellation. Both lands are peninsulas, extending southward; each can lay claim to a mild and genial climate, protected from the severity of the northern blasts, and tempered in summer by the ocean breezes; each can boast of being the home of the citron family and other semi-tropical fruits; but when we come to note the points of difference between the peninsula which has so largely moulded our present civilization and our own Land of Flowers, I think we shall find far more instances in which they are radically unlike than those in which there is any substantial likeness. Yet each holds charms peculiar to itself, and, with regard to Florida, I think it is safe to say that in spite of her recent disaster her star is rising.

I will close this sketch with a charming little poem written by Mr. C. C. Post and entitled

MOONLIGHT ON THE HALIFAX.

Night on the river. The moon rides high,
The sea-breeze whispers, the pine trees sigh,
The reeds on the river banks are aqiver,
And the clouds are like dreams in the moonlit sky.
A girdle of diamonds in silver set,
Crossed and 'broidered with bands of jet,
From the other shore where the palm-trees stand
Is clasped at my feet by the shining sand.



FLOWERS OF FLORIDA. THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.



FLOWERS OF FLORIDA. MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.

Persons, Places and Ideas.

And over the waters of silver and jet,
And between the banks where the palm-trees rise,
Float other clouds, like the clouds in the skies—
Float white-winged boats with their light sails set.
And lovers clasp hands 'neath the white sails set,
And loves are told, and a beautiful dream
Of life afloat on love's beautiful stream
Is dreamed, as they sail through the silver and jet.

And I say it is well that the moon rides high;
Well that fleecy clouds fleck the moonlit sky;
That the river is banded, with diamonds set,
Embossed and embroidered in silver and jet;
Well that tall palms on its banks arise;
Well that the pine tree whispers and sighs;
That the tide lifts up, with its furtherest reach,
Its lips, to the shells on the shining beach;
That lovers, afloat on its waters, seem
Forever afloat on love's beautiful stream—
And 'tis well that I sit by the river and dream.

Religious Thought in Colonial Days as Mirrored in Poetry and Song.

THE transition of religious thought from the austere severity of the Reformation and the unquestioning acceptance of papal authority, which marked a still earlier period, to the broad and truly catholic principles of moral government enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, is becoming more and more pronounced with the passage of each succeeding decade. But so gradual has been the drifting that a vast majority of thoughtful people within the pales of the Church are scarcely conscious of the change; much less do they appreciate how surely the still small voice from the nameless mount in Galilee is overpowering the thunderous tones of Nicæa in Bithynia, which for more than fifteen centuries have controlled Christendom. Indeed, this grand transformation is being accomplished so naturally and so steadily that it is only at intervals, when some great divine in a popular church dares to think aloud, and voice that which is felt in the inmost soul of thoughtful people, that a ripple is caused on the placid water—a ripple which extends from mind to mind in an ever-broadening circle; as, for example, when so eminent a churchman as Canon Farrar declares in favor of restoration; a master brain like Professor Briggs announces that man may find God through the Bible, the *Church*, or through REASON; when a leading divine like Dr. Lyman Abbott pronounces in favor of Evolution; or yet, again, when a great church like the Methodist, after a severe battle for the infallibility of New Testament inspiration, relegates the Pauline injunction respecting women to its proper place among the dead and outgrown ideas of ancient Grecian thought. At such intervals as these, religious circles are for a time more or less convulsed; but a few years vanish, and the disturbers are canonized. Meanwhile humanity continues a steady, uninterrupted ascent.

The spiritual growth of our people reminds me of a traveller, journeying from the sea toward some lofty mountain range; for many miles the ascent is so gradual that he is unconscious of any material rise. After passing a few low hill ranges he is aroused to the fact that he is rising materially above the wave-washed lowlands. It is not, however, until he turns toward the sea, and casts a glance into the far distance, that the fact that the ocean is many thousands of feet below him, dawns on his mind. In like manner, so gradual, so natural, so irresistible have been the complex and multitudinous causes which have lifted Christian thought to a higher and diviner plane that it is only by examining ancient landmarks that we can fully appreciate the progress which has been made. Perhaps nothing will better illustrate this fact than poetry and hymnology of the past, and no spot affords a more striking illustration of this evolution of Christian thought than New England. The hymns which were sung with great fervor and feeling two hundred years ago, and the poetry which found greatest favor with the stern, Puritanical spirit of that age, thrills the average Christian of to-day with horror; and it is difficult for him to believe that any considerable number of persons ever believed that at the helm of the universe stood a Being so relentlessly despotic, so cruelly savage as the God our fathers most devoutly worshipped and in whom they had most implicit faith. Poems exceedingly popular among ultra-religionists two centuries ago, would be branded impious and sacrilegious by almost all Christians to-day, as will be readily seen when we examine some specimens of the poetry and sacred songs which were not only current but exceedingly popular.

One of the most famous clergymen who flourished in Massachusetts in the latter half of the seventeenth century was Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, a graduate of Harvard University and the author of numerous widely read theological works in prose and poetry. His most celebrated poetical work was entitled "The Day of Doom," "a poem of the last judgment." The first edition of this work consisted of eighteen hundred copies, which was exhausted within a year of its publication; something very remarkable when it is remembered that books were rare in those days, and New England was sparsely settled. The first edition,

however, was only sufficient to whet the appetites of our colonial fathers. The work reflected perfectly the conception which a very large number of devout people entertained of God; hence edition after edition was quickly sold. Not less than nine editions of this work were sold in New England in early times. It was also twice republished in England. From a commercial point of view it was the most remarkable success in the history of colonial literature, as it is stated that, next to the Bible and the almanac, more copies of "The Day of Doom" were sold than of any other work in colonial times. This success must have rested chiefly on the popularity of the thought contained, as, aside from weird poetic flashes now and then present, the literary quality of the work is far below mediocrity. The book was bound in sheep exactly like the binding employed for Bibles and hymn-books of the period. Each page bore marginal notes, giving the passages of Scripture which suggested the scene described. With these facts in mind, let us examine some verses from the poem. In the opening lines Mr. Wigglesworth describes the Judgment Day:—

Before his throne a trump is blown,
Proclaiming the day of doom:
Forthwith he cries, "Ye dead arise,
And unto the judgment come."
No sooner said, but 'tis obeyed;
Sepulchres opened are:
Dead bodies all rise at his call,
And's mighty power declare.

The saved are then judged, or rather their salvation is thus described:—

My sheep draw near, your sentence hear, which is to you no dread,
Who clearly now discern, and know your sins are pardonéd.
'Twas meet that ye should judgéd be, that so the world may spy
No cause of grudge, when as I judge and deal impartially.
Know therefore all, both great and small, the ground and reason why
These men do stand at my right hand, and look so cheerfully.
These men be those my Father chose before the world's foundation,
And to me gave, that I should save from death and condemnation.

The elect having thus been disposed of, Jesus turns to those who were not of the company chosen for Him by God before "the world's foundation." After dealing with various classes of sinners in a manner which might well excite the envy of an Oriental despot whose heart had long been steeled

against all the divine emotions, Christ proceeds to judge those whose lives had been pure, holy, honest and upright, but whose greatness of soul had rendered it impossible for them to grovel before a God represented by His most zealous followers as infinitely more brutal and cruel than the worst man born of woman. The scene described is characteristic of the thought of the age, and when reading it one ceases to wonder that witches were hung in Salem, or that Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Colony; for a firm belief in such a God would naturally inspire persecution. This is the picture as seen through the poetical spectacles of the reverend gentleman:—

Then were brought nigh a company of civil, honest men
That loved true dealing, and hated stealing, ne'er wrong'd their
brethren;
Who pleaded thus, "Thou knowest us that we were blameless livers;
No whoremongers, no murderers, no quarrellers nor strivers."

Jesus admits that they have been all they claim, but proceeds:—

And yet that part, whose great desert you think to reach so far
For your excuse, doth you accuse, and will your boasting mar.
However fair, however square your way and work hath been,
Before men's eyes, yet God espies iniquity therein.
You much mistake, if for their sake you dream of acceptance:
Whereas the same deserveth shame and meriteth damnation.

This picture of infinite injustice, however, pales into insignificance before what follows. Dr. Wigglesworth had a case to make out; it was a bad case; it outraged every instinct of justice and love in the fibre of manhood, but he had the audacity bravely to face the issue; and though we cannot praise his logic, we are forced to admire his courage. This is the fate he describes awaiting millions of little buds of humanity who passed from life in infancy:—

Then to the bar, all they drew near who dy'd in infancy,
And never had or good or bad effected pers'nally.
But from the womb unto the tomb were straightway carried,
Or at the last e'er they transgress who thus began to plead:
If for our own transgression, or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand, just were the recompense;
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt, his fault is charg'd on us:
And that alone hath overthrown, and utterly undone us.
Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted.

How could we sin that had not been, or how is his sin our
Without consent, which to prevent, we never had a pow'r?
O great Creator, why was our nature depravéd and forlorn?
Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd whilst we were yet unborn?
Behold we see Adam set free, and sav'd from his trespass,
Whose sinful fall hath spilt us all, and brought us to this pass.
Canst thou deny us once to try, or grace to us to tender,
When he finds grace before thy face, that was the chief offender?

Jesus is then represented as replying in the following language:—

What you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,
You call amiss to call it his, both his and yours it was.
He was design'd of all mankind, to be a publick head,
A common root, whence all should shoot, and stood in all their stead.
He stood and fell, did ill or well, not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his fall, and trespass would disown.
If he had stood, then all his brood, had been establishéd
In God's true love never to move, nor once awry to tread:
Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd through Adam so much good,
As had been your for evermore, if he at first had stood?
Since then to share in his welfare, you could have been content,
You may with reason share in his treason, and in the punishment.
You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect,
Such you shall have; for I do save none but my own *elect*.
Yet to compare your sin with their who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.
A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow *the easiest room in hell*.
The glorious king thus answering, they cease, and plead no longer:
Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are the stronger.

Having disposed of the sheep and goats, the worthy divine next lingers on the field of victory and despair much as a bee lingers over the honey cup of a fragrant flower. While his observations were intended to illustrate the majesty and vengeance of offended Deity, they cannot be considered complimentary to either the head or heart of Jesus.

Now what remains, but that to pains and everlasting smart,
Christ should condemn the sons of men, which is their just desert;
Oh rueful plights of sinful wights! oh wretches all forlorn:
'T had happy been they ne'er had seen the sun, or not been born.
Yea, now it would be good they could themselves annihilate,
And cease to be, themselves to free from such a fearful state.
O happy dogs, and swine and frogs: yea, serpent's generation,
Who do not fear this doom to hear, and sentence of damnation!
Where tender love men's hearts did move unto a sympathy,
And bearing part of others' smart in their anxiety;
Now such compassion is out of fashion, and wholly laid aside:
No friends so near, but saints to hear their sentence can abide,

The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she shed a tear
 For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his doom doth hear.
 He that was erst a husband pierc'd with sense of wife's distress,
 Whose tender heart did bear a part of all her grievances,
 Shall mourn no more as heretofore because of her ill plight;
 Although he see her now to be a damn'd forsaken wight.
 The tender mother will own no other of all her numerous brood,
 But such as stand at Christ's right hand acquitted through his blood.
 The pious father had now much rather his graceless son should lie
 In hell with devils, for all his evils, burning eternally,
 Than God most high should injury, by sparing him sustain;
 And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice adjudging him to pain.
 Who having all both great and small, convinc'd and silenc'd,
 Did then proceed their doom to read, and thus it utter'd.
 Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprites, that work iniquity,
 Depart together from me forever to endless misery;
 Your portion take in yonder lake, where fire and brimstone flameth:
 Suffer the smart, which your desert as its due wages claimeth.
 What? to be sent to punishment, and flames of burning fire,
 To be surrounded, and eke confounded with God's revengeful ire!
 What? to abide, not for a tide these torments, but forever:
 To be released, or to be eased, not after years, but never.
 Oh fearful doom! now there's no room for hope or help at all:
 Sentence is past which aye shall last, Christ will not it recall.
 There might you hear them rend and tear the air with their outcries:
 The hideous noise of their sad voice ascendeth to the skies.
 They wring their hands, their caitiff hands, and gnash their teeth for
 terror;
 They cry, they roar for anguish sore, and gnaw their tongues for
 horror.
 But get away without delay, Christ pities not your cry:
 Depart to hell, there may you yell, and roar eternally.
 Dy fain they would, if dy they could, but death will not be had.
 God's direful wrath their bodies hath for ev'r immortal made.
 But who can tell the plagues of hell,
 The lightest pain they there sustain more than intolerable.
 But God's great pow'r from hour to hour upholds them in the fire,
 That they shall not consume a jot, nor by its force expire.

Can the imagination of enlightened man in this day conceive anything more ferociously barbarous and inhuman or unjust than this picture of the judgment and yet the phenomenal success of this poem is a most eloquent commentary on the attitude of religious thought in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, and enables us better to understand a public sentiment which tolerated the Blue Laws or permitted cruel religious persecution. The hymns of this age were also in perfect touch with this frightful system of thought; and though the progress of eliminating those

which voiced the most savage and brutal conception has been steadily carried on as humanity grew in intelligence and enlightenment, and as the diviner instinct became more potent, it has not been long since hymns which any wise and loving Deity might reasonably regard as blasphemous were sung with great zeal by those who believed they were the very elect of heaven. I have in my possession two volumes of Dr. Watts' hymns, edited by Rev. Samuel Worcester, D.D., and Samuel M. Worcester, A.M. — one published in 1850, the other in 1853 by Crocker and Brewster of Boston, which well illustrate the tenacity with which the savage conception of God held its place in the Church. In these volumes we find hymns breathing forth hate in every line; hymns in which the singers are represented as craven, insane and terrified culprits, striving to appease a relentlessly cruel God, uttering fulsome flattery in one breath and dilating on His infinite vengeance in the next. To the thoughtful reader at the present time, these hymns seem more like the incoherent ravings of madmen than the utterances of sane reasoning beings. Indeed, it is a marvel to me that all who possessed loving hearts and active brains, and who believed in this nightmare of eternal despair, did not become madmen. Take, for example, the following:—

My thoughts on awful subjects roll, —
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains:
 Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry;
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Here is another companion hymn: —

With holy fear, and humble song,
The *dreadful God* our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of His power.
Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair, —
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals, —
And darts, t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damnéd souls.
There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.

Their guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod:
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

Below, the pious author of a once popular hymn, found in the collection before referred to, gives us a graphic pen picture of God as seen by his mental vision: —

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
And, from his awful tongue,
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder rolls along.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incenséd God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm, —
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

Original sin and the degradation of manhood, the direct opposite of the incoming religious thought of to-day, were favorite themes with the hymnologist of other days. Let us imagine our great congregations of to-day singing the following:—

Backward, with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed, and broke,
In our first father's fall!

To all that's good averse, and blind,
And prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

Conceived in sin, O wretched state,
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns!
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

Wild and unwholesome, as the root,
Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit,
From such a deadly tree?

What mortal power, from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream,
From an infected spring?

These examples of the poetry which enjoyed wonderful popularity, and voiced the austere religious thought of colonial days, may help us to appreciate the ocean-wide expanse between the dominant religious thought at the time when Cotton Mather delivered his eulogy over the body of Rev. Michael Wigglesworth and the present, when the pastor of the most famous Congregational church in America declares in favor of evolution, and a learned professor in one of the greatest Presbyterian theological colleges publicly affirms that men can no longer shut their eyes to the fact that "the Bible contains errors which no man has been able to explain away" * and also that there are three sources

* Inaugural address by C. A. Briggs, on authority of the Holy Scriptures. Charles Scribners' Sons.

or fountains of divine authority, "The Bible, the Church, and Reason." So gradually, however, has this wonderful evolution taken place, and so multitudinous have been the educational agencies which have steadily lifted man into a higher sphere of thought, that it is only when we examine the history and literature of a vanished age that we are able to appreciate the progress which has been accomplished, or properly appreciate the spirit of the past. *Religion is evolving as is humanity. What was orthodoxy yesterday is blasphemy to-day. What is heterodoxy to-day is orthodoxy to-morrow.* The history of religious evolution is a tedious and often disheartening narrative, and so also is the story of life's evolution and the rise of man from the savagery of Central Africa to the development of a Hugo; but the story in each instance is inspiring, for the *trend is upward*. The star goes before. The road ever leads to higher altitude. Jesus came, a luminous life, radiant with love, rich in divine pity, and strong in moral grandeur; but His simple teaching soon became mazed in Grecian philosophical and metaphorical thought and colored with the many-hued opinions of the Roman world. Doubtless this was owing to the fact that humanity was not yet ready for the divinely simple code of ethics which Jesus lived as well as taught. The idea of human brotherhood, which was a central principle in His teachings, and which was nowhere better exemplified than in His life, has had small influence over the world, but to-day it is taking hold of the hearts of the thinking millions as never before. Literature is rife with the thought. It may be said to be the dream of the millions; and the very presence of this dream as much as aught else affords a reason for the unrest and discontent of the age, which chafes under galling bonds, the injustice and inhumanity of which were not appreciated *until this divine ideal came into the lives of the people*. Some good people to-day yearn for the religious atmosphere of colonial days, seeing in them only the enchantment and glamour which distance not infrequently lends to scenes rugged, harsh and revolting, and not reflecting that religious thought of the kind and character which inspired our fathers, naturally gave birth to narrowness, bigotry, intolerance and persecution. Indeed, to-day among those who are now giving their attention to the outside of the "cup and platter," and who seek to restore the

ancient Sabbath, we see *the same spirit of persecution and determination to force every one to bow to their conception of what is right* which enthralled human thought, crushed human rights, destroyed human happiness, and checked the march of progress and intellectual development for generations. It may have been necessary for humanity to pass through this dark stage in her development; but to attempt to resurrect the past and mingle its spirit with the present, would be to chain a corpse to the living, to make turbid the clear flowing stream of pure religion by injecting into its limpid waves the blood-dyed current of a savage and undeveloped past. The new conception of religion is grandly noble. It holds as a cardinal truth the doctrine of human brotherhood. It squares all things by absolute justice. There is no old-time terror in its glance as it peers into the future, and even if at times it doubts, *it does not dread*; it is established in the conviction that the trend of life is upward. If God is love, and if God is spirit, He will draw all souls by the magnetic attraction of love unto His own pure heights, as the sun calls from the ground the budding plant and by its wonderfully subtle power calls from it stores of wealth in bloom and fruit. It recognizes every law based on absolute and unswerving justice, and expects no miraculous interposing to save any man from the result of sin, crime, or vice, which it holds to be as inevitable as the law which holds in place the planetary system; but it eliminates all Oriental ideas of a vengeful despot controlling a world of eternal torment awaiting any soul who may have in his being the germ of immortal life. The new idea is leavening society; but to-day, as in the days of Jesus, it is most potent *outside the temples of conservatism*. It appeals to the common people and to the intellectually emancipated with irresistible force; while those who are enslaved within the walls of form, rite and conventionalism, and they who to-day correspond to the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time vainly attempt to stay its onward sweep. The forces which are working for the new ideals in religion are as numerous as they are resistless. They will triumph in the coming day, and in their triumph we shall see a higher and truer civilization than has yet visited the world — a civilization in which ethics will be married to intelligence, and LOVE instead of *craft* will pulse through the soul of enlightened man.

Some Social Ideals Held by Victor Hugo.

FOR many generations to come the writings of Victor Hugo will inspire man in his struggle for a larger and truer life, because they are vivified by conscience. They are more than the works of an intellectual genius; the quality of human sympathy is everywhere present, while not infrequently the prophet or seer presents fundamental facts in which the lessons of history and the wisdom which alone can exalt humanity are condensed into a few electric sentences which thrill the heart and burn great truths into the reader's brain.

All subjects affecting the happiness of man or the elevation of the race were as personal to Hugo as though they vitally concerned his dearest friend. Thus when the news reached Europe, that sentence of death had been passed on John Brown, the poet was affected as though his own son had been condemned. He immediately wrote an appeal for the prisoner's pardon, as eloquent and prophetic as it was earnest and impressive. In it he uttered these words, which are thoroughly characteristic of the man and his work: "Has a cry of pity time to make itself heard? It matters not, our duty is to raise our voice."

On May 13, 1839, while witnessing "*La Esmeralda*" in a Parisian theatre, word was brought to Hugo that Barbes had been condemned to death for the part he had taken in an insurrection. Hurriedly entering the green room, the poet wrote a few lines to Louis Philippe, making a touching allusion to the death of the little Princess Mary and the recent birth of the Comte de Paris. This appeal for the pardon of a fellow-man was as follows:—

Oh, by the child that is gone, fled away like a dove,
Oh, by the prince that is born, and claims your sweet love,
The tomb and the cradle their messages send,
Be gracious! show mercy! and pardon extend.

The message moved the king to tears, and the petition was granted.

These illustrations reveal the breadth or universality of the poet's sympathy. Humanity in misery or sorrow ever moved him with that divine mother-love impulse which is the keynote



Victor Hugo

in the anthem of humanity's redemption. "Les Misérables" is more than one of the noblest works of fiction which the world possesses, it is a remarkable social study, a prayer for a higher ideal of justice, a heart-cry for a more humane public spirit, a noble picture of the divine in man and of the possible evolution of the child of an adverse fate from an embittered Ishmaelite to the personification of a noble manhood, made luminous by loving self-sacrifice. But Victor Hugo went much farther than merely stating unjust conditions and portraying the actual working of unjust laws. He had an intellectual breadth rare among prophets and reformers, which enabled him fully to appreciate the importance of employing multitudinous agencies in order to correct the monstrous social evils which exile joy and crush out hope.

He was not, however, blind to the fact that there are certain broad lines upon which civilization must move if justice, happiness and progress are to wait upon her footsteps. He knew that tyranny might reside elsewhere than in royal palaces, and that despotism was as fatal to happiness and development if it manifested itself through a narrow, intolerant popular spirit as if it emanated from a throne. He realized that the brain of man must not be fettered by the slavery of a mediocrity which still worshipped in the graveyard of the past, with its face turned away from the dawn. In a word, he saw with prophet vision that *freedom* must always be the handmaid of *justice*; that *liberty* cannot be exiled from the side of *progress* if the happiness and the moral and intellectual development of men are to mark the new time which his keen perception clearly discerned, and for the early advent of which he labored with unflagging energy. This truth is of paramount importance at the present time, for civilization is facing a social revolution which will mark a new era for man, provided thoughtful and sincere reformers, who love justice more than they value their lives, are wise enough to see that no threads of a possible despotism enter the fabric of the new social order. This danger was perfectly apparent to Victor Hugo, and he frequently pointed out the all-important truth that lasting progress without freedom is an utter impossibility:—

He who is not free is not a man. He who is not free has no sight, no knowledge, no discernment. Freedom is the apple of the eye, the visual organ of progress, and to attempt, because freedom has inconveniences and even perils, to produce civilization without it, would be like attempting to cultivate the ground without the sun.

In the presence of the grave social wrongs which oppress the people on every hand, there is danger that shallow expediency may at times come between the public and the ideal of progress which is waited upon by freedom no less than justice; and this can be averted only by holding firmly to those things which are

so fundamentally right that they compass the full requirements of justice without destroying the free development of the individual. Victor Hugo, though one of the most ardent and radical social reformers of his day, uttered a solemn note of warning along this line thirty years ago. He pointed out the danger lurking in the theories of a school of socialistic thinkers who went to the barrack for a pattern of government, instead of recognizing the root source of social misery and removing it by the establishment of just conditions, while guarding liberty and fostering individual development. On this point, which impresses me as being of transcendent importance, he made the following thoughtful observations, thus setting forth his conception of true socialism and avowing himself to be a socialist*:—

What an aim—to construct the people! Principles combined with science, all possible quantity of the absolute introduced by degrees into the fact, Utopia treated successively by every mode of realization—by political economy, by philosophy, by physics, by chemistry, by dynamics, by logic, by art; union gradually replacing antagonism, and unity replacing union; for religion, God, for priest, the father, for prayer, virtue, for field, the whole earth, for language, the word, for law, the right, for motive-power, duty, for hygiene, labor, for economy, universal peace, for canvas, the very life, for the goal, progress, for authority, freedom, for people the man. Such is the simplification. And at the summit the ideal. The ideal!—stable type of ever-moving progress.

The transformation of the crowd into the people—profound task! It is to this labor that the men called socialists have devoted themselves during the last forty years. The author of this book, however insignificant he may be, is one of the oldest in this labor. "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" dates from 1828, and "Claude Geux" from 1834. If he claims his place among these philosophers it is because it is a place of persecution. A certain hatred of socialism, very blind but very general, has raged for fifteen or sixteen years, and is still raging most bitterly among the influential classes. Let it not be forgotten that true socialism has for its end the elevation of the masses to the civic dignity, and that, therefore, its principal care is for moral and intellectual cultivation. The first hunger is ignorance; socialism wishes, then, above all, to instruct. That does not hinder socialism from being calumniated and socialists from being denounced. To most of the infuriated tremblers who have the public ear at the present moment, these reformers are public enemies; they are guilty of everything that has gone wrong.

* * * * *

Certain social theories, very distinct from socialism as we understand it and desire it, have gone astray. Let us discard all that resembles the convent, the barrack, the cell and the straight line. *To give a new shape to the evil is not a useful task. To remodel the old slavery would be stupid.* Let the nations of Europe beware of a despotism made anew from materials which to some extent they have themselves supplied. Such a thing, cemented with a special philosophy, might easily endure. We have mentioned the theorists—some of them otherwise upright and sincere—who, through fear of a dispersion of activities and energies,

* These quotations are taken from different parts of Victor Hugo's wonderful work "William Shakespeare," an excellent translation of which has been made by Prof. M. B. Anderson and published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

and of what they call "anarchy," have arrived at an almost Chinese acceptance of absolute social centralization. They turn their resignation into a doctrine. Provided man eats and drinks, all is right. The happiness of the beast is the solution. But this is a happiness which others might call by a different name.

We dream for nations something besides a felicity made up solely of obedience. The bastinado sums up that sort of felicity for the Turkish fellah, the knout for the Russian serf, and the cat-o'-nine-tails for the English soldier. *Let these involuntary philosophers of a possible despotism reflect that to indoctrinate the masses against freedom, to allow appetite and fatalism to get a hold upon the minds of men, to saturate them with materialism and expose them to the results*—this would be to understand progress in the fashion of that worthy man who applauded a new gibbet and exclaimed, "Excellent! We have had till now only an old wooden gallows; but times have changed for the better, and here we are with a good stone gibbet, which will do for our children and our grandchildren!"

The issue involved is so momentous that the profound truths uttered in this warning should receive that calm, thoughtful consideration which characterizes true statesmanship and marks the prophet who is also a philosopher.

While pleading eloquently for breadth and a due appreciation of liberty when reformers sought to bring about a wider measure of justice, Victor Hugo recognized the necessity for a union of those who loved humanity, truth and progress, against enthroned and soulless conservatism. "At the point now reached by the social question," he exclaims, "*all action should be in common*. Isolated forces frustrate one another. The hour has struck for hoisting the 'All for all.' " Another thought impressively presented by our author was the sacred trust imposed by duty upon high-thinking men and women. There are those in life to-day who much resemble the hyena, the tiger, the fox, the vulture and the cormorant. There are others who are drones in the hive of life. Perhaps we cannot reach these persons by appeals to conscience any more than we can the spaniels who fawn at the feet of avarice, but men and women of conscience will find themselves thrilled by these noble words:—

To live is to have *justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded to the heart*. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. *Life is conscience*. . . .

There is something beyond satisfying one's appetite. The goal of man is not the goal of the animal. A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass, certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. Man, at this day, tends to fall into the stomach; man must be replaced in the heart, man must be replaced in the brain. The brain—this is the bold sovereign that must be restored! The social question requires to-day, more than ever, to be examined on the side of human dignity. . . .

Thought is power. All power is duty. Should this power enter into repose in our age? Should duty shut its eyes? And is the moment

come for art to disarm? Less than ever. . . . The human caravan has reached a high plateau; and, the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon, an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony—that is yet far off. . . .

Great is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome he remains serene, and his misfortune is happiness. No, it is not a bad thing for the poet to be brought face to face with duty. Duty has a stern likeness to the ideal. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking; truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue and conscience—these are not things to disdain. Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man are but two sides of the same faculty; those who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave—what a magnificent endeavor! Now the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, and all the other is slave. A grim settlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view.

Consecration of self to the cause of human brotherhood—that is the august duty which confronts the awakened conscience. The poet points out the supreme need, and then places the responsibility on the individual. This is not pleasant to the self-loving nature. It is easy to place the blame elsewhere, but until each individual has made the great renunciation, until each has striven to the uttermost, by working, by talking, by voting, by writing, and in every way possible, to overthrow present unjust conditions and usher in a new day of peace and concord, of hope, of justice and freedom, a weight of guilt rests on the soul. Duty calls to the conscience. It is the old cry, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

Nor is it a time when the responsibility can be shifted. If a thief is robbing your neighbor, you have no right to close your eyes and remain silent; if a murderer is approaching the bed of a brother man, your conscience is not quit of guilt if you hold your peace; if a virgin is being polluted and there is a possibility that you can save her from contamination, great is your guilt if you refrain. Now those hideous wrongs are daily taking place through the operation of infamously unjust social and economic conditions which can be abolished. And what is more, the victims, instead of being three, constitute a mighty commonwealth, made up largely of the world's wealth producers. He who closes his eyes at a tragic moment like the present, when unjust conditions are driving strong men to suicide, making paupers of thousands, and placing before struggling maidenhood the dread alternative of starvation or prostitution, may well expect to find blood on his soul when he passes into the to-morrow of life.

To those who prefer to live rather than to exist, to those who love, dream and aspire, to those who are haunted with an ideal, Victor Hugo delivered a message couched in these burning words,

which comprehend a great renunciation — the dedication of oneself to the service of humanity: —

Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just. . . . The function of thinkers in our day is complex. It is no longer sufficient to think — one must love. It is no longer sufficient to think and to love — one must act. To think, to love and to act is no longer sufficient — one must suffer. . . . The future presses. To-morrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a moment to lose. Quick! quick! let us hasten. The wretched hunger, they thirst, they suffer. Alas! terrible emaciation of the poor human body. There is too much privation, too much poverty, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many houses of shame, too many convict prisons, too many tatters, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools; too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace, and in that is the worst misery; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Civilization must march forward; let us test theories, systems, ameliorations, inventions, reforms.

But before all, above all, let us be lavish of the light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects; let us supply souls with air. Let the human race breathe. Shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quit of obligation. To perform is to promise. To-day's dawn pledges the sun for to-morrow.

Fostering the Savage in the Young.

SINCE the close of the Civil War, the most advanced and humane minds of the world have looked to the United States to set an example of true civilization, by insisting on the settlement of all international disputes in which the republic was concerned by arbitration, thus emphasizing the supremacy of something higher than the reign of brute force, which disregards the sanctity of human life and fires the most savage instincts in man.

There were many reasons why it was fitting that the great Republic should enjoy the proud distinction of taking the initiative in the inauguration of an era of universal peace. We had nothing to fear from Europe, as the great powers are, tiger-like, watching one another. England knows full well that if she should declare war against America, she might expect Russia to execute her generation-long dream of Indian conquest. If Germany felt able to engage us, France would be quick to recover Alsace and Lorraine, and, indeed, no nation which could cope with us would be insane enough to think of engaging in a war with the far-away republic, unless our nation occupied such a manifestly unjust or indefensible attitude as to bar us from the moral support of civilization.

In such cases as the Alabama Claims and the Behring Sea question, our government showed the more excellent way, and demonstrated that war is not only unnecessary but that at this stage of civilization it is indefensible. And these great peace victories, which pointed to the realization of a new civilization, were in perfect alignment with the ideals held by the founders of our government.

After our late war, however, our country passed into a stage of existence as dazzling to the superficial observer as it was ominous to the serious mind—a period characterized by the carrying out of vast enterprises, in which, too frequently, the government furnished a large part of the wealth required, while she permitted monopolies to reap the benefits. An era of class legislation was succeeded by an era of speculation or gambling. Special privileges, class laws and speculation gave to a few cunning, and often totally unscrupulous men, millions of unearned wealth, and the government entered on a moral decline as humiliating to the

patriot as it is melancholy to those who desire to see manhood dignified and emancipated and justice enthroned in the affections of the people.

The student of history will note with sadness that, as venality began to creep into the halls of state, and as seats which had been honored by uncorrupted patriotism and far-seeing statesmanship were purchased by gold or won by intriguing tricksters, and especially as Wall Street and the monopolistic power came to sway more and more influence in shaping legislation and dictating nominations, we began to imitate the despotisms of Europe, not only in building arsenals and armories but by assiduously fostering the war spirit in our young people.

This period has been marked also by a rapid decline in the sturdy, self-reliant national spirit which in former days made the republic the wonder and admiration of the world. The old cry, "Let us show the nations of the earth a more excellent way," has been exchanged for the pitiful whine of imbecility, and of late whenever a promising innovation has been proposed the cry has gone forth, "What other nation has tried such an experiment?" or "Has England, Austria, Germany or France made any similar trial?" From a republic proud of being a leader in the van of civilization, we have turned imitator. Our nation, by yielding to the corrupt influence of individual, class and corporate interests, has become emasculated, a condition which has grown more and more apparent with each succeeding year.

As the decline in the republic of Rome was marked by the rise of the military power, so there has developed a passion for re-awakening the savage in man and child by fostering and inculcating the war spirit, as true democracy has more and more given place to plutocracy. That there is method in these things there can be little doubt, although it is probable that few people have stopped to consider the real significance of the rapid growth of armories in our midst. It is not my purpose, however, in this paper to deal with this phase of the question. I desire rather to utter a protest against the iniquitous military drill now being carried on in many of our churches and schools throughout the United States.

In order to impress this phase of the question on the minds of our readers, I shall notice one of many similar descriptions of military organizations, under the auspices of the church, which have recently been given in fulsome terms by leading daily papers. The one I am about to notice contains such headings as the following; "Properly Uniformed and Armed; Both Infantry and Artillery Manœuvres; Drills and Public Exhibitions Given." Then follows an article which bestows unstinted praise on a rich New York church for fostering the war spirit in the

minds of a number of working boys and seeing that they were supplied with deadly muskets — muskets which had already been used for slaughtering human beings.

It is needless to point out that in this matter the millionaire churches exert an influence over the young very similar to that exercised by the barons over their retainers in the feudal ages. The article to which I refer* describes the formation of a corps of cadets among the working boys of the west side district of New York as a noble and philanthropic move. The cadets are under the protection and support of the Collegiate Reformed Church at Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, one of the wealthiest churches of New York City. This corps of cadets was started by a member of the Fifth Avenue Church of New York City, who was also a captain in one of the city regiments. The following extracts from the article in question illustrate most impressively how this iniquitous work awakens the war spirit and fosters the savage dream of slaughter in the minds of the young. The writer says:—

After looking about very thoroughly for proper arms for the corps, and listening to the boys' strong objections to "make believe" wooden guns, very suitable weapons were obtained. They are Burnside carbines bought from the United States Arsenal at Governor's Island, by special permission from the secretary of war. No small degree of arm for the boys is added by the fact that the very guns they handle were once used in real fighting. They weigh about six pounds and are, therefore, not too heavy for even the smallest soldiers — for the cadets range from 4 feet 2 inches in height to 5 feet 7 inches.

All of the other boys of the club not enrolled in the corps are drilled without uniforms, so that as soon as a vacancy occurs a well-trained boy can be put in it.

He continues thus:—

The company is put through all the military evolutions, in accordance with the regular army tactics; is taught to march and countermarch, to execute many different formations, and to do the whole manual of arms and the bayonet exercise. This last is a particularly pretty drill, not much in use now, but calculated to give the soldier a free use of his weapon and an easy, strong wrist. In a recent entertainment and exhibition given by the corps at the parent church on Fifth Avenue, this part of their work elicited a great deal of applause.

In addition to the infantry exercises an artillery drill has been established, and a "dummy" or wooden cannon having been built in exact reproduction of a genuine field piece, a squad of nine picked boys from the company have been taught to handle it. They go through the full drill, loading and firing, going into action in every direction, changing the wheels and dismounting the piece by taking the cannon from its carriage and the wheels from the axle, so that it is entirely dismembered, and setting it up again, all with precision, and each cannonier doing his part of the work exactly as regular soldiers are taught to do it. Ambulance and signal corps have also been organized, and during the mock action the former carries off the wounded while the latter signals for assistance.

* New York Recorder.

Here is a further extract taken from the account of a drill given in the rich Fifth Avenue church to raise funds to improve the equipment of this corps of boys, whose minds are being turned by the church from the beauty and happiness of peace and civilization to the dream of human slaughter:—

One little boy, the smallest of the lot, and not over four feet two inches tall, went through all the elaborate movements of infantry drill, bayonet exercise and artillery drill without an error, and was the avowed favorite of the ladies. Round after round of applause was showered upon the corps on this occasion, and greatly appreciated by the little soldiers. At this drill, a sham battle was given, the artillery firing on an imaginary army until the enemy was supposed to bring up its cavalry to capture the gun. Then the artillerymen signalled to the infantry to come to their support. The cannoniers dismounted their piece, and all lay down until the supposed enemy was driven off by the infantry fire, then mounted their piece again to give them a few farewell shots. During this action the instructor called out the numbers of the boys at intervals, and as each was designated he fell over as though shot, and was carried off by the ambulance corps, while the remaining boys manned the cannon. This feature proved especially interesting to the spectators.

Many pages might be filled with accounts of similar work being carried on by the rich and fashionable churches of the Prince of Peace in the republic, but this illustration will suffice, as it is typical.

In a recent issue of the *Corner Stone*, edited by one of the most intelligent, patriotic and conscientious women of Michigan, I find the following:—

Detroit has twenty-seven church military organizations, containing 651 men and forty-three officers. The largest is the Baptist cadets, with sixty-six men and three officers. Then comes the Maybury cadets, an Episcopal organization, with sixty men, the First Congregational cadets with fifty-three, the first and last being armed with rifles. The Episcopalians have six companies, the Catholics eight, the Presbyterians seven, Baptists three, Congregationalists two and Lutherans one. Thirteen of the companies are armed with rifles and one with swords. These, it must be remembered, are all church military companies, and have no connection with the civil societies of the state militia.

II.

Probably nothing so well indicates the substitution of a hollow and, in the strictest sense of the word, a materialistic theology for a religion of life—a loving faith expressed in deeds—as the diligent and systematic fostering by church and state of the war spirit—which is the murder spirit—in the rising generation. The position of the church on this question is at once astounding and incomprehensible, if we admit that the spirit of her Founder still vivifies her being; for even the most superficial thinker knows that the drilling of youth in the manual of arms must necessarily fill the brain with ideals which are the exact anti-

podes of the teaching of the Prince of Peace. The ultimate which a course of practice leads to, or the ideal which it inspires, gives color to the thought world of those who come under its influence, and this is especially true when the plastic brain of childhood is dominated by an alluring ideal.

Comparatively few people are aware of the military activity within the city churches of America to-day. It is true that the daily papers of our great cities have published of late so many elaborate and laudatory accounts of church-fostered military companies, that those who read more than the news items must be more or less familiar with what is going on in this direction; but the millions in the country and towns are ignorant of the magnitude of this movement, and the weary workers who, in the nature of the case, cannot take time to reason from cause to effect, are content to accept as gospel whatever the capitalistic and conventional press applauds, without appreciating the real significance of many ominous acts which are taking place to-day.

The religious leaders who introduced military instruction and drill in the churches and those who later favored it, whatever may have been their motives, committed an error so grave, that it even now threatens to turn civilization back toward savagery and destroy the opening blossom of universal peace through arbitration. I do not wish to impugn the motives of those who advocated the formation of military companies in the churches. I believe that for the most part they only sought a way of drawing the young into the church by means which would naturally be attractive. The error they committed lay in *departing from the fundamental teachings of their own accredited Leader, whom they believe to be a God, and who, in life, spirit and word, emphasized in the most solemn and impressive manner the importance of driving from the brain every dream of war, every ideal that looked toward physical violence, every thought which comprehended the taking of human life.* The profound insight of Jesus, which led Him to transfer the seat of actual criminality from the commission of the crime to the entertainment of the thought which fathered its execution, has been generally overlooked by modern theologians.

The question will naturally arise as to how it was possible that servants of the Prince of Peace could so far forget the life and teaching of their Leader as to foster or favor the formation of military organizations? I think the mistake was due mainly to (1) a shortsightedness which overlooked the influence of the ultimate ideal upon the plastic brain of childhood, and (2) to an unconscious yielding to the savage spirit of our gold-crazed age, which prevented their coming into rapport with the deepest and most philosophic truths uttered by the great Nazarene.

One evil effect of this mistake was soon manifest. The old fires of religious hate, which have so darkly stained the history of Christianity, were at once awakened. There is nothing which should be more carefully guarded against than stimulating religious hatred. Theological fanaticism knows no reason. The finest sentiments of mercy, justice and gentleness are by it trampled under foot. There always has existed within the fellowship of the various Protestant churches, no less than within the communion of Rome, a more or less formidable minority whose views are so narrow that they cannot or will not admit the probability, even if they grant the possibility, of those who differ from them being right, and who in their hearts believe that all who do not see religious truth through their spectacles will necessarily be damned. They ignore the admonitions of Jesus, in which He observed that he who was not against Him was for Him, and leave out of consideration the fact that had they been born into Mohammedan lands they would have been in all probability as intolerant in their demand that all others should believe in the tenets of the Mohammedan religion as they are that all shall see as they now see. They furthermore forget, or are incapable of realizing, that hearts and brains are not all cast in the same mould, and though the fundamentals of love, justice, truth and right as they pertain to life are ever the same, belief in certain tenets is largely, if not almost entirely, a question of heredity and environment.

These narrow-minded persons are often conscientious and sincere, but they are also always possible persecutors, and their influence is necessarily unchristian, because it invariably stirs up hate and savagery in the hearts of others. The formation of military companies in churches at once afforded an excuse for these classes to come to the front and influence the minds of those more swayed by prejudice than by justice and right. Owing to the long and savage conflict between Protestantism and Catholicism it is no difficult task to alarm a goodly number of partizan religionists of the great opposing bodies, and a determined attempt is being fostered by the fanatics to arraign these two forces against each other. I have for months been saddened by seeing organs of hate seeking to arouse the fiercest passions in the minds of their readers, in the name of religion and presumably for the glory of the Prince of Peace.

I most profoundly believe that if Jesus came to the republic to-day His first command would be "Ground arms"; for the present arming and drilling of His pretended followers is a flagrant insult to His life and teachings. He was emphatically a Man of Peace and even opposed retaliation. Love was His talisman. He taught that hate and the murderous spirit of war were from the pit. They represented the savagery of the brute.

His disciples must be children of peace if they would please the Infinite Father whose name was Love and who dwelt in Light. "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." The sign manual of Divine sonship was peace making, exactly as fostering the spirit of slaughter is the unmistakable sign of the atheism of greed, the materialism of animality. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies." "Put up thy sword; whoso taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."

The example of Jesus' life, no less than His solemn precepts, was an unfailing protest against war, hate, savagery and whatever could arouse or strengthen the animal side of man's nature. Instead of military drill, Jesus would burn into the souls of the youth this thought expressed by Isaiah, "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.*" The highest ideal and dreams of prophet, sage and philosopher in all ages are summed up in the lofty words of the olden seer: "*Men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.*"

III.

The work of fostering the savage spirit in the minds of the very young has not been confined to the church; indeed we might say that the church, instead of holding steadfastly to the high ideal of Jesus, allowed herself to hearken to the words of short-sighted thinkers and drift with the current of a settled policy, which has of late become more and more apparent with each successive administration. The introduction of military training into the common schools of America marked the triumph of the military spirit of despotic Europe over the long-cherished traditions of the republic. Not satisfied with teaching the manual of arms in colleges, which should be dedicated to peace and true civilization, the high schools have come under the curse of this blunting, soul-shrivelling influence of war, and so cunningly has this spirit of savagery been fostered that the lower schools are now threatened with its infection. We are told that the administration looks with favor on enlarging the scope of military instruction; and ex-President Harrison, not to be outdone, allows the admonitions of his acknowledged Lord and Master to be forgotten in his desire to win the favor of capitalism and the Grand Army, by exclaiming, "It is good for the boys, good for the schools and good for the country."

On the 18th of May there passed under my office windows a

sight which saddened me for many days. It was the spectacle of more than twelve hundred lads, of from twelve to nineteen years of age, parading in full uniform, all bearing guns. They were headed by a band which discoursed popular military airs. The little street gamins looked enviously upon the boys clad in blue, with brass buttons, bearing standards and marching to military music. I do not see how any thoughtful person could have looked upon the spectacle without feeling that the hands on the dial of civilization were being put back. In describing the event the Boston *Daily Globe* said:—

The "Pride of Boston," its school regiment, composed of pupils of the high and Latin schools of the city, and numbering 1,330 lads ranging in age from thirteen to nineteen years, organized as thirty-two companies and forming four battalions, had its annual parade yesterday. For the past two weeks, or since the death of Brig.-Gen. Hobart Moore, under a new instructor the officers and men of the regiment have worked with an energy commendable in the highest degree.

In their neat blue uniforms, with bright eyes and smiling faces, the boys assembled at the school building, Montgomery Street and Warren Avenue, with soldierly promptness at 9 o'clock, ready for the duties of the day with the regiment. At 10.15 the column started upon its march to the common.

Great applause greeted the regiment as it turned into School Street and marched past city hall in column of platoons, giving a marching salute to Mayor Matthews, who stood at the gateway, attended by Private Secretary Nat Taylor, City Messenger Peters, several aldermen and heads of departments. A brief halt was made on Beacon Street before reaching the state house, which passing in column of companies, marching honors were given Governor Greenhalge, who, standing upon the steps of the capitol, received the compliment.

The commander-in-chief was attended by Adj.-Gen. Dalton and Colonels Benton, Kenney, Billings, Moses, Hastings and Page of his military family.

To the lover of peace, to the truly civilized man and woman, to the high-minded patriot, such spectacles are saddening beyond expression. They reveal the fact that, after our country had reached the point where she had by arbitration shown the other great powers of the world a nobler way of settling disputes than by awakening the instincts of the savage in man, and just at the proud moment when it seemed that the flower of enduring peace was about to blossom upon the breast of the great republic, we find the cry going forth, to transform her from the world's harbinger of peace into a military camp; and that this may be effectively done, we find that our boys in the common schools are being trained in the savage art of war.

Every careful student of human life knows that the ideals and thoughts which fill the horizon of childhood color all after life. If during the formative period the ideals which fill the child's mind be essentially noble and humane, if he be taught that his

mission is to help subdue the savage in man, to transform swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, or in other words, to become a saviour of life and a dispenser of happiness instead of a slayer of his brother and an angel of darkness, he will grow to manhood brave but gentle, manly but loving. He will love justice more than gold; he will see that the man who develops the highest side of his life is the child of wisdom, and that wherever he may go the flowers of joy will spring up, blossom and fling abroad their exhilarating perfume.

On the other hand the child who is drilled in the manual of arms has constantly before him the hour when he may draw the trigger which means death to a fellow-man; he comes to love the sound of the drum beat, and learns to long for a chance to shoulder the murderous gun. He turns to the lives of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon; dreams of fame through slaughter, of power through devastation and destruction, fill his mind, and by coming to believe it is legitimate to kill his fellow-men when ordered to by a superior officer, the highest and finest elements in his mind are benumbed. And I may say here, what I most profoundly believe, that there can never be an approach to civilization so long as the child mind receives military drill, for the associations, ideals and dreams which necessarily follow in the wake of warlike instruction are so at variance with the ideals which alone can redeem the world from hate, greed and injustice, that until children are taught to entertain a profound reverence for human life, human rights and for justice in its broadest sense, humanity will not know what true civilization is.

IV.

We are informed by the advocates of military drill that there is much to be said in its favor, aside from its possible benefit to the state in the event of war. *We are informed that it gives the boy much needed physical culture.* In reply I would say that, even if this claim were well founded, the possible benefit would be many times counterbalanced by the blunting of the moral sensibilities which attends training in the art of human slaughter, to say nothing of the evil effect in filling his mind with dreams of fame based on the exercise of the savage in his nature.

But let us further notice the claims put forth for military drill on the ground of its value in developing the physical body. On this point there is a diversity of opinions; indeed, it is doubtful, if the spirit of Cæsar were not so strong at the present time, whether thoughtful people would advance this as an argument, but let us notice its force. There is probably no man in the United States whose judgment in regard to physical culture will

be universally accepted as more authoritative than that of Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard University, and on this point Dr. Sargent observes : —

After the most favorable view possible of military drill as a physical exercise, we are led to conclude that its constrained positions and closely localized movements do not afford the essential requisites for developing the muscles and improving the respiration and circulation, and thereby improving the general health and condition of the system. We must further conclude that in case of any malformation, local weakness or constitutional debility, the drill tends, by its strain upon the nerves and prolonged tension on the muscles, to increase the defects rather than to relieve them. Finally, if the ultimate object of the drill was to prepare young men for the *life and duties of a soldier*, we should be forced to conclude that the drill itself would still be defective as a means of developing the chief requisites for men in that profession.

It will be observed that this craze for military drill, which is one of the legitimate fruits of the war spirit which is being fostered and which finds expression in the rapid multiplication of armories in our great centres of population, does not, according to Dr. Sargent, accomplish the physical culture which wholesome gymnastic exercise gives. Moreover he urges that soldiers to be efficient should receive the gymnastic training as well, and the correctness of this observation is emphasized when it is remembered that the great military powers of Europe give the recruits several months' gymnastic training before they are expected to fill the requirements of soldiers.

Mr. Leverett W. Case, master of the Dudley School of Roxbury, Boston, when interviewed a few months ago in regard to the advisability of introducing the military drill into the grammar schools, made the following observation : —

It is a bad thing for the boys. These public street parades are especially evil things. I have known three or four boys to faint away from the fatigue and excitement on such occasions. Then again, it teaches the boys to look forward to war, and to cherish a desire for fighting which is not desirable. It seems to me that after twenty centuries of religious enlightenment we ought to be able to live without fighting, and the maintenance of standing armies. I believe in fostering a love of nature and peaceful intercourse between one another among school children. Boys should be taught what will be useful to them, but they should not be taught that which would engender a desire for warfare. The Ling system of gymnastics which we now have in the grammar schools answers every purpose. It gives the school plenty of wholesome exercise and that is all they need.*

We are told that military drills give grace and suppleness to the boys. In noticing this point Dr. Sargent observes : —

In reference to the gracefulness that is thought to characterize the movements of young cadets, I can only say it is not the outcome of drilling and marching. The soldier is trained to square corners, straight

* Interview published in Boston Daily Journal, Jan. 24, 1894.

platoons, and angular movements. Curves and embellishments are not encouraged, in speech or in action. If you would account for the graceful pose of our National Cadets you must see them from one to two hours a day in charge of the dancing master.

It is further urged that if our boys are drilled in school they will be prepared for war. On this point, I desire to quote the words of Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Edmands of the Boston Cadets:—

“I only know that school drill injures the militia service; and I never saw a school successfully drilled—that is, where the play was worth the candle. It is impracticable to teach the boys anything more than the manual of arms. It is one of the clearest cases ever invented of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing. Boys like it because they are aping the men and wear flash clothes. When they get through school their heads are so swelled by it that they think they know it all, and are unwilling to receive any military instruction of real value to themselves or to the country.”

“How about the physical benefits to be derived from the drill?”

“In Boston the effect of school drill has been to make boys round shouldered and narrow chested. I never saw a school company well set up in my life. Except a few of the larger ones the boys are overweighted by the musket they are obliged to carry.”

“Then you do not believe the drill adds much to the value of the boy as a subsequent military man?”

“The modern drill regulations are by no means adapted for work in schools under any circumstances. They need a man’s brains and muscles. Every time I tell the truth about the matter I generally raise a storm from persons illy informed upon the subject, and from the boys, whose self conceit, engendered by this drill, should be one of the greatest arguments against its further practice.”

Even if Colonel Edmands were incorrect, the claim that our youth should be instructed in the tactics of war, in case there may be war, is so peurile and out of keeping with what ought to be the spirit of our century, that those who know so well what will result from filling the brain of the young with visions of military glory, should demand an immediate cessation of this ungodly and savage drill which belongs to the plane of the barbarian, and which is a crime against civilization, the republic and the young. The mothers, wives and sisters in this great republic, and all who love peace, justice and enlightenment, have a great responsibility resting upon them. If the savage is to be beaten back to his lair and the man again enthroned, there is not an hour to be lost.

Hypnotism and Its Relation to Psychological Research.

I.

DURING the past thirty years the gradual accumulation of incontrovertible evidence revealing hitherto undreamed-of possibilities of the human mind, has been such as to warrant us in believing that we are on the threshold of a field of research which will mark a distinct epoch in human history, if indeed it be not prophetic of the next great step in man's evolutionary development. And in referring to the psychical phenomena already demonstrated, I include only such absolute facts as have been established by critical and competent scientific research.

With the vast mass of alleged phenomena which confronts the earnest inquirer on every hand it is not my present purpose to deal. I shall confine myself for the most part to the examination of phenomena which have been as authoritatively demonstrated by critical comparative methods as other universally accepted truths in physical science, as my chief purpose in this paper is to indicate the all-important fact that the old boundaries of mental limitation have been broken down; that what has hitherto been regarded as the impossible is now a demonstrated actuality, and, therefore, that it is unscientific and unworthy our age to close our eyes longer to this field of research which already promises to disclose truths of inestimable value. I am well aware that many who do not consider themselves conservative thinkers will regard this view of the possibilities of psychical research as unwarrantably optimistic. They will remind us of the fact that in all ages alleged phenomena have entered the woof and web of popular superstition and legendary lore, while nothing of scientific value has been demonstrated. They, however, do not take into account the important fact that though man's mental limitation in the past has led him to denominate as miracu-

lous or supernatural all phenomena beyond then known laws, it is no evidence that these phenomena have not occurred through the orderly operation of some great law, which, although existing from the beginning of creation, has awaited recognition, as the law of gravitation so long awaited the cognizance of man.

Objections to psychical research are so frequently urged that it seems necessary, on the very threshold of our examination of this subject, briefly to give a few reasons which, in my judgment, justify belief in the early demonstration of psychical facts as revolutionary, important and even more beneficent than this century's crowning achievement in the province of physical science—the establishment of the theory of evolution.

In the first place, let us not lose sight of the fact that the ascendancy of a strictly critical or scientific method of investigation is of comparatively recent date, but it has now so completely mastered dominant thought that the people in general, as well as scientific bodies, are coming to apply it to all phenomena with which they come in contact. Mere hearsay no longer satisfies the spirit of the age; while *until the establishment of this method* it is evident that facts which may have actually occurred were, from a scientific point of view, practically worthless. Hence, whatever is demonstrated under what is known as the comparative method of scientific research possesses a positive value never before present. In the second place, the marvellous strides witnessed in the province of physical science, and the unparalleled triumph within a few decades of the evolutionary theory over universally accepted, age-long thought, indicate a readiness on the part of humanity to accept a new truth. This marks a distinct advance in civilization, and reveals how strong a hold reason has taken in a soil heretofore more or less overgrown with the weeds of superstition, prejudice and intolerant bigotry. Indeed, I know of no victory in the history of man's intellectual development more significant than that which attended the general acceptance of the theory promulgated by Darwin, Spencer and Wallace. True, the conflict was marked for a time by great bitterness and unreasonable hostility on the part of dominant theology and conservative thought, yet the new idea succeeded in a few years in revolutionizing the intellectual conception of civili-

zation, turning the thought of the world from channels through which it had flowed almost uninterruptedly for ages, into not only a radically different bed, but one which carried its current in a diametrically opposite direction. This triumph of physical science over inherited ideas and the superstitions and traditions of ages, has proved of inconceivable value to scientific investigation in the psychical realm, as it has broadened the vision of the intellectual world and destroyed the breastworks of religious prejudice, which would otherwise have rendered critical study of supernormal phenomena doubly difficult.

A third point which warrants our belief in the approach of an era of great advancement in this realm, is the very noticeable fact that many eminent scientific thinkers who have hitherto ignored or discouraged psychical research, are now coming forward and demanding not only a fair hearing for this exiled truth, but are insisting that their own great bodies investigate what a few years ago would have been scornfully dismissed as belonging only to the province of superstition, charlatanry and jugglery. Perhaps the most notable instance of the gradual giving way of prejudice on the part of eminent scientists, is found in the annual address of Prof. Oliver J. Lodge, President of the Section of Mathematics and Physics of the British Association for Advancement of Science, delivered last August, in which this eminent and conservative thinker took strong ground in favor of his society systematically investigating psychical phenomena. In the course of his remarks he made the following significant observations:—

What we know is as nothing to that which remains to be known. This is sometimes said as a truism; sometimes it is half-doubted. To me it seems the most literal truth, and that if we narrow our view to already half-conquered territory only, we shall be false to the men who won our freedom, and treasonable to the highest claims of science.

I care not what the end may be. I do care that the inquiry shall be conducted by us, and that we shall be free from the disgrace of jogging along accustomed roads, leaving to outsiders the work, the ridicule, and the gratification of unfolding a new region to unwilling eyes.

It is sometimes objected that, granting thought-transference or telepathy to be a fact, it belongs more especially to lower forms of life, and that as the cerebral hemispheres develop we become

independent of it ; that what we notice is the relic of a decaying faculty, not the germ of a new and fruitful sense ; and that progress is not to be made by studying or attending to it. It may be that it is an immature mode of communication, adapted to lower stages of consciousness than ours, but how much can we not learn by studying immature stages? As well might the objection be urged against a study of embryology. *It may, on the other hand, be an indication of a higher mode of communication, which shall survive our temporary connection with ordinary matter.*

I have faith in the intelligibility of the universe. Intelligibility has been the great creed in the strength of which all intellectual advance has been attempted, and all scientific progress made. At first things always look mysterious. A comet, lightning, the aurora, the rainbow—all seem strange, anomalous, mysterious apparitions. But scrutinized in the dry light of science, their relationship with other better-known things becomes apparent.

Now I say that the doctrine of ultimate intelligibility should be pressed into other departments also. At present we hang back from whole regions of inquiry, and say they are not for us. A few we are beginning to grapple with. The nature of disease is yielding to scrutiny with fruitful result ; the mental aberrations and abnormalities of hypnotism, duplex personality and allied phenomena, are now at last being taken under the wing of science after long ridicule and contempt. The phenomenon of crime, the scientific meaning and justification of altruism, and other matters relating to life and conduct, are beginning, or perhaps are barely yet beginning, to show a vulnerable front over which the forces of science may pour.

Such utterances from such a source are very significant, revealing the fact that psychical phenomena have taken such a hold on the public mind that they can no longer be ignored by leading scientific bodies, and also indicate that the hostility heretofore exhibited by orthodox thinkers in the domain of physical science is gradually but surely giving away.*

*The change of sentiment now daily becoming more and more manifest among thinking people and especially the more conservative element of scholars and scientific investigators, is largely due to the splendid work accomplished during the past few years by the English Society for Psychical Research, which has accumulated, verified and classified so much supernatural phenomena which hitherto floated around as gossip, exerting no great influence on critical thinkers, owing to the apparent absence of evidential value. The researches of such eminent savants as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor Crookes in England, Camille Flammarion in France, and Professor J. R. Buchanan and Professor William Denton in America, have also exerted an influence which is yearly becoming more and more manifest on conservative thought. The discoveries of Braid and the more recent demonstrations of leading physicians in hypnotism have also contributed materially to the slowly changing attitude of popular scientists.

A fourth fact worthy of mention is the surprising and definite results which have crowned the limited scientific research in psychical fields during recent years. They have already broken down beyond all controversy the old ideas of mental limitation. They have demonstrated that the conception so long held as final, is as erroneous as was the one-time universal belief in a flat world, or the theory of a practically instantaneous creation.

These observations seemed necessary on the very threshold of this subject, owing to the prejudice and hostility of dominant thought which, however, as noted above, is each year giving way, although still exerting sufficient influence to prevent a candid and unbiased investigation of facts on the part of thousands of scholarly minds.* In the present paper I shall touch chiefly on the revelations which have attended scientific experimentation in hypnotism, not because they are more remarkable than many other psychical phenomena which are now challenging the thoughtful consideration of many leading scientists, but because owing to the nature and extent of the investigations carried on by a number of the foremost scientific and medical men of the age, the array of indisputable yet astonishing facts is so complete and of such a character as best to carry conviction to prejudiced minds.

* I am by no means unmindful of the causes which have largely contributed to this general distrust, and which may be briefly mentioned as follows:

[1] The oft-demonstrated element of unquestioned credulity which characterizes ignorant people and causes them to swallow with avidity all phenomena which they fail to understand. [2] The general ignorance of the laws concerning these manifestations, which enables charlatans and impostors to establish conditions claimed to be essential, which render fraud possible and invite trickery. [3] The unscientific report of the learned Bailey Commission, appointed by the French Government in 1784 to investigate mesmerism, or what was then popularly termed animal magnetism, in which it was declared that all the power alleged to have been exhibited by Mesmer was a "fraud" and that, to use the words of Bailey, "*Magnetism is one fact more in the history of human error, and a great proof of the power of imagination.*" This reprehensible exhibition of dogmatic incredulity, unquestionably, greatly retarded scientific progress along this line of research. [4] The great pioneers in physical science, who encountered such a torrent of scornful abuse from conservative thought when they brought forth the theory of evolution, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have displayed unwarrantable indifference and in some instances much the same spirit of hostility toward psychical investigation as that about which they so justly complained when their own theories were first presented. This attitude, so thoroughly discreditable and essentially unscientific, has prevented thousands of investigators, who take ideas second-hand, from pursuing research along psychical lines. Conservatism as usual frowned upon all pioneer thinkers, and theology, more apprehensive of the overthrow of some cherished idol than the triumph of truth, has until very recently assumed a hostile attitude. With this trinity of opposing forces added to the other causes enumerated above, it is not strange that progress has been somewhat slow. Now, however, the wall of prejudice has to some extent given way and with the constant establishment of new facts along the line of psychical research, the people are manifesting a constantly increasing spirit of hospitality most gratifying to those careful investigators who have for years employed a strictly scientific method, but who have been socially ostracized because they loved the truth more than the approbation of conventional thought.

II.

In 1841, the eminent English surgeon, James Braid, determined to expose mesmerism, which he in common with his scientific brethren believed to be an unmitigated fraud. Doctor Braid soon came to realize that instead of mesmerism being an unadulterated fraud, it possessed the grain of truth capable of revolutionizing established ideas. Accordingly he entered upon the laborious task of demonstrating and critically noting facts connected with these marvelous phenomena. In 1842, he published his notable work entitled "Neurypnology." Immediately he suffered from a storm of hostile criticism. Nevertheless his clear utterances and the methods employed gained for him the thoughtful consideration of several eminent continental thinkers, who were less fettered by conservatism than his English professional brethren. A score of years later hypnotism was attracting much attention among leading physicians and other scientific investigators in France and other continental nations. Since that day it has rapidly gained in the number of eminent scientists who have wrought what in an earlier age would have been regarded as miracles. Among the critical thinkers who have given special attention to the power of mind along this special line of inquiry since the publication of Doctor Braid's works are Liebault, Bernheim and Beaunis of Nancy, and Charcot of Paris, while scarcely less valuable to science have been the labors as demonstrators, or critical observers, of Paul Richer, P. David, Professor Luys, Janet, Richet, Voisin and Reginald of Paris.*

In 1878, Charcot began a series of strictly scientific investigations. He operated, however, only on hysterical subjects, believing that only a few people were susceptible, and they among the weak, sickly and nervous. Indeed, until within the last decade this was the general impression. Recent experiments, however, as Björnström has observed, with elaborate statistics furnished by the Nancy physicians, prove that "almost any one can be hypnotized." Some persons, however, yield much more easily than others.

* Ochorowicz, a Polish scholar who resides in Paris, and Dr. Frederick Björnström, the head physician of the Stockholm hospital, have contributed works of great value to the literature of hypnotism. Their writings have been translated into English. To the latter author I am indebted for many interesting facts and striking illustrations given. I am also indebted to the work of Prof. William James, of Harvard, and Part XVIII. of Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research for valuable illustrations and well-authenticated cases.

The eminent author further observes that "Climate seems to have the effect of making hypnotization much easier in warm and southern countries than in cold and northern. Thus the French show a far greater susceptibility than the Scandinavians and Germans. In the tropics, hypnosis is said to appear rapidly, and to become very deep."*

III.

This brings us to the examination of some typical cases exhibited by the hypnotic trance and the legitimate inferences which they suggest relating to the power not only of mind over mind, but what is still more at variance with popular conceptions, the power of *mind over matter*. In this paper, space prevents my introducing many illustrations from the vast accumulation of well-authenticative cases at hand. I shall confine myself to typical cases which open up many vistas for speculation and profound inquiry, while they materially aid in completely revolutionizing old ideas and popular conceptions as to the limitations of the human mind. The first illustration I wish to introduce reveals the power of the human mind under certain conditions to receive and hold mental pictures, which afterward may express themselves upon the body of the individual in such a manner as to produce well-defined diseases, which naturally resist the well-intentioned drugging of the physician who blindly attacks the symptoms in his ignorance of the cause of the misery. In Professor James' thoughtful paper on "The Hidden Self," he cites at length a most interesting and suggestive case, primarily recorded by M. Pierre Janet, Professor of Philosophy in the Lycee of Havre, in his volume entitled "*De l'Automatisme Psychologique*."†

In presenting this case I cannot do better than give verbatim Professor James' admirable summary, which is as follows:—

* From 1850 to 1860 hypnotism was used on a large scale by Dr. Esdaile, head surgeon at the hospital of Calcutta. In six years he performed six hundred operations on hypnotized Hindoos, and a committee of surgeons and physicians appointed by the Indian government testified to his great success, which was chiefly derived from the fact that the most difficult operations could usually be made without a sign of pain from the patient, and without memory when they awaked, of what had been done to them. The Hindoos, however, are said to be very susceptible to hypnotism.—[Dr. Frederick Björnström, in his work on Hypnotism.]

† This work comprises about five hundred pages. It served as the author's thesis for doctorate of Science in Paris and produced a great sensation when given to the scientific world.

The story is that of a young girl of nineteen named Marie, who came to the hospital in an almost desperate condition, with monthly convulsive crises, chill, fever, delirium, attacks of terror, etc., lasting for days, together with various shifting anæsthesias and contractures all the time, and a fixed blindness of the left eye. At first M. Janet, divining no particular psychological factor in the case, took little interest in the patient, who remained in the hospital for seven months, and had all the usual courses of treatment applied, including water-cure and ordinary hypnotic suggestions, without the slightest good effect.

She then fell into a sort of despair, of which the result was to make M. Janet try to throw her into a deeper trance, so as to get, if possible, some knowledge of her remoter psychologic antecedents, and of the original causes of the disease, of which, in the waking state and in ordinary hypnotism, she could give no definite account. He succeeded even beyond his expectations; for both her early memories and the internal memory of her crisis returned in the deep somnambulism, and she explained three things: her periodical chill, fever and delirium were due to a foolish immersion of herself in cold water at the age of thirteen. The chill, fever, etc., were consequences which then ensued; and now, years later, the experience then stamped in upon the brain for the first time was repeating itself at regular intervals in the form of an hallucination undergone by the sub-conscious self, and of which the primary personality only experienced the outer results. The attacks of terror were accounted for by another shocking experience. At the age of sixteen she had seen an old woman killed by falling from a height; and the sub-conscious self, for reasons best known to itself, saw fit to believe itself present at this experience also whenever the other crises came on. The hysterical blindness of her left eye had the same sort of origin, dating back to her sixth year, when she had been forced, in spite of her cries, to sleep in the same bed with another child, the left half of whose face bore a disgusting eruption. The result was an eruption on the same parts of her own face, which came back for several years before it disappeared entirely, and left behind it an anæsthesia of the skin and the blindness of the eye. So much for the origin of the poor girl's various afflictions. Now for the cure! The thing needed was, of course, to get the sub-conscious personality to leave off having these senseless hallucinations. But they had become so stereotyped and habitual that this proved no easy task to achieve. Simple commands were fruitless; but M. Janet at last hit upon an artifice, which shows how many resources the successful mind-doctor must possess. He carried the poor Marie back in imagination to the earlier dates. It proved as easy with her as with

many others when entranced, to produce the hallucination that she was again a child, all that was needed being an impressive affirmation to that effect. Accordingly M. Janet, replacing her in this wise at the age of six, made her go through the bed-scene again, but gave it a different dénouement. He made her believe that the horrible child had no eruption and was charming, so that she was finally convinced, and caressed without fear this new object of her imagination. He made her re-enact the scene of the cold immersion, but gave it also an entirely different result. He made her live again through the old woman's accident, but substituted a comical issue for the old tragical one which had made so deep an impression. The sub-conscious Marie, passive and docile as usual, adopted these new versions of the old tales; and was apparently either living in monotonous contemplation of them or had become extinct altogether when M. Janet wrote his book. For all morbid symptoms ceased as if by magic. "It is five months," our author says, "since these experiments were performed. Marie shows no longer the slightest mark of hysteria. She is well, and, in particular, has grown quite stout. Her physical aspect has absolutely changed."

A number of similar illustrations might be given, indicating the susceptibility of the mind in certain conditions to receive mental pictures, which later, sometimes many years elapsing, are developed in such a manner as to produce the most aggravated symptoms of disease in the physical body; disease which naturally baffles the ordinary drug treatment; indeed, within the past few months I have had my attention called to some most remarkable cases, in many respects similar to that of Marie, in so far as they relate to severe illness resulting as the expression or development of a fear arising from mental pictures of death photographed on the mind in former years, and which stubbornly resisted the usual medical treatment. When, however, the true cause was revealed, and the image or photograph erased or suggested away, rapid recovery followed. Do not understand me to affirm that all sickness is the result of mental pictures, but incontrovertible facts, observed by the most reliable and unquestionable authorities, do indicate that in some conditions the human mind receives upon its marvelously sensitive plate, impressions much as the phonograph receives and treasures up the most delicate notes of the human voice. The possibilities of this power as revealed in the above illustration, and others which might be cited from equally relia-

ble authorities, open a new vista for human thought, and aside from the hint of vast and far-reaching significance which they give to the medical world, they open a suggestive line of thought for scientists and philosophers. Are hysterical and extremely nervous cases like that of Marie the only brains susceptible to mental pictures, or is it more probable that they are no exceptions to the general rule in so far as the power of the human mind extends, but that the weakened condition of the nervous system in these cases calls out, develops, or intensifies pictures which suggest death? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the human mind may catch and hold all thoughts and impressions, all pictures and sounds which enter the brain? We cannot understand exactly how the fruit-bearing plant catches, appropriates, and holds in the laboratory of its being that wonderful fragrance, delicate flavor and the rich, luscious pulp of the fruit which follows the beautiful and often many-tinted bloom. To me it seems more probable that the conditions exhibited in the special cases which are usually termed hysterical, are merely the coming to the surface of some of the hidden mysteries of mind, than that an instrument which by nature and construction was not intended to secure and hold enduring impressions should be, through nervous disorder, so radically, nay, almost functionally, changed as to receive impressions or pictures and retain them for years, later expressing them on the body, as in the case of "Marie." An illustration which is important in its bearing on this thought, is given by Prof. J. Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine of Paris. In speaking of the power of hypnotism to bring out the hidden, unsuspected treasures of the mind he says, in the course of an able paper in an English review:—

I once heard a young married lady who had listened to one of my lectures repeat the lecture several months afterwards in a state of somnambulism with the utmost accuracy, reproducing like a phonograph the very tones of my voice, using every gesture that I used, and adapting, too, in a remarkable way, her words to her subject. A year afterwards this lady had still the same capacity, and displayed it every time she was put into a state of somnambulism. And, extraordinary as it may seem, when once awakened she was utterly unable to repeat to me a single word of the lecture. She said she did not listen to it, she understood not a word of it, and could not say a single line.

I am aware that it will be urged that while in cases like Marie's the mind seems largely to dominate the body, indeed so much so as to render the patient a physical wreck until the hypnotizer eradicates the morbid pictures, nevertheless these are troubles more or less dependent upon the nervous organism which it is now being grudgingly granted is largely under the dominion of the mind.*

The narration of a series of experiments which I will now give, however, carries us a step further, demonstrating that through hypnotism sensation may be abolished, false sensation may be established, and that in some cases, at least, results do not necessarily end with the waking of the subject. Some of these instances have great scientific value, revealing, or at least hinting at, mental possibilities hitherto undreamed-of. They demonstrate the power of mind over matter (in cases where the subject readily yields to suggestions) which a few years ago would have been scornfully rejected by the scientific world as manifestly absurd and impossible.

The cases in which hypnotism has been substituted for ether, chloroform and other anæsthetics, where limbs were to be amputated and other serious surgical operations performed, are now so common as to no longer occasion surprise, and for lack of space I will content myself with citing a few lines from Prof. Wm. James' *Psychology*:—

*In speaking of the power of suggestion on the nervous organism, Björnström says:—
The whole motor apparatus also may, by degrees or all at once, become the object of negative suggestion, and by this all kinds of lameness or paralysis can be caused.

Also, independently of hypnotism, lameness has been found as the result of purely psychical causes. In 1869, Russel Reynolds, the prominent English physician, published a case of lameness in consequence of spontaneous imagination of the sufferer ("dependent on idea"). A young girl lived alone with her father, who, after various sorrows and reverses, grew lame. In order to support the family the girl had to give lessons, and for this purpose had to walk long distances. With anxiety she soon began to think that she also might become lame, and that their condition would then become still worse. Under the influence of this idea, which never left her, she began to feel her legs grow weaker and weaker, until she could no longer walk. R., who soon understood the cause, adopted an exclusively mental treatment; he gradually convinced her that she was able to walk, and she soon became entirely well.

Charcot, Bernheim, and others have, however, produced the greatest number of proofs of how easily paralysis is caused by hypnotic suggestion. Here the lameness may be confined to one muscle, or to a whole limb, or to certain combined muscular movements concerned in a certain action—such as sewing, writing, smoking, singing, speaking, playing on the piano, standing, walking, etc., etc. "By negative suggestion, such anæsthesia can be produced just as well as systematized paralysis. It would take too much space further to discuss the many kinds of paralysis that can be caused, not only with reference to the external result, but with reference to the internal mechanism.

According to Voisin's experience, mental diseases of many years' standing have thus been cured in two or three sittings. Hysterical persons have proved most susceptible to the method, but he has also succeeded with epileptics, dipsomaniacs, and others mentally diseased. Finally Voisin exclaims: "It would be fortunate for the mentally diseased, if they were all susceptible to hypnotism."

Legs and breasts may be amputated, children born, teeth extracted, in short the most painful experiences undergone, with no other anæsthetic than the hypnotizer's assurance that no pain shall be felt. Similarly morbid pains may be annihilated, neuralgias, toothaches, rheumatisms cured. The sensation of hunger has thus been abolished, so that a patient took no nourishment for fourteen days.

Phenomena, however wonderful they may be, which occur when patients are in the trance, are less important to us in our present pursuit than those which affect the patient in such a manner as to reveal the power of mind over body in a waking condition. Such, for instance, as when the hypnotizer suggests that he has dropped some boiling oil, water or wax on the patient, when in reality he only places a little cold water or touches the surface with his finger. After the subject awakens, however, inflammatory symptoms are soon visible, and a blister ensues, as aggravated in every respect as if the subject had actually suffered from boiling wax, oil, or water. Experiments of this character have repeatedly been made by Professor Charcot, of Paris, and numbers of other scientists. In the July issue of the *Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research*, Dr. Alfred Backman, of Kalmar, a well-known Swedish physician and writer, gives the following interesting account of an experiment of this character:—

The subject whom I consider my best clairvoyant is named Alma Radberg. She is a maid-servant, and is now aged about twenty-six. As a child and young girl she was sickly and delicate, but now, after a course of hypnotic treatment, she is healthy, strong, and vigorous. She is a very pious and good girl, of some intelligence, and by no means a hysterical person. She has kindly allowed me and some others to make innumerable experiments on her, and she is extremely susceptible to suggestion, both awake and hypnotized. All kinds of experiments, such as stigmatization, etc., have been made on her successfully, both in the waking and the hypnotic state. I may relate in passing one instance that seems to me remarkable. In the middle of an experiment, I put a drop of water on her arm, suggesting to her that it was a drop of burning sealing wax, and that it would produce a blister. During the progress of the experiment, I accidentally touched the water, making it spread on her skin, whereupon I hastened to wipe it away. The blister, which appeared the next day, extended as far as the water had run, just as if it had been a corroding acid.

I now give some still more interesting experiments of this character, related by Björnström in his work on hypnötism: —

We begin with Beaunis' experiment of changing the beatings of the heart by suggestion. Both Liébault and Beaunis had noticed that by suggestion they could relieve palpitation and regulate the action of the heart in somnambulists. This subject B. submitted to strictly scientific investigation with the aid of the usual instruments of physiologists for recording the movements of the heart; and he found clear proofs of the fact, that the heart could be made by suggestion to beat more slowly or more rapidly, probably by stimulating or paralyzing action on the inhibitory centres of the heart.

But this is not all; by suggestion a much more heightened effect can be produced in this direction. The congestion may be carried still further — to a raised swelling of the skin, to a blister (as from Spanish flies). Concerning this, Beaunis relates the following experiment, for the truth of which he vouches. A skilled physiologist and experienced experimentalist, he would not allow himself to be easily deceived.

The experiments were made on a young girl — Elise F.,— first by Facachon, then also by Beaunis. One day, when Elise complained of a pain in the left groin, F. made her believe, after he had hypnotized her, that a blister would form on the aching spot, just as from a plaster of Spanish flies. The next morning, there appeared on the left groin a blister filled with serum, although nothing had been applied there.

On another occasion, he cured neuralgia in the region of the right clavicle by merely causing, by suggestion, a blister resembling in every respect an ordinary burn. Afterwards several such experiments were successfully made on Elise. We quote only one, which was made under the closest control, before the eyes of several scientists — Beaunis, Liébault, and others. On the twelfth of May, in 1885, Elise was hypnotized toward 11 A. M. On her back, at a point which the girl could not possibly reach with her hand, a strip of eight gummed stamps was fastened, after a strip of the same kind had for eighteen hours been applied to the arm of another person, without causing the slightest effect. Over the stamps an ordinary bandage was fixed, so as to simulate a plaster of Spanish flies, and she was three times given to understand that Spanish flies had been applied to her. She was closely watched during the day and was locked up alone in her chamber over night, after she had been put in hypnotic sleep with the assertion that she was not going to awake until seven o'clock on the following morning,— which took place punctually. An hour later, F. removed the bandage in the presence of Bernheim, Liégeois,

Liébault, Beaunis, etc. It was first ascertained that the stamps had not been disturbed. They were removed and the underlying surface of the skin now showed the following changes: on a space of four or five centimetres the epidermis was thicker, yellowish white, and inflamed, but as yet not raised into blisters; the surrounding skin showed intense redness and swelling to the extent of half a centimetre. The spot was covered with a dry compress, in order to be further investigated later on; three hours after, the spot had the same appearance. At 4 p. m. the spot was photographed, and it now showed four or five blisters, which also plainly appeared in the photograph. These blisters gradually increased and secreted a thick, milky serum. On the twenty-eighth of May—fourteen days later—the spot was still in full supuration.

On the thirtieth of May, F. produced by suggestion another Spanish fly blister on her arm.

This case is not the only one. On another girl—Marie G.—who had for three months suffered greatly from neuralgia, F. produced by suggestion two such blisters in succession, each the size of a five-franc piece, one below the left ear, the other on the left temple. These required forty-eight hours to become fully developed. The neuralgia disappeared after twelve hypnotic séances. After these successes, F. tried on Elise an experiment in the opposite direction, that is, by negative suggestion to make a real Spanish fly plaster inactive. For this purpose a plaster was cut into three parts; the first was applied to Elise's left arm, the second to her right arm, the third on a sick person who needed such treatment. Elise was hypnotized and F. made her believe that the plaster on her left arm would not have any effect. This took place at 11 a. m. Elise was closely watched until 8 p. m., when the bandage was removed, after F. had satisfied himself that it had not been disturbed. On her left arm the skin was unchanged, on her right the skin was red and showed the beginning of a formation of a blister. The plaster was again applied; after three-quarters of an hour a normal blister was found on the right arm, but on the left—nothing.

The third piece, which was placed on the abdomen of the other patient, had raised a large blister after eight hours.

Several other physicians have related similar facts. As early as 1840, Louis Prejalmini, the Italian physician, mentions similar experiments, when with "magnetized paper" he caused the same effect as with Spanish flies. It is evident that the active cause was not the magnetized paper, but the suggestion.

Something perhaps no more remarkable, but interesting as giving further proof of the potential power of mind over

matter, is seen in the following experiment related by Prof. Wm. James in his *Psychology*:—

Changes in the nutrition of the tissues may be produced by suggestion. These effects lead into therapeutics—a subject which I do not propose to treat here. But I may say that there seems no reasonable ground for doubting that in certain chosen subjects the suggestion of a congestion, a burn, a blister, a raised papule, or bleeding from the nose or skin, may produce the effect. Messrs. Beaunis, Berjon, Bernheim, Bourru, Burot, Charcot, Delboeuf, Dumontpallier, Facachon, Forel, Jendrassik, Krafft-Ebing, Liébault, Liègeois, Lipp, Mabile and others have recently vouched for one or other of these effects. Messrs. Delboeuf and Liègeois have annulled by suggestion, one the effects of a burn, the other of a blister. Delboeuf was led to his experiments after seeing a burn on the skin produced by suggestion, at the Salpêtrière, by reasoning that if the idea of a pain could produce inflammation it must be because pain was itself an inflammatory irritant, and that the abolition of it from a real burn ought, therefore, to entail the absence of inflammation. *He applied the actual cautery* [as well as vesicants] to symmetrical places on the skin, *affirming that no pain should be felt on one of the sides. The result was a dry scorch on that side*, with [as he assures me] *no after-mark*, but on the other side a regular blister with suppuration and a subsequent scar. This explains the innocuity of certain assaults made on subjects during trance. To test simulation, recourse is often had to sticking pins under their finger-nails or through their tongue, to inhalations of strong ammonia, and the like. These irritations, when not felt by the subject, seem to leave no after-consequences.

A great number of similar cases of the most authentic character might be cited. I, however, have found it necessary to confine myself to brief summaries of interesting experiments by eminent scientific specialists, which clearly hint at the power of the human mind. And what a world of thought these clearly demonstrated facts open up. How many legitimate inferences are in them embodied, as for example (1) the power of the mind to catch, hold, and perhaps in after years express the mental picture received in former years, as illustrated in the first class of cases cited. (2) The absolute domination of the human will by another mind, even to the degree of obliteration of consciousness and sensation, so that at the suggestion of the operator, a patient may imagine he is enjoying a delicious banquet, at the very

time when a limb is being amputated. (3) The absolute power of mind over matter, as emphasized in the cases cited by Doctors Björnström and Backman, and Professor Wm. James. Of course it must be understood that these results were obtained only in cases where the subjects were peculiarly sensitive to the suggestion of the hypnotizer, where the mind was plastic as clay in the hand of the sculptor. Yet it none the less proves the potential power of the human mind over even the flesh of the body. It serves clearly to reveal, as I have before observed, a potential supremacy of mind over matter undreamed of a generation ago. For, after granting that the subjects come under this power only by virtue of a negative condition of the mind or a weakened nervous condition, they indicate none the less significantly the power of the mind over the body. Indeed we could not expect a more general exhibition of receptivity of the power of the mind, when we consider the natural result of ages of education, when notwithstanding all talk to the contrary, the mind has in reality been subordinated to the appetites, the passions and desires of the body; while philosophy, as well as physical science, have for generations schooled the human intellect to look with suspicion on everything save what appealed to the *physical senses*; hence all mental phenomena necessarily encounter among the educated, the repellant waves of incredulity, even when there is an absence of actual hostility. In this connection it is interesting to note the observations of Drs. Milne Bramwell and Lloyd Storr Best in an able paper on hypnotism in *The New Review*: —

On the other hand, the power of suggestion to produce sleep cannot be denied, nor can hysterical subjects be regarded as alone presenting the phenomena of hypnotism in their complete development.

The writers of the present paper, having carefully repeated the most important experiments of the Nancy school, are convinced of the truth of Liébault's statement, that persons in the enjoyment of perfect health are often extremely susceptible to hypnotic influence.

Profoundly interested in the science, and wishing to verify the extraordinary results obtained by the school of Nancy, we instituted some time back a series of experiments, taking as subjects any healthy male who would voluntarily submit to the trial. These experiments were eminently successful, for out of a total of

fifty cases not only was there no single instance of failure, but in the great majority complete somnambulism was produced.

Great misconception appears to exist in England concerning the number and nature of those who may be hypnotized; instance the following quotation from "Science Jottings" in the *Illustrated London News*, May 3, 1890:—"It is impossible to hypnotize everyone; and, as far as my experience of it goes, only in the case of the intellectually sensitive—shall I add weak?—can hypnotism hope to secure its most characteristic effects." The eminent physiologist Beaunis is, on the contrary, of the opinion that everyone is more or less susceptible to hypnotic influence, and our own experience goes far to confirm this, for out of several hundreds of patients treated hypnotically we have not yet met with one whom we might fairly class amongst the "non-influences."

As to the nature of those who are most easily influenced, we find the greatest difficulty presented in cases such as those above quoted, while educated non-neurotic subjects, who are capable of concentrating their attention on the mental picture of sleep presented to them, are nearly if not quite as easily hypnotized as the credulous peasant.

This goes far toward confirming our view, that it is more reasonable to regard the phenomenon of the mind controlling the body [to such an extent as that given above] as the revelation of power inherent in mind, but weakened and no longer assertive through centuries of false education, in which the body has received supreme attention along these special lines, than to suppose that this marvelous extension of the limitations of mind, this supremacy of mind over body, is due merely to a diseased or immature state of the mind, as is argued by the same conservative thinkers who first dogmatically denied the possibility of the hypnotic power, then grudgingly admitted to it in rare cases of hysterical females, and who now declare that it is merely the outcropping of a rapidly disappearing and immature state of man's mental and nervous organism. Another thought in this connection is valuable, and that is, the value of hypnotism as a moral agent.* A great number of drunkards have

*I am aware of the great cry which has gone forth as to the dangers of hypnotism, nor would I in any way minify the danger. All great discoveries carry with them the possibilities of evil. Take for example, electricity or steam, which in the hands of the ignorant or evilly disposed may work great injury and be a terrible curse. Even the brilliant power of the orator if unaccompanied by moral rectitude, may prove a great curse, as has so often been exhibited. So hypnotism in the hands of the ignorant or the base may and often has proved a terrible curse. This, however, is no reason why it should be discarded, nor does it prove that it is in itself injurious. While on the other hand Drs. Bramwell and Best, quoted elsewhere, declare that where proper

been redeemed through this agency, while criminal propensities in children have been greatly modified, and in many instances entirely removed, by suggestions. Liébault claims to have employed hypnotism as a moral agent in several thousands of cases, always with beneficial results. While in reply to the cry so frequently raised by conservative physicians who know little about hypnotism, that it weakens the mind, Dr. Hamilton Osgood, one of the leading physicians of Boston, and a gentleman who has had probably greater experience in suggestion than any other New England doctor, declares that in his practice he has seen nothing but beneficial results and increasing vigor, mental as well as bodily, from its employment when indicated.

IV.

In this paper, my first purpose was to indicate the fact that even in the scientific world, the old ideas of mental limitation have radically changed. The closed door has been partially opened. We have caught a glimpse of the potentiality of the human mind. Moreover, evidence of the most unquestioned character is day by day being accumulated, which

precautions are taken, no injurious effects will follow hypnotism, when intelligent and conscientious persons exercise this power. On this point these physicians declare :

"At the commencement of our hypnotic practice we were much perplexed by the difficulty of finding some efficient means of preserving the personality and will of patients intact. We were fortunate enough, however, to discover what has, up to the present, proved a perfect safeguard, which consists in the constant inculcation during hypnosis of two *idées fixes* to the effect that no one should be able to hypnotize the patient without his express permission, and that no suggestion should be effectual which would be disapproved by him in his normal condition. This precaution has been found thus far eminently satisfactory.

"Once let the general public be made acquainted with the necessity of the above-mentioned precautions, and all danger of undue influence being exerted by the medical man will vanish. Any person presenting himself for hypnotic treatment would bring with him a trusted friend, who should see that these two ideas were suggested to him at each hypnotization, until profound hypnosis was produced."

Dr. Hamilton Osgood, in an able address before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, observes: "In a letter I have just received from Liébault, he says, 'The accidents in hypnotism are due wholly to the ignorant or giddy tricks of the operator,' and, he continues: "In the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* for December last, Bernheim gives utterance to his latest views after nine years of hypnotic practice, with reference to the dangers of hypnotism." In this extract from a lecture to his students, he says: "Does suggestion as we practise it, with a therapeutic object, present any danger whatever? . . . It is a singular thing that some years ago, I recall that when a practice more bloody than hypnotism — ovariectomy — made its entrance into modern surgery, eminent professors in the society of surgery were found, who said: 'This operation belongs to the office of the public executioner.' To-day, ovariectomy no longer has any enemies. One goes so far as to perform the operation upon the hysterical under pretext of curing them. No voice is raised against this procedure, but anathemas are poured upon the inoffensive suggestion which does cure hysteria. I appeal to the numerous students and colleagues, who for several years have followed my clinic: If you have seen a solitary fact which bears witness to a serious inconvenience in the suggestive method, when well applied, announce it.

"I have seen many neuroses cured; I have never seen one caused by suggestion. I have seen the intelligence restored; I have never seen a mind enfeebled by suggestion."

indicates the opening of vistas in psychical realms far more surprising and suggestive than those already exhibited in hypnotism which are accepted by science. Such discoveries as that referred to by Prof. Oliver Lodge in the following extract from his annual address, elsewhere mentioned:—

It is possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to, and know practically nothing about. In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact. Many others are satisfied of the truth of it too. Why must we speak of it with bated breath, as of a thing of which we are ashamed? What right have we to be ashamed of a truth?

This strange phenomenon is popularly termed telepathy. The evidences of clairvoyance or of soul projection, automatic writing, and other remarkable psychic phenomena are being rapidly accumulated since sincere and patient scientific thinkers have engaged in the work. It will take much time to overcome the prejudice which exists in the popular mind, and to accumulate such a mass of indisputable evidence as to compel the tardy acceptance of those eminent in other fields of thought, who without examination have scornfully dismissed the subject; yet enough has been given to the world to convince those who are searching for the truth that we are on the threshold of a new realm of discovery,—a realm which may some day mark another step in man's evolutionary progress. Let us not be dogmatic, ever remembering the thoughtful words of Braid, "Unlimited scepticism is equally the child of imbecility as implicit credulity."

Crucial Moments in National Life.

HUMANITY is rising. Life, as a whole, is ascending. This fact will become obvious if we trace the progress of man from the dawn of history to the present time, in such a comprehensive manner as to include the people in the aggregate rather than special classes, and when we also bear in mind the fact that races, civilizations and nations, no less than individuals, have their periods of "depression and exaltation," that at moments in the existence of peoples and nationalities, no less than in the course of individual development, great crises arise. Two gates open before the people; two paths are visible; *a choice is made between self love and divine love*. Then one gate closes, and for a generation, a century or a cycle, the life of the nation, race or civilization slowly rises or falls. These supreme moments are destiny-fixing in character; they give a trend to thought, and thought colors life. If the higher impulses rule, if the divine rises superior to the animal, or, in a word, if the spirit of "All for all" is more potent than the spirit of "All for self," the civilization, race or nation is rejuvenated. It receives a *moral uplift* — a baptism from above, which is *the oxygen of the higher life*.

While, however, it is true that taken as a whole, and comparing various stages of depression and exaltation with corresponding stages in the ebb and flow of nations and civilizations, it will be found that humanity is slowly rising, the important fact must not be ignored that the rise of man is accelerated or retarded by the influence of the individual. No one is absolutely negative. *Every life exerts an upward lift or a downward pressure*, and therefore a grave responsibility rests upon each human soul. When individuals forget the sacred duty imposed upon them and abandon the cause of justice, progress and humanity for material comfort and selfish gratification, manhood from the zenith to the nadir of social life suffers for the sins committed. When a nation comes to worship gold rather than goodness, so that the poor and unfortunate are ground to servitude, while rare, sensitive natures, whose ideals are high and whose thought runs ahead of the time, are systematically misrepresented, abused and misinterpreted, that nation enters upon a fatal decline which,

though it may be lingering as a slow consumption, must terminate in death, unless the people can be aroused so that opinion-forming currents, which have become polluted by the gold of avarice, no longer influence them, and, under the impulsion of a new hope and a grim determination to secure justice, an awakened manhood succeeds in changing the current of national life.

When in the history of a nation the shell of conventionalism encrusts a civilization, a gross and deadly materialism crushes faith and hope, turns the index-finger downward, and sneers at the ideals of duty, justice and love by whose leverage the world is raised; when human sympathy becomes paralyzed in consequence of self-absorption; when capital becomes more precious than human rights; when life is less sacred than property; when the letter is enlarged and the spirit disregarded; when theology magnifies the importance of form, rite and ritual while industry begs in vain for employment; when widows starve and orphans grow up amid an environment of moral death; when divine love is at a discount, and the faith so loudly proclaimed by the lips finds no responsive echo in the deep recesses of the soul—then we have the melancholy spectacle of a nation which has reached a point beyond which it cannot go without forever losing the soul which made progress possible, and which alone held the element of perpetual rejuvenation. Then the voice of the divine speaks through prophets, poets and seers, crying “Choose.” On the one side are duty, justice, love and stern morality; on the other the selfishness of pure animalism expressed in luxury, voluptuousness and venality. The moment is supreme. The coronal region struggles with the basilar for final supremacy, and the issue is life or death; not necessarily a sudden going out if the lower triumphs, for sometimes, as in the civilization of Rome, a slow and terrible agony of decay precedes the final downfall.

We are to-day facing one of these great crises. Professor George D. Herron voices the common conviction of earnest students of social conditions when he says:—

We are in the beginnings of a revolution that will strain all existing religious and political institutions, and test the wisdom and heroism of the earth's purest and bravest souls. It will not do to say the revolution is not coming, or pronounce it of the devil. Revolutions, even in their wildest forms, are the impulses of God moving in tides of fire through the life of man.

The slogan cry of “All for all” is far more noble than the creed “All for self” which has held sway in the past. The dogma of the divine right of property has too long obscured the rights of man. Plundering by law may be safe, but it is not moral, and throwing a few millions of acquired gold into the lap of philanthropy, conventional education or a church more awake

on the material than the spiritual side of her being, may be politic, but such acts do not take away the woe pronounced by Jesus upon the Pharisees who paid tithes and posed as philanthropists while they "devoured widows' houses" and ignored the "weightier matters of the law," such as "judgment and mercy."

The hour for dreaming is past. Not a moment is to be lost if the republic is to be redeemed. From this time forward plain speaking will be in order. The time for the soul to assert its supremacy has arrived; blessed is the man or woman who makes the great renunciation, and consecrates life to the cause of the people and for the restoration of the republic from the rule of the Assyrians.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong."

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

"'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin;
But if before his duty man with listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands."

Room for the Soul of Man.

SOME poets insist that art must not be made the servant of utility. They tell us that poetry, when it descends to plead for the oppressed, the poor and the miserable, becomes intolerable — mark the word “descends.” Art for art’s sake, and above all, poetry for art alone; such is their creed. Some of these singers dwell in the shadows of Niobe, chanting sad, sweet strains; others flit in joy-lit, love-laden sunbeams, making the heart glad, as swallow-like they skim the surface of human emotion. Others there are with profounder genius, who sound the depths of the soul and stir our inmost being. Still all unite in the clamor of art for art’s sake. Why should the muse soil her robes with the mud of the slums? Why should the music in her voice carry the heart-cry of the starving? Why should the fate of the girl struggling for virtue in the face of starvation, or the man striving for work that his loved ones may not die, concern her? Is she not patrician? Is not her votive shrine unsullied marble? Ah, they tell us that when art descends — mark the word — to the commonplace details of life, poetry takes wings. These champions of art for art’s sake, sneer at the prophet poets, whose trumpet tones arouse the sleeping conscience. They scorn the poets of the people, who voice living wrongs, and who unmask injustice endured by the poor. “Sing if you will,” they say, “of the wrongs of other ages — the horrors of classic Greece, the shame of ancient Rome; this is legitimate. But do not draggle the stainless robe of poetry in the mud of the present-day misery.” This contention is not new. It is the old cry of the *dilettante* against the utilitarian. It is an echo of the vanished past, which conservatism treasures as a melody divine. It is the cry of a waning power. After the gladiator’s brawn came the supremacy of brain. Now room for the soul. Art must be rescued from the bondage of ages brutalized by the supremacy of selfishness. As long as there remains a starving soul, brain, or body, as long as there remains a tear undried or a wrong unrighted, the highest mission of poetry and song will be in the domain of utility. Victor Hugo, the peerless poet prophet of the nineteenth century, has

perhaps better than any one else defended art from her traducers in these thought-freighted words:—

Be of some service. Do not be fastidious when so much depends on being efficient and good. Art for art's sake may be very fine, but art for progress is finer still. To dream of castles in Spain is well; to dream of Utopia is better. Ah! you must think? Then think of making man better.

But critics protest: To undertake the cure of social evils, to amend the codes, to impeach law in the court of right, to utter those hideous words, "penitentiary," "convict-keeper," "galley-slave," "girl of the town"; to inspect the police registers, to conduct the business of dispensaries, to study the questions of wages and want of work, to taste the black bread of the poor, to seek labor for the working woman, to confront fashionable idleness with ragged sloth, to throw down the partition of ignorance, to open schools, to teach little ones how to read; to attack shame, infamy, error, vice, crime, want of conscience; to preach the multiplication of spelling books, to proclaim the equal right to sunlight, to improve the food of intellects and hearts, to give meat and drink, to demand solutions for problems, and shoes for naked feet,—these things are not the business of the azure. Art is the azure. Yes, art is the azure—but the azure from above, whence falls the ray which swells the wheat, yellows the maize, rounds the apple, gilds the orange, sweetens the grape. Again, I say, a further service is an added beauty. At all events, where is the diminution? To ripen the beet-root, to water the potato, to increase the yield of lucern, of clover, or of hay; to be a fellow-workman with the plowman, the vine-dresser and the gardener,—this does not deprive the heavens of one star. Ah! immensity does not despise utility.

Yet people insist that to compose social poetry, human poetry, popular poetry, to grumble against the evil and laud the good, to be the spokesman of public wrath, to insult despots, to make knaves despair, to emancipate man before he is of age, to push souls forward and darkness backward, to know that there are thieves and tyrants, to clean penal cells, to flush the sewer of public uncleanness,—shall Polyhymnia bare her arm to these sordid tasks? Why not?

Many of our poets, especially those dear to the hearts of the people, have realized that the supremé mission of art was to be the handmaid of justice, progress and liberty. Whittier appreciated this. His heart burned with that ethical fire which sends lightning coursing through the veins of peaceful people when occasion demands. On the altar of utility he placed much of his noblest work. Lowell in his earlier days, before the plaudits of the *dilettante* and the enervating spell of conventionalism tamed the fervid zeal of a nature naturally in alignment with the highest impulses of justice and freedom, gave us verses which will be an inspiration for generations to come. Gerald Massey, perhaps more than any other of the people's poets of England which this generation has produced, apprehended the true mission of song; and William Morris, in his latest poems, shows that the *dilettante* poet of yesterday has been touched by the higher truth. The popular poet of to-morrow will be a soul-awakened man. The cry of the oppressed for justice, the voice of ignorance pleading for

light, the muffled sob of man-made misery, will be ever surging in his ear; compelling him to lay his soul's best gift on the altar of utility.

The age of brawn failed to give man peace and happiness. The age of intellectual supremacy has likewise failed to satisfy the craving of the human soul. The next step will be into the broad domain of ethics, where justice, freedom and fraternity will be taken in their broadest significance; where the horizon will not be limited by prejudice nor fettered by ancient thought; where the chains of dogma will fall from the shackled mind, and the broad spirit of love will pervade all society. In the ushering in of this new order, we must summon all that makes for beauty, nobility and unfoldment, in art, music and song. They must be rallied under the banner of utilitarianism. The highest voicings of the soul must permeate every recess of the brain of the morrow. The ideal enunciated by Jesus, the sublime truths which haunted the brain of the ancient Stoics of Greece and Rome, the vision which was ever with Confucius, the lofty craving of Gautama, and the evangel sung by the noblest singers of the nineteenth century, must be realized — the soul must blossom with the brain. I repeat, in the service of the higher civilization, now persistently forcing itself upon the conscience of millions of thoughtful people, all lives imbued with the thought of the age, all brains made luminous with love, must place their chaplets on the altar of utility. The poet and the singer must touch the heart of the people. The orator, the minister and the essayist of the new time must sink self, sink the dogmatism of the bloody past, sink the prejudice and bigotry of the night of the ages, and, facing the dawn with spirit brave, fearless and loving, demand justice for all men. The philosopher and the philanthropist must also allow their vision to extend. The present demands palliative measures. Do not despise them, O philosopher; commend, aid and assist all work for the amelioration of human misery, pointing out, however, that they are, in the nature of things, only temporary. Great fundamental economic changes must be brought about, O philanthropist; and the sooner you realize this, the better for the generation of to-day and the generations yet unborn. You cannot cure the patient by palliatives. Injustice is at the root of the disease. Therefore, while pushing forward thy noble labor for palliation, strike hands with the philosopher in this new crusade, and let all who love humanity swell the anthem of progress.

The August Present.

"Life is a mission." — *Mazzini*.

"To-day is a king in disguise." — *Emerson*.

"The golden age is before, not behind." — *Charles Sumner*.

"To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right, and duty welded into the heart. To live is to know what one is worth — what one can do, and should do. Life is conscience." — *Victor Hugo*.

The present is big with possibilities for the human race. Every man, woman and child with convictions can be real factors in the march of progress. The opportunities afforded to-day come only to those who live in transition eras, in periods of widespread and profound unrest. To those who desire to help the world onward, but who are chafing under the limitations which hedge them round about, I would say: your opportunities to-day for leaving a lasting impression on civilization are far greater than those enjoyed by men and women who have occupied more commanding positions in ages marked by contentment, or in periods when sullen hopelessness rankled in the hearts of earth's millions. And this brings me to the point I wish to emphasize, because it shows *why* no man or woman need be a cipher in society at the present time.

Nations and civilizations, no less than individuals, pass through great crises or turning points in existence, when fate holds up the interrogation point and cries "Choose"; and after the choice has been made, periods of comparative quiet follow. Sometimes they are eras of contentment, when the public mind may be compared to the pulsating ocean lulled into a profound calm; there is motion—there are the multitudinous wavelets and ripples—but as a whole the vast expanse is tranquil. At other times the thought-waves are fatal to growth, because they are poisoned with hate. Millions of men and women, having lost hope, feel themselves vanquished by cunning or power in a struggle for justice, freedom and happiness, and they naturally send forth an atmosphere of sullen, hopeless bitterness, while from the masterful few in society the dominant or prevailing spirit is that of the alert conqueror rather than the compassionate brother. This condition is especially unfavorable to growth in an upward direction. There may be bloody outbreaks, but they are the struggles of brute

pitted against brute, a contest in which hate and savagery eclipse the divine, and the immediate result of such struggles will always be appalling, though to the student of history they will occasion no surprise; indeed he will see that they have been rendered inevitable through the inhumanity and brutality of man.

In contrast with these periods of contentment and nightmares of hate, there are the epochs of light and growth—supreme moments, which accomplish for humanity more during the space of a generation than is achieved in centuries when the brain of man is dormant, or when he lives in an atmosphere of despair. These epochs of unrest, though they be accompanied by the pangs of labor, are the birthdays of progress; they lift man from a lower to a higher state; they unfold to him a broader horizon than he has hitherto conceived to be possible. Such periods are at once the inspiration and the hope of civilization.

One of the most striking illustrations of a luminous age in the annals of a single people is afforded by the history of Greece from 500 to 400 B. C. This century witnessed the declining years of Pythagoras and the opening manhood of Plato. It was also made immortal by Æschylus—the Shakespere of Greece—Sophocles and Euripides; Herodotus, the father of history; Thucydides, the Athenian historian; Xenophon, the soldier and historian; Hippocrates, the father of medicine; Pericles, the statesman and patron of learning and art; Pheidias, the greatest of all sculptors; and Socrates.

In the annals of our civilization the first century of what historians term modern times, or the Renaissance, furnishes another example of an epoch of unrest, or an age of the interrogation point. Here we see an awakening extending over many nations and reflecting the mental and ethical conditions of more than one stage of growth, as well as the social and national characteristics of various peoples. This was the most marked awakening known to western civilization. It was an era in which the past and present were challenged, and the future critically interrogated. It was a time of unrest and of growth, and responding to the exhilarating but disturbing thought-waves which surged over western Europe, we find Savonarola, Erasmus, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Melancthon, Latimer and Knox calling the church to judgment. Rabelais employs the shafts of merciless satire against hypocrisy. Sir Thomas More reveals the essential brutality, injustice and absurdity of political and social conditions, by contrasting the civiliza-

tion of his time with his Utopian commonwealth. Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Correggio, Titian, and their companions in the field of art, made the stiff, narrow and wooden paintings of the Dark Ages appear harsh and crude in the presence of truer and freer expressions of genius untrammelled. Copernicus interrogated the heavens; Columbus discovered the New World; Vasco de Gama reached the Indies by way of Cape of Good Hope; Magellan's ships circumnavigated the globe.

The press which Gutenberg invented a few years prior to the opening of this century aided marvellously in stimulating the public mind, which had been already profoundly stirred. Colet, in founding the St. Paul's Latin Grammar School, laid the foundation for humane and rational popular education. Caxton's press, which began printing books in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, greatly aided the general intellectual awakening in England. And throughout Italy, Germany, England, France and the Spanish Peninsula, humanity felt the profound agitation which beat upon the brain of the age in so marked a way that positive and clearly defined revolutions in religion, art, science, commerce and politics followed. It was a civilization-wide awakening, as much grander, broader and more far-reaching than the quickening of brain, heart and soul in the Periclean Age as a family or group of nations is greater than one nation.

At the present time we are in the midst of a many-sided revolution as much more far-reaching in influence and greater in possibilities than the Renaissance as was that period greater than the golden age of Greece. For the restless spirit of growth and inquiry which permeates the thought of our age is not only found in every field of research, but is world-wide in its extent. The telegraph and cable have threaded the nations of earth together as beads on a single strand, and the utilization of steam has brought remote lands within easy distance of one another. The revolution in philosophical theories occasioned by the wider knowledge resulting from the interchange of the intellectual concepts of nation with nation, race with race, and civilization with civilization, is only equalled by the far-reaching influence which the marvelous revelations in psychical science are exerting. The revolution in religious thought occasioned by modern critical methods, the discoveries of discrepancies in the various ancient manuscripts and the new truths revealed by archaeological research, is only eclipsed by the profound agitation and

change going on throughout Europe, America and Australia in regard to social and political economics and educational theories.

These are some of the phenomena which make the present the most august moment in the history of civilization, and it would seem as though destiny was shaping things so that all nations in the world which make any pretence to civilization, should come under the influence of this world-wide mental quickening. Suppose that in 1893 someone had predicted that within two years China would be compelled to throw open her ports to civilization and give audience to modern progress, and, furthermore, that the great empire would be brought to these momentous concessions by the little island nation of Japan. Men would have ridiculed the idea, if they did not regard it as too wild for even contemptuous notice. All things point to the fact frequently predicted by thoughtful philosophers of the Orient that the closing years of this century will be a grand climacteric period in the history of the world. *It is in a very special sense a day of judgment*; for, while all days are judgment days in that whenever a new truth comes to man it calls him to pass upon it, and his passing is in a way his own sentence, yet the period upon which we are now entering is a culminating moment of world-wide proportion.

If we take the story of the journeyings of Israel from Egypt to Canaan as a marvellous allegory of the progress of humanity, we may compare mankind at the present moment to the Children of Israel when they had reached the boundary of Canaan and were listening to the report of the spies sent to view the land. It is an hour of readjustment, and of marvellous possibilities for the race, if reason, justice and love can be made to conquer prejudice, selfishness and savagery. But it is for the individuals, the nations, the civilizations and the races to determine whether they will enter the higher estate where truth shall hold regal sway over the mind, where altruism shall dominate the heart, and love shall slay hate, or whether, like Israel, earth's children shall turn back into the desert to wander and to wait for weary generations until the lessons which we have so often blindly refused to learn are through repeated and bitter experience burned into the soul of a wiser posterity.

The tremendous issues which hang upon the choice of this supreme hour should prove sufficient to fire every man and woman of conviction, and lead to a great renunciation—a renunciation of the love of self, and dedication of brain,

heart and hand to humanity's need. But there is another reason why the present speaks in urgent tones to every soul. The possibilities for influencing the lives of others were never greater, if indeed they were ever so great as to-day, because the public mind is in an attitude of expectancy, for at every crucial moment like the present the thought-waves of the nations, civilizations, and peoples who come under the spell of noble discontent surge to and fro much as do the mighty billows of a sea when profoundly moved by a great tempest.

The present is august because the spirit of God is moving on the waters of thought, and the coming and going of the turbulent waves lash into life or consciousness all but the most dormant and self-paralyzed brains. At such periods the brain of man becomes abnormally sensitive; it is as the prepared plate of the camera, ready to catch and hold a dominant idea, an all-mastering ideal, a life-controlling thought; or, to change the figure, *the public mind resembles the iron at white heat ready to be shaped into sledge hammers to break the shackles of bondage, or to be forged into links which may enslave.*

To every one—I care not how humble may be his station, I care not where or what his position—to every one strong enough to do right, is given at this splendid moment the opportunity to awaken and influence some soul or souls to come into the light. To those who live in hamlets, villages and towns, or whose lives may seem very circumscribed, I would say: What you lack in station or scope is more than made up by the opportunities which the present affords to throw a vital thought or a divine ideal into the minds of those around you; to impress a young life, or to lead a thoughtless brain into the light.

Remember, moreover, that the peculiar mental attitude of humanity to-day is not proof against old-time prejudice or the subtle poison of ancient ideals. Humanity is rising, but we must not forget that man is linked by a thousand ties to the lower life from which he has so slowly risen and which still holds so strong a sway over the mind of millions. We are not so far from the lower animals, not so far from a state of barbarism, that we are proof against animalism or savagery; it is not safe for men to see blood. And this suggests something which illustrates the point I wish to emphasize touching the dangers which threaten civilization from the presence of strong prejudices or passions, and the influence of ancient ideals on the mind at a moment of expectancy and unrest like the present.

There never seemed a more hopeful moment for the civilization of western Europe than that presented during the heyday of the new learning, when such men as Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Colet and their co-laborers were scattering abroad among thinking men and women the noble dream of a purified church and a redeemed society; when justice and toleration were being preached, and when the strong moral protests of Savonarola, Luther, Zwingli and Melancthon were awaking the moral energies of man; while Copernicus was broadening the conceptions of humanity in regard to the heavens, and while art, science and a higher conception of education than man had heretofore entertained were taking on marvellous proportions.

And yet while this glad prophetic song of the dawn was still young, when the mind of man was tense and ready to receive and act on any powerful or dominant thought or ideal, which should be pressed home with intensity and persistency, the prejudice, dogmatism and bigotry of conservatism, and the savagery latent in the heart of man were suddenly aroused and stirred into aggressive activity by the upholders of ancient thought, and the Spanish Inquisition marked the opening of a night-time for civilization, as terrible as the promises of dawn had been glorious. Spain answered the momentous question of this hour of judgment in no uncertain tones. She chose, and her choice was marked by persecution and slaughter which still sickens the heart of man. The spirit of a savage past dominated, and in the midst of her power, glory, pride and prosperity, she fell, prostrate and paralyzed, by virtue of her choice of death instead of life, progress and unequalled glory.

The sight and smell of human blood is always dangerous as is the arousing of the savage in man. Other nations were not slow to imitate in a milder degree the merciless persecutions of Spain, and it is a noteworthy fact that in proportion as they turned from the light of tolerance and free thought, and disregarded the principle of the golden rule, these nations suffered. The inspiration given by the light which came into the hearts of men during the time known as the Renaissance, the time of the new learning, and the morning of the Reformation, gave to western civilization a powerful impetus toward the day, and the number of individuals who chose the light was at this time so large that civilization went forward, slowly and lamely, it is true, but her movement was onward and upward. This illustration from the history of the most marked of the great awakenings of our western civilization is especially worthy of con-

sideration at the present time, inasmuch as the spirit of religious intolerance and unreasoning prejudice is already being manifested throughout the Christian world.

Another ominous shadow creeping across the sky of civilization, which at the present time is so laden with promises of triumph and progress, calls for attention, for it is a grave menace to all that is finest and best in the dawn of to-day. I refer to the general fostering of the military spirit in young and old, and the astounding attempt on the part of certain literary journals and publishing houses of the Old World and the New to create an interest and admiration for Napoleon—one of the most perfect manifestations of an incarnate demon of conscienceless ambition and destructive war afforded by the annals of the ages. In many cases this despoiler of nations and arch butcherer of mankind has been idealized and rendered a hero. In other instances, while the portrayal has been more impartial, the glamour of war and victory has been so thrown over the pages which describe the life of this colossal failure, this scourge of the race, that the effect upon the expectant public mind at the present time cannot be other than most unfortunate; especially since the church, which claims to be the home of the Prince of Peace, is at the same time displaying unprecedented activity in instructing her young in military drill and the manual of arms, thereby associating with religious ideals the images of war and visions of soldier life in the youthful mind.

This military craze rampant in governmental, educational and religious circles, and this attempt to rivet the attention of the tense mind upon the master murderer and tyrant of the past is the most ominous spectre which darkens the sky of our present civilization, and it is saddening and discouraging when we remember that arbitration, or the settlement of national and international disputes rationally, has recently proved so successful that many of the finest minds of our century believed that Christian civilization had at last risen above the level of the savage brute, and that instead of wanton murder and the measureless waste, desolation and destruction of war, we should hereafter see all disputes and misunderstandings settled reasonably and justly by an impartial court of intelligent human beings. Believing that man had reached a point in his slow ascent where he might begin to lay claim to being a rational creature, Victor Hugo thus characterizes the vision of the incoming day:

"The diminution of men of war, of violence, of prey, the indefinite and superb expansion of men of thought and peace; the entrance of the real heroes upon the scene of action; this is one of the greatest facts of our era. There is no more sublime spectacle—mankind's deliverance from above; the potentates put to flight by the dreamers; the prophet crushing the hero; the sweeping away of violence by thought. Lift up your eyes; the supreme drama is enacting! The legions of light are in full possession of the sword of flame. The masters are going and the liberators are coming in."

And this splendid spectacle is not only practicable and feasible, but is inevitable, if the public mind be educated along higher lines than those of wholesale homicide. This lofty conception is no impracticable dream; it merely pictures the state to which man must and will come, as surely as he rose from cannibalism to his present stage of development. It reveals the next step for enlightened humanity, and a step which might be taken to-day, if it were not for the reawakening of the savage in man, which is being industriously fostered by church, school, popular literature and the state, at the present intellectual crisis. To-day the youth of Europe and America are having their imagination focused upon an idealized warrior who represented the cruel, savage and selfish side of man as has no other character in modern history. And it is the ideals and thought-images which color life and give bent to character. Professor Drummond observes that "The supreme factor of development is environment. A child does not grow out of a child by spontaneous unfolding; the process is fed from without."

We do not see the plant assimilate the elements of air and earth. We cannot look into the laboratory of the rose and behold the reaching out of the plant to the sun and air for those subtle elements necessary in order that it may produce that miracle of color and perfume which in time delights our senses. We know that in some mysterious way the sunshine, the rain and the earth give to the miracle-worker that which is essential to produce the rose. So, we do not see exactly how the thought-seeds thrown into the garden of the imagination, the ideal held before the retina of the mind, the harmony or discord which the child-brain encounters during the formative period, give color and expression to life; but we know that these subtle influences are destiny-shaping in their effect. And as before observed, this is especially true in periods like the present

when the public mind is tense, when the imagination is stimulated and receptive; when, in a word, the civilization reaches the edge of a new Canaan, and the question is put whither humanity shall move—forward, to encounter unknown danger on the road to progress, or back into the wilderness of the known to feed afresh upon the ideals and old-time thoughts, which, though they were an inspiration in an earlier age, can no longer satisfy or sustain the best in man.

The slothful, the fearful, the worshipper of the past, and those who love ease and self-comfort, no less than those who are so low on the plane of development that they have more confidence in brute methods than in reason and the divine impulse are striving in a thousand ways to turn humanity backward; like the ten spies who brought an evil report of Canaan to the children of Israel, these voices seek to turn humanity backward by appealing to prejudice, superstition, fear, the love of ease and the savagery resident in the human heart. They are seeking to outlaw daring science and investigation; to replace the spirit of tolerance, charity, intellectual hospitality and ethical religion with the savage dogmatic faith of darker days. They are fanning the spirit of hate between religious factions; they are cultivating the war spirit, and turning the contemplation of the young from the noble ideals of a Victor Hugo to the bloody triumphs of a Napoleon. They are endeavoring to raise authority above justice and to discourage man's faith in a nobler to-morrow. They sneer at the efforts of philosophers and reformers to substitute justice for injustice. In a word, they are striving to turn civilization backward at the moment when strong and clear the order to march forward should be given.

If we hearken to these voices of the night, we assist in the commission of a mistake of measureless proportions, a mistake which must necessarily result in clouding the face of civilization for generations to come by checking the rapid march of progress; if we remain neutral, refusing to bear arms in the stupendous battle now in progress, we are recreant to the urgent duty which confronts us, and by so doing neglect the splendid opportunities given to us to be torch-bearers of progress in the most critical moment in the history of civilization.

If prejudice, selfishness and ancient thought triumph over knowledge, altruism and justice in the present crisis, humanity will have another long night before her, another forty years in the wilderness.

He who at this moment realizes that his duty and responsibility are commensurate with his opportunity will rise to the august demands of the hour, becoming a greater force than he dreams possible, if, realizing his own limitations, he loses sight of the tremendous fact that the time and environment of the present give him a potential power not given his fathers. We cannot do better than ponder on these words of Hugo, when with prophet voice he spoke a living truth for each awakened soul to make his own:

“The human caravan has reached a high plateau, and the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. To every widening of the horizon an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal—concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony—that is far off.”

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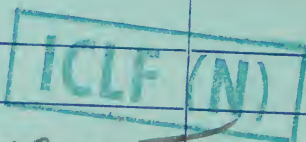
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